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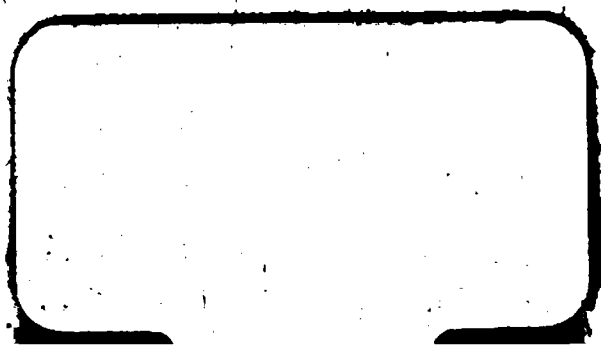
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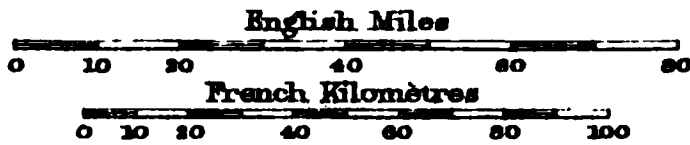
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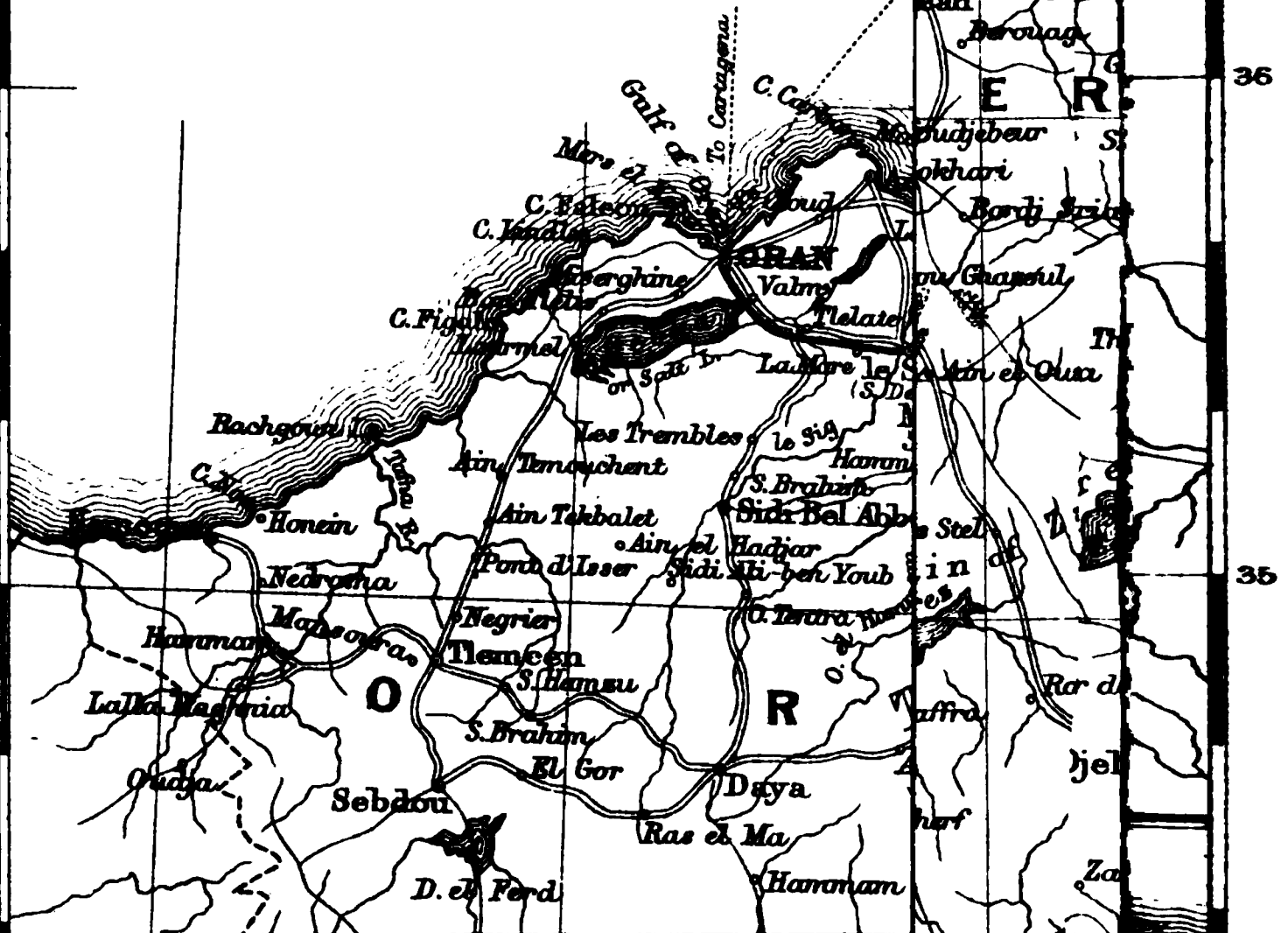
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All the World Over.

1

EDITED BY

EDWIN HODDER, F.R.G.S.,

AUTHOR OF

"MEMORIES OF NEW ZEALAND LIFE," "ON HOLY GROUND," ETC.

Volume I. - only

LONDON:

THOMAS COOK & SON, LUDGATE CIRCUS;
HODDER & STOUGHTON, 27, PATERNOSTER ROW.

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"Keep not standing fixed and rooted,
Briskly venture, briskly roam ;
Head and hand, where'er thou foot it,
And stout heart, are still at home.
In each land the sun doth visit,
We are gay, whate'er betide ;
To give room for wand'ring is it
That the world was made so wide."

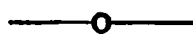
WILHELM MEISTER (*Carlyle's Translation*).

"Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine."

THE TRAVELLER (*Goldsmith*).

Rep. G. J. J.

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All the World Over.

“Keep not standing, fixed and rooted,
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We are gay whate'er betide ;
To give room for wand'ring is it
That the world was made so wide.”

WILHELM MEISTER (Carlyle's Translation).

BIRDS OF PASSAGE ;

OR, A SIX WEEKS' ROMANCE.

BY T. AMBROSE HEATH.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

ROSALIND ANSON sat in our national and domestic attitude, feet on the fender, face bent forwards, watching the fire go out. Her head, no doubt, was busy, but her hands were idle. There are girls that have no taste for stitching, who correspond to men who cannot smoke. And the latter may occasionally envy ladies their fancy-work, the former gentlemen their cigar.

It was ten o'clock on a raw, chilly, summer evening ; all day long the sun had been conspicuous by its absence, and a July east wind was howling energetically through the streets and squares of London. Rosalind's heart sank as sinks in a gale a heart that is going to cross the Channel to-morrow.

The room was in a piteous state, that spoke of migration, half rifled, quite awry, its little useful ornaments and ornamental requisites, all put carefully away. For on leaving home, though only for a two months' tour, Rosalind bethinks herself, "Perhaps I shall never come back. Perhaps it is written that my bones are to bleach in the crevices of a glacier, or to find their long home in the fair but perfidious bosom of a lake. So it may be as well to look over my effects before starting."

A packet of old letters, diaries, and bills, lay on the table ready to be sorted, and she was about to begin the repulsive task, when her friend and familiar, and travelling companion for the coming holiday trip, Miss Theresa Locke, entered the room. A lady of a certain age—a perfectly certain age. Full five-and-forty years must have passed over her head, but they had treated it, on the whole, with great consideration. Her features and figure were negatively good. She had a pleasing countenance, and a smile against which nothing could be said except that it came on too slight provocation. The impression she left was indefinite, as the taste of those vapid West Indian fruits, which every one praises and no one cares about.

"Rosalind, *vis-a-vis* with the fire, as usual! Do you mean to say that all is ready?"

"*All is ready*," said Rosalind, solemnly, pointing to "all"—viz., a diminutive black trunk in the corner; "Somebody's Luggage. Whose? A girl of the period's. She has her faults, no doubt, but what girl of the good old periods would have consented to go abroad with a single box, and one of so modest a size as mine?"

"You're sure you've put in all you'll require?"

"Well, Theresa, like the old lady in the farce, I *might* have provided a pair of crutches, in case I fell down and broke my leg. Something unprecedented *might* happen to us, as happened

to Saul. You might be made queen, and then you would require a crown."

"I am uneasy at starting without passports."

"A sketch-book is the best passport now-a-days. With ours we shall pass 'without let or hindrance,' where the exhortations of her Majesty's Secretary of State would be null and void."

"Then you think them unnecessary, in spite of the war?"

"Oh, yes, for ladies, now the war is over."

"Ladies don't count," said Theresa, with a little gush of indignation. "Men will always treat us so, as if we were children."

"I wish they would, and let us go half price."

"And they have a pet idea," pursued Theresa, still irate, "that women can do nothing by themselves, except visit the poor. Why should we not travel about, see the world, and amuse ourselves as freely and easily as the lords of creation?"

"Why don't I let my fat, happy, over-fed, under-worked, well-protected bullfinch go free in the woods? Because the chances are that it would come to grief."

"Do you expect *us* to come to grief, then?"

"I hope not; it would look as if we ought to have stopped in our cage. But then we are not starting for the sources of the Nile, or for the undiscovered islands, or even to qualify ourselves for a Ladies' Alpine Club. We shall be clever, Theresa, if we contrive to get robbed, murdered, assaulted, or even benighted en route, following, as we mean to do, in the beaten track of London society — Cologne, Munich, Ammergau, Salzburg, Ischl."

Theresa sat down meditating, and began brushing her hair. Having a good deal to brush, she always enjoyed the operation, and was particularly severe on her juniors who bought them-

selves chignons. Rosalind returned to her inspection of papers, bills, begging letters, confidential missives, and so forth, pronouncing summary judgment on each in turn. Some were chaff, and went into the grate; others wheat, to be preserved in a private drawer. Last in the packet came a photograph, over whose sentence she seemed to waver.

"Who is it?" asked Theresa, catching sight of a vignette-portrait of a young man.

"Guess," said Rosalind, handing her the carte.

"Oh, taken from a picture," said Theresa, disappointed. "What is it?"

"One of Salvator Rosa's bandits, I should say."

"What a handsome face! How I do love that slouched *chapeau de brigand*! The expression, too, half dreamy, half passionate. Would you not like to have known the original?"

"Perhaps we should have found him a very commonplace young man."

"Impossible, with those eyes, like black diamonds. But the race of heroes of romance is extinct quite, and we can only fall in love with their pictures," said Theresa, with a sigh. "Why, what's this?" she exclaimed, suddenly pointing to the words printed below—" *Garanti d'après nature.*"

"Why, it means," laughed Rosalind, "that your 'extinct' hero is of the nineteenth century: his ordinary London garb a frock coat and a tall hat. This dress he wore one night at a fancy ball, and he is, in fact——"

"Your cousin Percy," broke in Theresa.

"Percy, my cousin," with a grimace.

"I know you can't bear him, yet he's really very nice——"

"Looking, yes, especially in disguise, when his oldest friends, like you, don't recognize him."

"And clever; you can't deny that?"

"No, I don't. He was plucked at Cambridge, but might, I daresay, at some possible university of the future, take a first class in—pigeon-shooting, skating, photography, or gymnastics; and come out senior acrobat, troistempts-waltz prizeman, professor of the banjo."

"All very pleasant, innocent accomplishments."

"Ah, but he's so vain of them. And I do hate vanity in a man," said Rosalind, in an injured tone, as though that quality were the special prerogative of womankind. "Then he's all selfishness—Number one first, and the rest nowhere."

"He's a bachelor," suggested Theresa, apologetically.

"And prejudiced!" concluded Rosalind, with emphasis. "He has just gone abroad, to extend his ideas, he says; and I'm sure there was room for it."

"How bitter you are! Do you know, I once thought him a little in love with—— How he used to flirt with you!"

"Theresa, Percy Darrell would flirt with his grandmother."

"Well, if he's fixed his affections on his first cousin, Rosalind, I pity him."

"Only don't talk of his affections as fixed things, like the stars. Call them planets, revolving round their sun, his bright particular self."

"No more, pray," said Theresa, laughing. "I won't stay to hear you hold forth on this sore subject. Besides, we start at seven to-morrow, so good-night."

Theresa departed, but Rosalind sat there for another hour, looking for faces in the fire.

It is, or ought to be, quite unnecessary to characterize a heroine by counting over her virtues and accomplishments. But one question, always tacitly asked, should have a definite answer at once:—

"*Was she pretty?*"

Rosalind was a slight creature, but her slimness, like that of a racehorse, seemed to indicate strength and nerve, and not weakness. She was fair, fair as Isolde herself, with hair of that curious light gold tinge, remote from red, which we seldom see in England, never elsewhere, and which defies the dyer's art to imitate. The cast of her features was pretty, and as remarkable for decision as for delicacy. This extreme fairness, the pale transparent skin, and outlines refined to a fault, were enlivened by her large, brilliant, dark grey eyes, which ruled that face as the sun rules the day and the moon the night.

What shapes did she see in the embers? Fair, but ideal ones, most likely.

For Rosalind was two-and-twenty. At that age fancy and reality seldom tally, and girls prefer their golden dreams to the sorry actualities of life.

CHAPTER II.

EN ROUTE.

THE next morning, two unprotected females took their seats in the mail-train for Dover. Deeming, British fashion, solitary confinement to be the one desirable thing during a railway journey, they had pounced upon an empty carriage. But at the last moment the door was flung open, and in rushed two other unprotected females ere the whistle sounded and the train moved off.

"A lady and maid," thought Rosalind, eyeing the intruders with half shy, half warlike attention, that signified, "Whatever you are, you have us at your mercy, will we, nill we, for the next two hours. Will these be pleasant, dull, or odious? It must depend on you, our fellow-travellers."

Passing over the maid (as if she might not have been quite as interesting a person !), Rosalind took note of the mistress alone.

Through cloaks, veils, and rugs, very little of her was left open to criticism, except a pair of dark, straight, Spanish-like eyebrows, shading eyes of a curious tint, bluish, penetrating, mesmeric, shining like lights through a mist. Such eyes had the poet in his mind when he wrote—

“ Two starry eyes, hung in the gloom of thought,
And seemed with their serene and azure smiles
To beckon him——”

Suddenly, their owner turned herself to Rosalind, and began, speaking with a strong foreign accent, but soft, childlike, and far more pleasing than any attempted imitation of our native twang—

“ Excuse, mademoiselle. At what hour shall we be in Dover ? ”

“ Nine forty-five,” replied Rosalind, with the alacrity of a tourist who has Bradshaw at his fingers’ ends.

“ And is it true that we reach Cologne this night ? ”

“ At eleven, yes.”

“ So soon ? Julie,” she added, to the maid, “ I shall not stay at Cöln : I shall go straight on to München.”

“ But madame has written to engage rooms.”

“ No matter. Telegraph from Ostend to disengage them. There, it’s settled ; ” and she leant back, shutting her eyes and pretending to sleep.

Her veil had fallen off, disclosing an exceedingly pretty face, pale, rounded, soft, and languid, with a touch of Oriental beauty in its type.

Theresa, with the aptitude of a female detective, was reading the lady’s antecedents in her toilette.

"Well but quietly dressed. Little jewellery, but a watch and chain and vinaigrette of rare value. Lots of luggage, but no flash or show anywhere. A foreign lady of rank."

And there was a distinguished air about the young creature which seemed to warrant the conclusion. Miss Locke felt confirmed in it when, as the travellers alighted at Dover, the lady's maid, glancing at the crowd on the pier, suddenly exclaimed,

"Ah, madame, vous voyez bien. C'est Monsieur le Baron!"

"Monsieur le Baron who—what?" quoth the mistress, curling her lip.

"Baron von Salis."

"Fie, Julie! I do wish, instead of hunting up and down for young barons, you would call Duval to help us with these packages."

Duval, servant or courier, hereby appeared, and the lady and suite went down to the steamer.

"I knew she was some grandee," whispered Theresa, laughing. "What was that name—Von something? Which is he, I wonder?"

A tall, bearded individual was pacing the deck, and lifted his hat to the *bella incognita* as she stepped on board. She just returned the salute, and vanished into the cabin, whither Theresa speedily followed her.

Rosalind, proof even against the fret of the Channel, remained on deck, and in five minutes more the packet was steaming out on the German Ocean.

Miss Anson found plenty of amusement in watching the scene before her. It was a motley crowd. There were English girls, ambitious and plucky, behaving with Spartan fortitude, a little pale, but laughing and joking, game to the end. There were English youths, cool and inhuman, making private bets as to how long this or that young lady would hold out; foreign

gentlemen and nursery maids with their spirits at the lowest ebb; and a troop of noisy, perfectly invulnerable children, trotting up and down, clamouring for lunch at eleven o'clock. As for the supposed Baron, he continued pacing the deck with the regularity of a pendulum, to the admiration of the spectators in general, and Rosalind in particular.

He was a decidedly handsome man, but seemed, if possible, too unconscious, or, rather, careless of the fact. Know he must that heaven had sent him into the world tall and straight, given him fine, slightly aquiline features, and thick light-brown hair and beard, but it had certainly never occurred to him to be thankful for these small mercies. Personal advantages he would have classed with sugar-plums and *chiffons*, as pitiful trash, beneath the notice of a man of sense. His expression was grave and reserved, but savouring more of the contemplative dignity of a scholar than the haughtiness of a man of rank.

The first hour sped, the second lagged, the third seemed to lengthen out like a telescope. By-and-by a thick sea-fog arose, creating a temporary excitement on deck, bringing the steamer to a standstill for a few moments, and causing no slight panic among the female passengers, who began hurrying to and fro, entreating to be told if there was any danger. Even Rosalind started up nervously, whereupon the stranger, just described, good-naturedly observed to her, in excellent English,

"There is nothing wrong, mademoiselle, only a vessel in the way. We shall soon be clear of this fog; it is driving across our track."

"Thank you," said Rosalind, sitting down again, half ashamed of her fright.

"We shall suffer nothing but loss of time," he added, "and that, after all, is bad enough. A journey is like a task; one is on thorns till it is over."

"Ah, you dislike travelling?"

"Does any one like it for itself?"

"Well, I have *heard* of the roving mania—an affection for travelling, for travelling's sake."

"So have I, but have always regarded it as a sort of fever. I call it a mere inability to keep quiet."

"They say it is epidemic among my countrymen, you know," said Rosalind, demurely.

He laughed. "Well, mademoiselle, I need not ask whither that national restlessness is driving you this year."

"Why so?"

"Look at those medley groups—peers and grocers, collegians and professors, lawyers and clergymen—English all, and bound, every one, as I know well, for the same little village in the Bavarian Highlands."

"For Ober Ammergau; and we also, I confess. And yourself?"

"I go to Munich, on business; perhaps no further. But then, remember, I am not English, mademoiselle," he added, jestingly. "Had the Passion Play come off in Yorkshire, I should probably have made a point of going to see it, while you, of course, would have stayed away."

"Very likely," said Rosalind, laughing. "We English call ourselves patriotic, and, no doubt, think quite highly enough of our country in the abstract. Yet all curiosities seem to us more curious, all wonders more wonderful, out of it."

"More than that, if a prophet has no honour in his own country, the prophet often returns the compliment; and much in our own land has honour in every one's eyes but our own. But I am an exception, and have made my country my study."

They talked on. Rosalind yielded to the indefinable charm of one of those pleasing extempore acquaintances, struck up,

without prelude or notice. The treasure seems none the less valuable for having dropped from the clouds. What a relief to be able to skip the usual preliminary stages of germination, and expansion, and growth!

They were nearing Ostend; the fourth hour had been the shortest of all. The cabin graves began to give up their dead, and "Messieurs les Voyageurs" were shifted into the train, the "distinguished foreigner" lifting his hat to Rosalind as he vanished into a smoking carriage.

"Who's your friend?" Theresa inquired.

"My dear, I never asked him. Baron—Munchausen, perhaps."

"A relation of that German lady's, I daresay. He is a very aristocratic-looking man."

And on changing carriages at Brussels, Miss Locke cherished a secret hope that fate might throw them into the company of this aristocratic-looking man. Fate, however, had assigned to them another fellow-traveller, their first acquaintance, the supposed foreign Countess, Duchess, or Princess.

Then began the ordeal of heat, dust, and aching bones—six mortal hours, during which the tourist wonders why he left his comfortable home for martyrdom abroad. The sprucest travellers lose their self-respect, the most amiable their tempers, between Ostend and Cologne.

Our heroines bore up stoically. Not so their lovely little companion. She had a headache, vowed she was ready to faint with fatigue, and half dead from the effects of the crossing.

But her very petulance and unreason were prettier and more winning than the patience and placidity of ordinary people. "Julie," the maid, was sleepy and incapable, so Theresa and Rosalind exerted themselves charitably on behalf of the fair lady, rushing out at the various buffets to snatch for her the

refreshments she wanted, at the risk of losing their places and their train. She thanked them sweetly, but with the air of one who is as used to receive spontaneous devotion as to have the sun shine or the air breathe upon her, and expects the devotees to hold themselves amply repaid by one smile or word of thanks from her lips.

She fell asleep at last, as they were approaching Cologne. Theresa, pointing to her small, white, delicate hand hanging listlessly down, whispered to Rosalind, "A beautiful hand is *the* sign of high birth, you know."

Rosalind bent forward, curious, womanwise, to find out if its owner were married or not.

On one of those tiny fingers was a ring—not a wedding-ring—one at which Rosalind stared confounded. An antique—a quaint, unique, talismanic little gem, a gold serpent and an opal, and—passing strange this—as familiar to Rosalind as any trinket of her own. But a few weeks ago she had seen and admired that ring on the finger of one Percy Darrell.

Rosalind's fancy had barely time to weave a romance out of the mystery before they reached Cologne, where she and Theresa were to stay for the night. The lady, at parting, thanked them cordially for their friendly offices, and presented Rosalind with her card, inviting them to visit her at Munich, should it lie in their route.

On reaching the hotel, Rosalind inspected the card.

"What name?" asked Theresa, curiously.

But Rosalind had fallen into a chair, in fits of laughter.

Theresa read aloud—"Leila Monti." What! the opera singer! Impossible!"

CHAPTER III.

IN THE SUNNY RHINELAND.

COLOGNE is like a sieve. Travellers trickle through, as soon as they have seen the cathedral and bought themselves their bottle of eau de Cologne in the Jülich's-Platz, as though the city would hold them no longer.

Families may take a couple of days about this. As many hours had sufficed to a solitary tourist, who, the morning after his arrival in Cologne, was already far on his way up the Rhine, renewing, for the third or fourth time, his impressions of that scenery so extravagantly vaunted by Bradshaw and Bædeker, so unfairly depreciated by Jones, Robinson, and Co. Certainly, when a mid-day sun was glaring down on the opaque, sluggish stream, the "surpassing beauty," "magnificent views," "imposing effects" of this "Paradise of Germany," were not apparent, except in the guide books. Dwarf woods, low, close-cropped hills, parcelled out into chess-board—square-like fields and vineyards, all so bare, yellowed, and scorched; white, plastered villages, shadowless in the broad day;—these cannot be said to represent a Paradise in Germany, or anywhere else, and there was some excuse for the sturdy British matron on board, who boldly declared the Rhine a humbug; for her son, who read a novel; for her spouse, who slept the whole way. The crowded, sooty steamer, the bustle at the stations, and, above all, the style that prevailed among the passengers, were far less suggestive of Eden than of Margate.

But towards evening the Rhine, like the maiden in the fairy tale, condemned to wear a hideous mask throughout the day, resumed her own lovely form.

The smooth, calm river grows grand now ; the little Roman villages are quaint and picturesque ; the castle-crowned peaks sad and solemn.

For they have a native glory not to be destroyed, though man may disguise it. Like the glory of the sea, which is nowhere vulgar, not even at Margate or Trouville ; just as out of man's power to degrade are the hills, dales, and castles of the Rhineland.

The tourists, all but the solitary Englishman mentioned before, had left the steamer. He was alone on board with a few peasants.

"The Herr wishes to get out at——"

"Welmich."

"Pardon," incredulously, "the Herr said——"

"Welmich," articulated with extra care this time, the Herr supposing his accent was at fault.

The polite captain could barely hide his stupefaction. "Who but this mad young Englishman would choose to sleep at a poky little place like Welmich, instead of Coblenz, or Bingen, or St. Goar?"

That was the very consideration which had decided young Eccentricity on his course.

Welmich is the tiny village over which "frowns" (in stereotyped guide-book phraseology) the ruined castle of Thurmberg. There was plenty of room for the Herr at the inn. Travellers pause only to identify the ruin with the corresponding plate in "Beauties of the Rhine," and, this done, pass on to the next.

"But travellers are fools," thought our hero, that evening, as, with a cigar in his mouth and a volume of Rhine legends in his pocket, he climbed the hill on which totters the old fortress.

It is hollow, a gigantic black skeleton, its crumbling walls

fast falling to decay. Wading through the tangle of fern, barberry bushes, thyme, mallow, and mullein plants that cluster round its base, the rambler reached the edge of the hill, and there looked down on the Rhine.

An enchanter's wand is on the wave. That river has lost its leaden, grey hue; it is green, the colour of fine jade. Its flow is no more stagnant, but majestic. The rising moon behind the opposite hills has already thrown a glittering silver shower over woods and valleys. All on land is still, save the distant echoes of a horn playing snatches of old airs to awake the Lorelei. The water ripples gently. Is the nymph going to rise indeed? No, it is but a raft gliding along the stream, or a little boat punting across to the opposite shore.

Evening light and solitude are the enchanters. On the Rhine, as in Ceylon (we take the hymn-writer's word for it), man, and man only, is vile; man, who cuts down trees, builds up smoky chimneys, pollutes land and water with his huge, puffing, snorting engines, erects monster hotels in lath and plaster, and ever multiplies snobs and swindlers where most he congregates.

But it is eight o'clock. Man, for the most part, is flocking to the tables d'hôte at Coblenz or Mayence. So much the better for the solitary bird perched on the heights of the Thurmberg.

It was perfect, or would have been, only there was no living soul at hand, not even a dog, to whom to exclaim, "How magnificent!"

"I never knew before of what a social turn of mind I was," thought the traveller, discontentedly. "Why did I start off on a tour alone, an unattached and unprotected male?"

Simply because the horrors of a former six weeks' trip, taken with an uncongenial comrade, were still fresh in his memory. But the antidote he had chosen, this enforced tête-à-

tête with himself, had already begun to disagree with him, though it was only the third day of it. He took out his book and glanced at the contents.

“The Devil’s Ladder.”

“The Kiss of Death.”

“The Corpse Messenger.”

“The Black Chamber and the Dumb Captive.”

“The Death’s Head in the Looking-glass.”

“Mercy!” he ejaculated; “here’s a sensational literature of the old times that would throw a whole modern railway library into the shade.”

“The Phantom Bride.”

“That sounds promising, at all events.”

And he read on, freely translating, as follows:—

“Castle Windeck, now lying in ruins, had long been deserted and shunned by peasants and travellers alike, on account of the ghostly noises rife within it night and day.”

“Times are changed,” put in the reader, parenthetically. “Once, men ran away from spiritual manifestations; now, they come in crowds, and pay to hear the spirits rap.”

“A young knight” (“All young men were knights in those old days; promotion must have been more rapid than at present!”) “chancing to lose himself in the woods, suddenly came upon the Castle, and there sought shelter. After groping about in the dusk for awhile, he found his way into a courtyard, thickly overgrown with tall, rank weeds and grass.

“He shouted, but only the echo answered him from those grey, blank walls. However, spying a light in one of the windows, he marched through the gate boldly, and up the stone staircase into a spacious, lofty hall hung with shields, armour, and stag-horns. At the table sat a girl, lost in thought. She

took no notice of the intruder. She was beautiful as the moon and stars, but pale and diaphanous as they.

"The knight accosted her. She raised her head, and bowed slightly. Then he spoke again, urging his request for food and lodging. Thereupon she rose, and spread out for him a rich and rare banquet, wine, venison, and game" ("He was in luck," sighed the traveller, thinking of the black bread and sour Oppenheimer awaiting him at the inn), "and signed to the stranger to do justice to the meal. He obeyed, not without a slight misgiving. There was, to him, something suspicious, unnatural, about the whole adventure, more especially as the maiden had not once so much as opened her lips.

"But presently the knight, emboldened by the wine, spoke up.

"'Are you the daughter of the house?'

"She nodded.

"'And your parents?'

"She pointed to a couple of likenesses hanging on the wall, and whispered,

"'I am the last of my race.'

"At this, his spirits rose. He was completely enamoured by her beauty. She was an heiress, too! Already he looked on his fortune as made.

"They talked on. At last, inspired by the magic of her blue eyes and the *Johannisberger*, he grasped her hand, and entreated her to tell him, was she free?

"She nodded assent. Upon this, he knelt down and besought her to be his bride. She smiled joyfully, and, walking to a cabinet, took out two rings and a rosemary wreath, which she twisted into her hair. Then she beckoned her lover to follow her.

"He hesitated, nervous, uneasy, already half-repenting his

rash move. But ere he could speak, in stalked two venerable-looking old greybeards, in costly attire, who, taking the hands of the knight and maiden, led them away to the Castle chapel.

"It was lined with monuments. On one of those lay the bronze effigy of an archbishop in his robes. The maiden touched the figure, which instantly stood erect, and glided to the altar.

"Then the tapers lit on a sudden, as if by magic, the bronze features of the patriarch shone, his eyes glistened, and he spake, in a deep, hollow tone,

"'Kurd von Stein, wilt thou have this woman, Bertha von Windeck, to wife?'

"The knight faltered, and trembled like an aspen. The words died on his lips; his head swam. Suddenly, a cock crew shrilly in some distant farmyard. Instantly the whole assembly vanished. A gust of wind drove through the chapel, shaking it to its foundations, and the knight fell down in a swoon.

"He awoke, and found himself lying on the long grass in the courtyard, with his faithful horse at his side."

So much for the legend. The reader laid down the book, but lingered, still "mooning" over the river.

From the romance in the book to the romance in his heart, the transition was light and rapid; for he had one there—matter-of-fact British subject that he was—a fancy almost as shadowy and unprofitable as the knight's dream.

Percy Darrell, one night about three months ago, had been invited by some friends to their opera-box, and joined them there, nothing loth. He was fond of music; and though the privilege of shining at Covent Garden in silks and satins, and dividing with the artistes the honours of the night, belongs only

to the fair sex, man too has a part to play there—one that he enjoys. It is always pleasant to lord it over creation from the stalls and boxes, to behold and be beheld, to know everything about everybody before and behind the scenes, especially behind.

The prima donna that night was Leila Monti, one of those perfect songstresses of which three or four, at most, come in a generation, and whose reigns, while they last, are absolute and international.

Mademoiselle Monti was less universally admired than one or two of her rivals, but more immoderately. She did not please everybody, but where she did charm, she charmed to excess. Let her but enter a man's heart, it must needs be as his fancy's queen. So she walked into Percy's from that night when he saw her, heard her, for the first time.

He was five-and-twenty, and had already served a seven years' apprenticeship to love. At eighteen he had lost his affections respectfully to a married lady considerably his senior; at twenty-two he entertained a patronizing passion for a pretty dancer; and lately he had been slowly awakening to the charms of his cousin Rosalind.

But this new predilection was of a kind that swallowed up its forerunners. That great singer, unapproachable actress, and beautiful woman seemed to take, as it were, the shine out of his ideal. From that memorable evening he said to himself, "She is *my* perfection," and his infatuation had increased to an alarming extent by the end of the season. He laughed at his own folly, and justly. What but vanity and vexation of spirit could ever spring from this *furor* on the part of a clerk in the A. B. C. office, for a cantatrice at the tip-top of her popularity, which was such that if kings and princes did not drink champagne out of her shoe, they vied with each other in giving far more solid tokens of their approbation of the artiste?

Hitherto, the effect of it had simply been to drain the taste and sap from his usual interests, pleasures, and occupations. The season over, he caught at the plan of a foreign tour. Travelling is the panacea for all ills, chronic indigestion, bad debts, hopeless love included. He trusted it would cure him of a caprice that bade fair to become redoubtable.

Still, in the village inn at Welmich, he dreamt of Kurd von Stein and the Phantom Bride—only he was Kurd, and the bride she . . . as he little thought, was dashing by along the opposite bank in the night express, whose whistle woke him up with a start.

THE CHANNEL TUNNEL.

THE project of cutting a tunnel through the strata underlying the Straits of Dover has at length taken a more than visionary form. The Préfet of the Pas de Calais has empowered the engineers of the Channel Tunnel Company to take possession of the lands required for the scheme on the French coast. Both the French and English Governments are in favour of the project, and a committee of management has been formed, with Lord Richard Grosvenor as chairman, and Mr. Hawes vice-chairman, for England, and M. Michel Chevalier, chairman, for France. The conjectures as to the time the boring of the tunnel will take are various, ranging from two to seven years, but all seem to be unanimous as to its practicability.

In 1866—1868 borings were made at St. Margaret's Bay, near Dover, and at a spot midway between Calais and Sangatte, in France. From this it was found the strata were on both coasts identical, and consisted of two layers of chalk. By cutting the lower stratum, a mean thickness of 200 feet will be left between the sea and the top of the tunnel. Every Continental traveller will wish God speed to the new undertaking.

INTO THE FAR NORTH;

OR, A GLANCE AT HECLA AND THE GEYSIRS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ON THE ROAD TO KHIVA," ETC.



CHAPTER I.

THE TREELESS SHORE.



HERE it is at last !"

"Where? That's only a cloud !"

"There's land below it, though. Take the glass yourself."

"So there is! Hurrah !"

And the cheer is echoed and re-echoed as our passengers come streaming up from below, to look at the long, low, grey line upon the western horizon, which represents our first sight of Iceland. It is not a comfortable stand-point, this slippery planking, on which last night's rain and this morning's spray, and the water which has washed the decks, eddy to and fro with every roll of the vessel; but with the sky clearing and the sun breaking out, and our promised land in sight on the fifth day from Leith, there is not a blank face among us. Strong men, who have stood the whole voyage unscathed, expand their chests with the air of people who deserve to enjoy themselves, and mean to do it; weak men, who have been ill all the time, begin to assume doubtfully, and as if under protest, a kind of shivering satisfaction; the sailors exchange grins as they splash about the deck in their huge bucket-like boots; while the captain, standing with his feet a little apart, and his hands behind him, has

Coriolanus' " Alone I did it ! " legibly written on his broad, red, jolly, weather-beaten face.

The sight of a distant whale blowing up the water like a fountain jet, draws off our attention for a time ; and when we look round again, Iceland has vanished in rising mist. Not till three in the afternoon do the dark pyramids of the mountains begin to define themselves through the breaking clouds, and then the whole of the splendid coast arrays itself before us. But here, instead of the huge rounded bluffs of Faröe, are sharp serrated ridges, following each other all along the horizon like lashing waves ; and along their broad slopes the snow lies deep and wide, and the sea breaks over their feet in unresting spray, and the clouds roll off them like the smoke of a battle, and the leaden sky stoops sullenly over them from above—a picture of unmatched desolation ; and as we approach the mouth of Berufjord (our first halting place, Reykjavik itself being the second), the general dreariness of the panorama increases ten-fold. In the calmest and brightest weather, there is always something hard and stern about the Far North ; but when seen, as now, beneath rolling clouds, its grimness becomes overwhelming. Not a tree, not a shrub, on the bare, bleak slopes of innumerable mountains, heaving up their rocky sides against the cold grey sky ; not a sheep nor a cow on the few patches of grass that linger in the clefts of this great sepulchre of nature. The only living things in sight are the seals, that trail themselves lazily over the low black reefs which guard the entrance of the fjord. Nor does the " town " of Djupavogd, when we at length come in sight of it, lessen one whit the prevailing sense of desolation. On the inner side of a long, low, crescent-shaped promontory, which thrusts itself out to meet us, half-a-dozen tiny log-huts, with tarred walls and white window-frames, nestle in the shelter of a huge black rock, looking

themselves like detached fragments of it; and the sight of this little outpost of human life, connected with the outer world only by a precarious post once in two months, makes our sense of isolation from the living earth more overpowering than ever.

The next day is one continued pour of rain. Who does not know the miseries of a wet day at sea in an overcrowded steamer? You manfully resolve to stick to the deck, and stand like a heron in a pool, with your feet benumbed, and your hair plastered round your face, and the rain trickling down the back of your neck; while the sailors, safe in their trusty tarpaulin, scan you with a quiet, scientific contempt, evidently watching for the moment when you shall have had enough of it. You retreat at length to the cabin, and find it one museum of groans and misery, with some new and curious specimen of human suffering on every shelf. You look in vain for a place to sit down, or even to stand. At every turn you trip over a portmanteau, or bring your "funny-bone" neatly against the corner of a table, or come flop, like a nightmare, on the chest of some prostrate passenger, or are knocked down yourself by the rocket-like advent of a hasty steward, till you realize to the full the ghastly lifelikeness of the famous dialogue aboard a Californian steamer in the height of the gold fever:—

Digger : " Captain, I guess yew'd like to give me a berth naow—that's yew? "

Captain : " Why, where have you been sleeping these two nights since we sailed? "

Digger (with an injured air) : " Wall, I guess I've been sleepin' atop of a sick man; but now he's got well and says he won't stand it, so I've got to leave. "

But towards evening, our thoughtful skipper rigs up an awning on deck, under which we all group ourselves round a punch-bowl in true Norse fashion. For a common cause has

brought us together ; we are about to visit Iceland on the celebration of her thousandth birthday. A motley gathering we are ! One Danish deputation from Copenhagen ; one Norwegian ditto from Christiania ; a special correspondent of the "Pester Lloyd ;" a well-known Danish novelist ; an explorer from Northern India ; an English naval officer, fresh from the South Atlantic ; and a miscellaneous crew of English, Scotch, Germans, Faroese, and Icelanders—all the ends of the earth gathered to shake hands on the deck of this Danish steamer, under the grey Northern sky.

Then, the glasses being filled, steps forward the explorer, Dr. —, with the *visa* of the Eastern sun still legible on his frank, genial face, and proposes, in German, which nearly every one present understands, the health of the leading members of both deputations. These latter, agreeably surprised at the compliment (for hitherto the English and foreign factions have rather stood apart, *more suo*), repay it in kind ; and thenceforth all goes swimmingly. The "Pester-Lloyd" correspondent makes a very neat and telling speech in Latin ; and then follow the healths of the King of Denmark, the Danish and Icelandic ladies, Iceland, Hans Andersen, the Danish navy, etc. The fine old Danish song of "De Tappre Landsoldat" * (The Valiant Soldier) is given by the whole strength of the company ; and at length, a bright thought striking one of the younger Englishmen, they disperse themselves among the throng, and, at a given signal, strike up "Auld Lang Syne." The accompanying shaking of hands is done with the greatest energy, the captain's brawny "flippers" coming into full play ; and when we finally separate, which is not till near midnight, our "Bruderschaft" is complete.

* This song has been admirably translated by the English chaplain at Copenhagen.

REYKJAVÍK, ICELAND.

During the night we slip, unconscious, past the dreary Westmann Isles (peopled, according to tradition, by two Irish slaves who had "kilt" their master—a curious proof of the antiquity of landlord-stalking), and our first view next morning is that of a long, low, black coast-line, with here and there a huge *aiguille* standing gauntly up against the bright morning sky—very much as if some giant schoolboy, while doing his best to draw a straight line, had had his elbow jogged every now and then by some mischievous comrade, sending him up constantly into zigzags and sharp angles. Behind us, again, far out in the lonely sea, rises a huge pillar-like mass of greyish white, the very model (unromantic as it may sound) of an enormous Stilton cheese sticking up from the depths of the ocean! This is the famous "Meal-sack," the most inaccessible of the Fuglasker Isles, where generations of sea-birds have lived in peace, undisturbed by the hand of man. Far on the western sky, the Snaefells Jökull looms like a great white inkstand, its mouth being formed by the depression of the crater.

But, despite the brightness and clearness of the morning, the panorama is still as desolate as ever. Here the coast rises into steep, craggy hills, flecked with snow, and broken here and there by wide barren valleys; there, it falls away into dreary flats, thick with black lava-dust, beyond which the distant mountains loom out, blue and ghastly, over acres of dark bog, as if warning us what we may expect hereafter. Cape Reykjaness itself, crowned by the black jagged turret of the Kerl Rock, is of a piece with all the rest; and the impression yields only when we find ourselves at last in the sheltered roadstead of Reykjavik, with its two little islets acting as breakwaters, and the great mountain-wall of Esja blotting the north-western sky like a thunder-cloud; while to port of us rise the trim masts of a French war-steamer, and right in front, running like a game of

dominoes over the only level ground in sight, lie the little timber shanties and mustard-cruet cathedral of the capital of Iceland.

Reykjavik has been described so often, that a few words upon it will suffice here. A small flat, bounded on two sides by sloping hills, and on the other two by the sea and a tiny lake; a row of timber huts running along the shore, flanked by a parallel line a little farther back; a few offshoots straggling up the surrounding hills; a hideous wooden church as a central point, standing in the middle of a big, empty green; a general atmosphere of tar and dried fish; a crowd of loafers at every corner, fraternising with gangs of ill-kept ponies;—such is Reykjavik, as we see it for the first time.

Our first move is to the Post Office, to see the opening of the mail, and a rare sight it is. The Post Office is a funny little grey booth on one side of the Cathedral green, with a brightly-painted signboard and letter-box, and displaying ostentatiously in its windows a few paper-covered Danish books, including a translation of Manzoni's "*I Promessi Sposi*." Here, in a few moments, assembles such a gathering as any painter might be glad to copy: several ruddy-cheeked boys, with a broad grin on their faces, as if sure of getting what they want; a thin, grey-haired man in spectacles, bending anxiously over the counter, as if doubtful what may be in store for him—perhaps longing for news of an only son who has gone forth into the great world beyond the sea; a stout, yellow-bearded farmer-like man, exchanging volleys of broad native chaff with the jolly post-master and his aids, to whom he seems to be well known; a trim, bright-eyed lass in the national head-dress—a coquettish little saucer-shaped cap, with long drooping tassel—looking half shyly, half eagerly at the heap of letters, as if expecting a word of remembrance from some strapping "*Jon*" or "*Olafr*," who is now serving his time at Copenhagen; a bronzed, keen-eyed

French sailor, who comes out again in a moment, laden with newspapers ; and a miscellaneous crowd of

Young lads, and stooping elders,
That watch to see the mail ;
Matrons with lips that quiver,
And maids with faces pale.

Meanwhile, the officials call out name after name, and put letter after letter into the eager hands outstretched from the weltering mass behind the counter ; and the postmaster's little daughter, who, in her pretty pink frock, and long golden hair hanging over her shoulders, might pass for Alice in Wonderland, looks on with round wondering eyes.

We sleep on board that night, and next day, by the kindness of Dr. Hjaltalin, are installed in the snug, though somewhat bare, dormitories of the town hospital—a startling idea, but perfectly harmless in reality, the hospital having literally no tenants but ourselves. The Icelanders are probably secured against disease by the same happy endowment as the Tennessee squatter, who “ ’scaped the ague ’cause he war too lazy to shiver when it cum on ! ”

On the next day comes a round of visits. Mr. Hilmar Finsen, the governor, who inhabits a neat little whitewashed house with a tiny garden in front of it, on the north side of the town ; Mr. Thorsteinsson, the sheriff ; the president of the “ college,” or Latin school, whom we find cast away, like another Robinson Crusoe, in a remote corner of a huge timber barrack, half way up the northern slope, with a staring yellow front, and nine windows ranged along it. From him we go to the college library, a neat little collection with a fair sprinkling of classical works, but hardly any English ones ; and our circuit concludes with Mr. Matthias Jochumsson, the editor of the *Fjodolfr*

(*National*), (a little eight-page weekly paper, which is the *Times* of Reykjavik), in whose neat little cottage we find a very good selection of books, including several works by Mr. William Morris, with the author's autograph on every fly-leaf.

And now comes the question, what are we to do? Stay here for ten days or so until the King of Denmark arrives and the festivities which are to commemorate the Thousand Years Anniversary commence, or begin our travels at once?

The younger of our English passengers, following the good old British rule of taking every country like a leap in a steeple-chase, have already taken horses and gone off into infinite space; but we, not being yet sufficiently acclimatised to appreciate the splendid simplicity of the Icelandic guide's tariff—"Charge a German twice as much as a native, and an Englishman twice as much as a German,"* decide upon waiting till we can get a mount at not more than 25 per cent. above its market price. For three days we wait in vain; but (as in other great emergencies) when the hour comes, the man—and the horses—come likewise.

Note.—One trick, against which all travellers in Iceland should be strongly cautioned, is that of imposing upon them as guides men who have never even been out of Reykjavik, or at farthest, only to Thingvellir—a practice which, in a country where losing one's way is at times tantamount to a sentence of death, cannot be too severely condemned.

* What place the Americans hold in this magnificent scale of graduated robbery, I have failed to learn; possibly they are not yet sufficiently known here to be "classed."

THE TOURIST IN CEYLON.

BY J. CAPPER, AUTHOR OF "THREE PRESIDENTS OF INDIA,"
"PICTURES FROM THE EAST," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

NO island in Eastern waters offers so many and such varied attractions to the tourist, as Ceylon. Situated on the ocean highway to the East, within thirty days' steaming from London, it is accessible by a variety of passenger steam lines to Colombo, the capital, or Galle, the mail port on the south coast. The private steam lines call at the former—the steamers of the Peninsular and Oriental and the Messageries make the latter their port. This station is connected with Colombo by local steamers and by mail coaches; whilst from the latter to Kandy, the mountain capital of the Singhalese kings in the sixteenth century, a railway conveys the traveller a distance of about eighty miles in four hours and a half. Prettily situated amidst an amphitheatre of hills, threaded by well-kept streets and drives, and rendered more picturesque by the lake stretching for above a mile on one side, Kandy contains but one or two buildings that repay the tourist for a visit. The Pavilion, the residence of the Governor, is charmingly situated in extensive and tastefully laid-out grounds on the north-east side of the town, whence ascends Lady Horton's Walk, from the summit of which may be had one of the prettiest views in the central province, comprising the whole extent of the Vale of Doombura, watered by the

Mahavilla Ganga, and backed by the Hoonasgiria, Knuckles, and Medamaha Neuara Ranges.

Facing the esplanade, and overlooking the lake, stands the Octagonal Tower, forming a portion of the Maligawa, or Temple of the Tooth, from the upper gallery of which it was the custom of the Kandyan king to harangue his troops and subjects. On one side of this is the Kandy Library, formerly a wing of the palace, whilst in the rear is the ancient Audience Hall, a fine specimen of Kandyan workmanship. The Temple, in an upper chamber of which is deposited the famous tooth relic, has no pretensions to architectural excellence; but, on the occasion of the "Perrahara," or other religious ceremonial, it is made attractive to the mass of the native population, by floral decorations and the exposure of the relic to public gaze and adoration. Jealously guarded within an iron cage, the supposed Tooth of Buddha, is held in a golden casket studded with jewels of some value, and kept within six other caskets, each larger than the others.

There are two other temples devoted to Buddhism in Kandy—the "Asgiria" and the "Malwattie"—but these present no features of interest, save an extensive Pali library in the latter, of considerable value. Davy's Tree, situated on the banks of the river a few miles distant, is memorable in the early British annals for the tragedy enacted under it, when a body of English and native troops, under a Major Davy, were induced to lay down their arms to the Kandyan forces, and then murdered in cold blood.

The botanical garden at Perideniya, though not very extensive, is well kept and arranged, containing a numerous collection of useful and ornamental plants and trees, both indigenous and exotic. It is distant four miles from Kandy, on the road to Colombo, and is said to have been the site of an ancient Kandyan palace.

From Kandy to the largest and most attractive coffee districts—Kotmalie, Dimboola, Dickoya, and Maskeliya—the route lies by way of Gampola, or, as it was known in native records, Gangra-sri-poorā—literally, "the stately city by the river." A branch line of railway connects this rising station with the mountain capital, from which it is distant about eight miles, through a country rich in the beauties peculiar to Kandyan scenery. In this neighbourhood may be seen more of native life and native character than in the low country. Here may be seen the homesteads of Kandyan Headmen as they existed a thousand years ago, their occupants, the owners of many broad acres and much cattle, dwelling in dignified seclusion amidst their families and their hereditary serfs. The well-ploughed fields, the neatly-kept fences, the ample watercourses, the well-stored granaries, all bear testimony to the thrifty industry of a race of men fast disappearing from the country.

The railway line to Gampola winds amongst ranges of hills nearly on a dead level, and not until some distance beyond the town is reached does any ascent occur. The poor appearance of the older portions of this station belies the idea of its having been the seat of native royalty, or to have merited the name of the "stately city." All vestiges of its former greatness have disappeared, and its present condition is entirely due to the railway traffic passing through it. In this vicinity the first private coffee estate was formed, but the district is now far behind others in extent of cultivation.

To Navellapetya the line ascends considerably, through heavy cuttings, amidst a very bold country. Beyond this station the tourist must make his way by the saddle or carriage, in one direction to Kotmalie and Dimboola, in another to Dickoya and Maskeliya, along which lies the path to Adam's Peak, one of the chief attractions of Ceylon. Through these there

are good roads, sufficient for an equestrian, and the rivers are now bridged, so that in fine weather there is no obstacle to prevent the traveller reaching the Peak in two days from Navellapetya. The Dickoya district contains sixty-four coffee estates, comprising nearly seventeen thousand acres of cultivated land. The Maskeliya district contains about fifty estates, with an aggregate of nearly ten thousand acres of coffee. The highest of these extends to within a few miles of the base of Adam's Peak range; the nearest estate, that of Bunyan, being not more than eight miles from the foot of the Peak. From this point, a bridle road, known as "The Pilgrim's Path," runs in nearly a straight line to the range on the summit of which is the celebrated footprint to which thousands of pilgrims flock during the early months of the year.

There is no spot in Ceylon to which so much of legendary interest attaches as Adam's Peak, on the summit of which is still shown the reputed imprint of a giant's foot, believed by the Buddhists to be that of Gotama Buddha, by Mahomedans to be that of Adam, by the Chinese that of Foe, and by Catholics of Saint Thomas. The "pilgrim's path," leading through what is locally known as "the wilderness of the Peak," is the route followed by the pilgrims going from or returning to the Kandyan country. Although only eight miles distant from Maskeliya, the Peak presents such a steep ascent, especially for the last two miles, that it is a good morning's journey to any but hardy travellers.

The first half of the distance may be ridden, but the remainder of the ascent must be accomplished on foot, for which purpose the traveller should be provided with a long staff of some light but strong wood; and the journey should be commenced soon after breakfast, so as to allow of several halts to be made, and the summit to be reached before nightfall. If prac-

licable, the Peak should be visited about the period of full moon in any month from January to April inclusive, when the sky will be free from clouds, permitting a more extended and perfect view of the magnificent panorama below. For a long period it was believed that Adam's Peak was the loftiest mountain summit in Ceylon, being six thousand eight hundred feet above sea level; recent observations have shown that Pedro-tallagalla, a mountain rising from the Newara Eliya plains, is still higher, being eight thousand two hundred and ninety feet, though, from the fact of the former rising abruptly from ground but little above the sea level, it impresses the beholder with the belief of its superior altitude. Approaching from Kandy, the ascent is gradual from Gampola, a distance of about forty-four miles, so that the final rise from the base on that side is not above three thousand feet, over steep but not precipitous ground. From the Colombo, or western side, by which pilgrims make the ascent, the pathway is extremely precipitous for eight or nine miles, and for the last two miles toilsome and hazardous in the extreme. Notwithstanding the difficulty and fatigue involved in ascending from Ratnapoora, many thousands of natives undertake the pilgrimage during the months of January, February, and March of each year; and these include women, old men, and children, all believing in the great merit attaching to a single act of adoration, one votive offering, however simple, at the sacred shrine of the "Sri Pada," or holy footprint.

The area of the summit of this mountain is forty-two feet by thirty-four feet, enclosed by a low wall. In the centre of this space is a huge mass of ironstone, or cabook, on which stands a rude roof, supported by four pillars; beneath this, on the living stone, is a natural indentation about five feet long and proportionately broad, which human art has evidently assisted, imparting to it something approaching the form of a gigantic

footprint. A white cloth conceals the Sri Pada, except when pilgrims tender their offerings, when it is lifted aside, and the votaries deposit on the footprint their tribute, generally flowers, with coin, rice, or betel. During the accustomed pilgrim months, the paths leading to the lofty shrine are crowded by devotees, and from early morning to late in the evening there is a constant succession of groups of families bending round the venerated spot. In Davy's account of Ceylon (page 345) is the following graphic sketch of what may be seen any day on the rock during the season of the pilgrimage: "The party of villagers that had just arrived consisted of several men and women, all native Singhalese of the interior, neatly dressed in clean clothes. They immediately proceeded to their devotions. A priest, in his yellow robes, stood on the rock close to the impression of the foot, with his face to the people, who had ranged themselves in a row below: some on their knees, with their hands uplifted and joined palm to palm, and others bending forward with their hands in the same attitude of devotion. The priest, in a loud clear voice, sentence by sentence, recited the articles of their religious faith and duties, and in response they repeated the same after him. When he had finished they raised a loud shout, and he retiring, they went through the same ceremony by themselves, with one of their party for a leader. An interesting scene followed: wives affectionately and respectfully saluted their husbands, children their parents, and friends one another. An old grey-headed woman first made her salaam to a really venerable old man; she was moved to tears, and almost kissed his feet; he affectionately raised her up. Several middle-aged men then salaamed the patriarchal pair; these men were salaamed by still younger men, who had first paid their respects to the old people; and lastly, those nearly on the same standing slightly salaamed each other, and ex-

changed betel leaves." The intention of these friendly salutations in that sacred spot, was to confirm the ties of kindred, to strengthen family love and friendship, and remove all animosities.

To the tourist, however, the great attraction will be the unrivalled view obtained from the summit of this lofty, isolated peak, extending on four sides over an immense expanse of wooded country, streaked faintly with rivers, dotted with mountains, and bounded on two sides by the waters of the Indian Ocean. To obtain a just idea of the grand sublimity of the scenery around this spot, the traveller should rise an hour before the first streaks of daylight steal up the slopes on the horizon, when he will look out upon the clear blue firmament above, thickly studded with silvery stars. Below, far away in the gloomy depths of the jungle, may be seen a continuous train of light; like myriads of flickering fireflies, the torches of pilgrims wending their slow way from the base to the summit. Farther away, from the dim obscurity of many miles of forest, arise peak after peak, ridge after ridge, of mountain tops, towering high above the ocean of jungle, like islands in an ocean of forest, with here and there white rifts of fleecy clouds hanging along the skirts of hills, or sweeping up valleys hidden away in the deep darkness of ravines and gullies. As the watcher gazes out on this sublime scene, the stars begin to shine less brightly, the sky becomes less deeply blue, and the long range of mountains in the distance assume a less heavy aspect. Gradually the whole scene changes into dim twilight, but not for long, and the eye must be quick if it would note all the many and rapid changes which steal over the prospect like the varying and imperceptible changes in a kaleidoscope. At length the stars disappear, and one only remains—the bright star of morning in the east. Distant ranges of hills, before hidden in the gloom,

now rise vividly to view. Anon the loftiest of these assume a purple hue; the morning star dims its light, and suddenly a fine stream of golden fire darts upwards right and left through the dark fringe of forest skirting the tall hills in the east. From the centre of this growing light, the flashes radiate and increase, until at length, with one vehement outburst, rendered the more refulgent from the gloomy darkness of mountain and forest around, the glorious orb of day bursts on the dazzled sight, and goes on his way lighting up hill and valley and streamlet with life and light and beauty.

But this is not all that may be seen. There is yet one other prospect to tempt the traveller to halt awhile until the sun shall have risen somewhat above the eastern hills. It is the marvellous "Shadow of the Peak," which, flung upwards above the fleecy drifts of white cloud-mist sweeping along the valleys, is cast forth far beyond the island shores into the distant ocean. This strange vision, no doubt, gave rise to the Buddhist legend, firmly believed by devotees, that as the sun rises, he seven times salutes the footprint on the Samanala Peak. "Faint, and not very clearly defined at first, as the sunlight became stronger the outline and body of the gigantic pyramid-shaped umbra grew sharper, darker, and more distinct; and as the sun rose higher in the heavens, the Titanic shadow seemed actually to rise in the atmosphere; to tilt up and gradually fall back upon the mountain, shrinking and dwarfing in dimensions as it drew closer and yet closer to its mighty parent, until, absorbed in the forests with which the mountain is clad, it was wholly lost to view."* As the sun rises still higher, the mists and fleecy clouds hanging over rivers and valleys clear away, and open to the view a scene of surprising grandeur and loveliness, well described in the language of Sir Emerson Tennant (vol. ii.,

* "Adam's Peak," by W. L. H. Skeen; Ceylon, 1870.

p. 141) : "The panorama from the summit of Adam's Peak is perhaps the grandest in the world, as there is no other mountain, although surpassing it in altitude, which presents the same unobstructed view over land and sea. Around it, to the north and east, the traveller looks down on the zone of lofty hills that encircle the Kandyan kingdom; whilst to the westward the eye is carried far over undulating plains, threaded by rivers like cords of silver, till in the purple distance the glitter of the sunbeams on the sea marks the line of the Indian Ocean."

Returning from the peak in the same direction as that whence the traveller came, Maskeliya is soon reached, and thence the route will lie back into Dickoya and through the New Valley, where some of the finest and most thriving coffee estates may be seen, as well as magnificent scenery not to be surpassed in the island. Behind lies the Wilderness of the Peak, now gradually yielding to the inroads of adventurous planters; before are the extensive grassy plains of Bhagawantalawa, dotted with jungle, and interspersed with streams and valleys; farther in the distance may be descried the fine stretch of table-land known as the Horton Plains, whereon the lover of sport may find occupation for many a pleasant day. The Bhagawantalawa plains were at one time the favourite resort of elk and deer, but the steady and continuous approach of coffee-planting operations, the ring of the planter's axe, and the shouts of the Tamil coolies, have gradually scared away from these once pleasant glades the animals that were wont to resort to them for pasturage and water. There is no outlet for a rider in the direction of the high land in front or to the immediate right, and the traveller must therefore make his way in a northeasterly direction across a dividing ridge which separates the Dickoya from the Dimboola district, turning abruptly to the left immediately after passing the Tientsin estate. Here the

bridle road leads across pretty knolls of patna land,* dotted about with low jungle, and interspersed with ravines and hollows, the ground gradually rising for one or two miles, until the ascent becomes more difficult, the path being taken upwards by means of many zigzags, until a steep, precipitous bluff is reached, looking, at a distance, like an insurmountable barrier of rock, and to pass up the face of which needs a good deal of nerve as well as bodily strength. The ascent is, at this point, at a gradient of one in three or four, and can only be surmounted on foot. From the summit of this precipitous rock, a splendid view may be obtained of the coffee districts just left, as well as of the forest-clad mountain ranges which skirt them on all sides.

The ride onwards from this point to the next valley of patna and jungle is easy, and not more than three miles in length. The lovely stretch of savannah and forest in front is known as the Bopatelawa Patnas, extending for some miles nearly east and west; for beauty of scenery, as well as for abundance of sport, no other patna land in the island can compare with these magnificent plains, which sweep onwards amidst many an undulation, skirted by dense forest, until they appear to be lost to sight amidst dells and ravines, overtopped by the lofty peak of Kirrigalpota, in the direction of the great table-land of Oovah.

These patnas are now all that remain of the once famous hunting grounds in this district. A few years of planting progress have sufficed to destroy the magnificent jungles that once stretched from this spot towards the upper end of the Dimboola district, as far as the base of the Nuwara Eliya mountain zone. At a distance of two miles and a half from the Bopatelawa plains were formerly the Agra patnas, once as

* "Patna," i.e., a large tract of undulating grass land.

celebrated as any, and as much frequented by sportsmen. At the present time, the jungle has nearly disappeared, and fields of young coffee stretch up to where the tent of the Duke of Edinburgh was pitched for breakfast in the spring-time of 1870. Estate bungalows are to be seen at frequent intervals; good ~~bridle-roads~~ intersect the properties at every turn, instead of the once narrow riding tracts which formerly led the traveller through swamps and over ridges by tortuous turns and sinuous windings. The Agra estates are all included in the Dimboola district, which is divided by an imaginary boundary into the upper and lower districts, the latter adjoining the estates of the Kotmalie district, between which there is a lofty dividing ridge of hill. This latter district comprises ~~twenty-seven~~ estates, with a cultivated area of 7500 acres; Upper and Lower Dimboola, including what are known as the Agra, Wallaha, and Lindoola estates, contain 138 plantations, with a total area of cultivated land amounting to 34,956 acres, forming altogether by far the largest coffee district in the island, and certainly one of the most promising.

Proceeding onwards from the Agras, the Wallaha division is reached, at a distance of five miles, and thence on to Lindoola is an easy morning or afternoon ride. Here the traveller may halt with advantage, in order to enjoy the magnificent scenery which meets the eye on every side. Except on the outskirts of the district, there is not an acre of jungle left standing, all has been felled, and converted into coffee land, so that in every direction planters' bungalows are to be seen far and near. Here there are no rest-houses, the open-handed hospitality of the planters rendering any such provision for travellers quite unnecessary. From any of the more elevated bungalows at this end of Dimboola may be seen a larger extent of land under coffee cultivation than can be met with in any other district.

From the lower end of the Kotmalie valley, to the extreme end of Lindoola, by the railway gorge, there is one unbroken line of coffee, measuring a distance of about thirty miles. The Great Western mountain, towering in its grim majesty like a vast fortification, shuts in the view in one direction; further to the right are the wooded heights, lifting up their forest peaks to Neuara Eliya, and on by the railway gorge towards New Galway and the Horton Plains, until the eye, sweeping further round towards the west, encounters the great Peak range.


The road upwards to Neuara Eliya runs through a portion of one of the highest of any coffee estates on that side; but, above them, at a considerable altitude, a tract of forest land has been cleared and planted with tea, a cultivation which bids fair, at no distant date, to become most lucrative.

Ye glittering towns, with wealth and splendour crown'd,
Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round,
Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale,
Ye bending swains, that dress the flowery vale,
For me your tributary stores combine;
Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine.

THE TRAVELLER (*Goldsmith*).

A VISIT TO THE CAVES OF ADELSBERG.

BY HELEN ZIMMERN, AUTHOR OF "STORIES IN PRECIOUS STONES," ETC.

N one of those dreamy nights unknown out of Venice, our gondola rowed us noiselessly up the Grand Canal towards the railway station. It may have been because we were leaving, but it seemed to me as if the palaces had never looked so grand as on this evening, when vivid summer lightning illumined their façades, and brought out their architectural beauties into unexpected relief. Landed at the Strada Ferrata, we found ourselves once more amidst the nineteenth century, with its rapid progress, steam and whirl. Of all strange things about that strangest of all cities, the Queen of the Adriatic, there is nothing more witching than the pettishly-resolute way in which she turns her back upon the railway. She has permitted it to invade her precincts, but no more; and neither in entering nor quitting Venice by rail is it possible to catch more than a faint glimpse of her winsome beauty. Once the station building is entered, Venice seems blotted out. Only the long iron bridge connecting the city with Mestre on the mainland, still retains a touch of the mysterious. In four minutes that, too, is traversed; then all is over, we are on *terra firma*, and the marble poem of the world is only a memory.

The noise of the train, long unfamiliar, stunned me. I settled myself for sleep, and my endeavours must have been successful, since the next thing I remember is my companion

touching me on the arm with, "You really must wake, we are nearly at Trieste."

Trieste bears all the familiar and characteristic marks of a commercial and border town. It is noisy and busy; people of all nationalities walk its white and dusty streets. The inhabitants themselves are uncertain whether German or Italian is their mother-tongue. You address a question in the one language, and receive a reply in the other. Sights it has, properly speaking, none. The harbour is fine, and there are one or two good churches where the praises of God are sung in languages as unfamiliar to the ear as Servian and Greek. The cathedral apse is overshadowed by an attenuated Byzantine figure of the Saviour; but after the riches of Venice this seemed mean.

To be at Trieste without visiting Miramar was out of the question; so early in the afternoon we took a boat and sailed across the calm azure waters to a little promontory showing conspicuously white across the bay. We landed at a tiny mole, and found ourselves right under the walls of the castle, and in its very grounds. What melancholy recollections of its hapless owner does the mere name recall! This little bijou house, romantically perched on a rocky eminence, overlooking a bay rivalled for beauty only by that of Naples, standing in gardens combining the luxuriant vegetation of the South, with the more sombre trees of the North, surely a very paradise on earth! And yet the owner left to seek an uneasy throne in far-distant Mexico; and the widow of the murdered man—though in her dreams of madness she often utters the name of Miramar—may not inhabit its walls. So lovely Miramar is turned into a holiday jaunt for the Triesters, who flock hither with wife and children, and are allowed free access to the grounds, and respect the vegetation in a manner that should teach Englishmen a significant lesson.

We went over the house, more from memory of Maximilian than for its intrinsic beauty; for it is nothing more than a snug gentleman's residence, though one apartment is pompously called the Throne Room. The custodian, an old servant, showed with melancholy pride how the late Emperor's study had been left undisturbed since his departure, how this was his billiard-room, that the salon where he received the deputation offering him the Mexican crown. The crowding memories are too painful and oppressive. We are glad to be outside once more, and watch the sun sink gorgeously into the Adriatic, ever new and beautiful, though Empires rise and kings are shot into the dust.

But it was neither Miramar nor Trieste that had beguiled us from Italy into this remote corner of Europe. It was the famed caves of Adelsberg, of which I had in my childhood read a gorgeous description in some German book that had haunted my memory ever since. So next morning we quitted the seaport city and took train for Adelsberg.

It was early. I was once more sleepy, but soon the strange aspect of the country we were traversing riveted my attention. It was all rocky, grey and barren. Scarcely a tree dotted the weird landscape, and where there were occasional stunted growths they had no branches on their northern sides, and all their crowns inclined with a strange uniformity to the south-east. Looking more closely, I perceived that there were some trees worthy the name, and also flecks of maize, flax, and corn. But the crowns of these trees were level with the ground, and the vegetation grew at the bottom of deep circular pits. Few houses dotted this dreary waste, but such as were there were massively built, their windows all facing the south-west, presenting nothing but dead walls to the north-east.

What fury did this clearly dreaded north-east produce, and

what demons had ploughed this rocky waste into cavities? I looked up puzzled. A gentleman sitting opposite to me smiled.

"You are studying the landscape?" he said. "It is worthy of study, and truly curious."

"Can you enlighten my bewilderment?" I asked.

"Gladly; you have stumbled upon the very person to ask. I am a Viennese geologist, and am making a tour of inspection. This tract of land is called the Karst."

"Karst!" I said, catching at the German meaning of the word, which stands for "mattock." "I wonder if there is any analogy for the name with that instrument used by labourers to grub up roots and trees. This country has certainly been grubbed."

He smiled. "I don't know if your fancy will hold good, but the country has certainly been ploughed, as you can see. I can explain the cause. It——"

"Hans," interrupted his wife, a mild little German of the ordinary type, "Hans, do not, pray, become instructive—a bore."

She evidently held the not uncommon Teutonic idea that women care for nothing of scientific interest.

"Pardon, madame," I said, turning to her, "I take extreme interest in these things, and shall be only too grateful to your husband if he will enlighten my outer darkness."

Madame subsided into her corner once more, while the Herr resumed with a satisfied smile. Evidently he was accustomed to instruct, and enjoyed the position.

"This country," he said, "was once covered with splendid forests, and 'barren' would have been the last term to apply to the plain. But the Venetians, who were its owners, cut down the wood to make piles for their marble palaces, neglecting to plant young trees in place of those they re-

moved, until they laid the country waste. The vegetation gone, there was nothing to stem the violence of the demon wind which rushes across the mountains of Carniola. This wind is called the Bora; it blows dry and cold from the east. Peculiar to the shores of the Black Sea and the Adriatic, it is dreaded, not without reason, by all the inhabitants. It lasts for consecutive days, and rages with a violence no tropical hurricane can surpass. The old Greek word, Boreas, is probably godfather to the name," he added, with a smile at me. "In winter it flings sharp icicles into the faces of the daring wayfarer, and freezes his clothes to his body. Can you wonder this arid district is ill-famed, when I tell you that the heaviest waggons have been overturned by the Bora, and horses and men carried to great distances. In 1805, a division of the Austrian army, retreating from Italy, was surprised by a Bora; the soldiers had to cease from their march, and many were killed. Nay more, even modern steam cannot compass this fury; for, unless a railway carriage is loaded to a weight of ten tons, it cannot maintain its balance under these stormy assaults. Only last year a train was thus upset. I have myself seen the carriages rock to and fro like aspen-leaves. If a strong Bora blows, ropes are drawn across the streets of Trieste, so that those who must go out can hold themselves upright by its aid. On the sea itself, the Bora sweeps the surface of the water into the air, and causes a kind of fog, called the Fumarea, or Spalmeggio. Small marvel this country is almost uninhabited."

"I am astonished it is inhabited at all," I said.

"Further," he went on, "besides this wind, the natives must be content with an arid soil. It is only in these funnel-shaped, cavities they can grow their produce, but what does grow curiously enough, grows well, for the soil at the base of these holes is rich. The pits, again, are formed by the action of

water in the limestone rock. The carbonic acid of the rain corrodes the stone, and, penetrating its fissures, forms subterranean ponds. The gradual action wears away the covering, this falls in, and the *débris* becomes in time an alluvial deposit which the peasants cultivate with intelligent care. This formation is perhaps unique in Europe."

"How great is its area?"

"Strictly speaking, it extends from Fiume to Görz. This whole country is a geological study, above and underground. It may be compared subterraneously to a sponge riddled with holes. There are caves without number in the earth-rind, of which only a few are known. The ground is literally tunnelled with caverns and rivers. Adelsberg has been the most carefully explored, but even though 200 fathoms have been traversed, no end has been found to its extent."

"Are you going to Adelsberg?" I asked, hoping good luck had destined us this intelligent companion.

"No, we are bound for the quicksilver mines of Idria," he said; "I know Adelsberg well;" and he gave us some practical directions to pursue.

Soon after, the guard called out, "Adelsberg," and we alighted to find ourselves the solitary passengers for the spot. The train sped on towards Vienna, robbing us of our kind friend, whom we thought never to see again, after the manner of travelling companions, but on whom by strange chance we did stumble once more. Adelsberg seemed nothing but a wooden station, to judge from first impression; but soon pressing demands from drivers of carriages showed us that the town itself was a little distant from the rail. Our hearts rather sank at sight of these vehicles, for we feared we had come into a show place, given up to Cockney visitors, with a population to match. We soon, however, discovered our mistake, and that

military manœuvres and the quartering of two regiments was the cause of the unusual activity. We preferred, however, trusting to our own feet, and set off to reach the place which we saw below us, and was approached by a tree-bordered path.

Adelsberg is a snug little town, of the true German type. It nestles in a hollow, and is built under the shadow of a ruined fortress, whence it derives its name of Eagles' Mount. A pretty church steeple is conspicuous above the regularly-built and solid houses, all of which are new, as the place was entirely destroyed by fire early in the century. The caves are under Government control, and consequently admirably managed. We took our tickets, secured guides, and were asked to determine what degree of light we desired; the price varying according to whether the smallest or grandest illumination was commanded by the visitor. On inquiry, we learned that two other tourists were desirous of seeing the cave that day; and anxious to have a good light, and yet save expense, had waited in the hope of new arrivals, to club with them for the payment, which is somewhat high. We arranged for the second best, and proceeded together to the mouth of the cave, distant some twenty minutes from the rail. Here our guides met us, and unlocked the iron gates that guard the wide yawning mouth of the cavern. We entered; a damp, warm atmosphere filled the place that struck one unpleasantly at first.

Soon, a sharp turn removed us from the sunshine, and it was some moments before our eyes grew accustomed to the gloom. Traversing a gently descending corridor, lighted by candles fixed into the rock, we entered a huge vault intersected with galleries, natural and artificial, through which flowed a wide, dark, mysterious water. This is the river Poik, which traverses the Karst for miles underground, appearing to daylight and disap-

pearing in the strangest way. Its course has never yet been fully ascertained.

"This is the great dome," said our guide, as he led us over a natural bridge, beneath which the Poik rushed, like a Styx, on to a balcony overlooking the wide expanse. "It is seventy feet high and one hundred and fifty-four feet wide."

I did not care for his dimensions, which conveyed no idea to my mind. I tried to penetrate the strange semi-gloom of the place, and discern more clearly the curious locality in which I found myself. The illumination, hundreds of candles though it numbered, only made darkness visible. An awed feeling of illimitableness and grandeur stole over me.

We wound along upwards and downwards, over a fairly good and moderately dry pathway, and presently the first stalactites met our eyes. They looked like huge icicles pending from the rock, and there was not a shape they did not assume. From the ground rose columns of the same mass; sometimes the stalactites and stalagmites join, and form the most lovely lines of pillars that appear to carry the roof, and turn the cavern into Gothic chapels of the choicest architecture. Sometimes they pend isolated; sometimes they form into solid masses, to which a fancied resemblance has given a name. Thus we saw the pulpit, the organ, the lion, the sleeping maiden, the waterfall, the palm, and many more such fancied objects. But, for once, imagination was exceeded in beauty by reality, and no words of mine can picture their beauty. If one stops to consider that in the space of a year scarcely half an inch of stalactite is made, the stupendous age alone of these natural peaks overwhelms the mind. Some columns measure fourteen feet and more in diameter, and twenty-four feet in height. The greater portion of these petrefactions are of the most dazzling whiteness, on which account it is now forbidden to enter the cave with torches,

DAVIS OF ADULSLETG.

in order that their purity may not be tarnished. Some, however, assume the most delicate cream and rose tints, varying with vivid orange, crimson, and black, all hanging forth in bold relief from the naked black rock. Some, again, are variegated. There are slender clusters of pillars in which each column has a different hue. The guides placed their candles behind the translucent mass, and the effect was magical. It is of adamantine hardness, and quite impossible to break without an instrument, fragile though it looks. Fortunately, it is forbidden to knock off any portion, or the visitors might soon seriously impair the delicacy of the outlines.

There is a constant dripping of water down the rocky sides, and at places the rushing of the Poik is very audible. Our guides touched some of the columns with a metal ball, which made them give out a deep musical tone that reverberated through the hollow.

On and on we walked, through larger and smaller caves; up a rising slope dotted with stalagmites, which, from their resemblance to tombstones, gave the spot the name of Calvary; through tunnels encrusted with fungus-shaped spars; into a dreary waste, rightly named Tartarus; on and on, till the beauty, the grandeur, the colour, and the mystery grew almost oppressive. We all grew silent; we had exhausted our stock of explicatives, and could only stare on in amazement at the many beauties that passed before our view. Our feet, too, began to remind us of our bodily existence; we had been walking nearly three hours over uneven paths. And still cones, and columns, and icicles, and cataracts of stone, and draperies of spar succeeded each other. These draperies were perhaps the strangest and most beautiful things we saw. Often not more than an inch in diameter, an entire curtain of stone hung down from the roof, falling in artistic folds, and having

graceful and continuous patterns etched along its borders. I remember one especially, which was absolutely faultless. It hung full three feet from a low wall, and had a border marked in alternate lines of black, orange, and crimson.

We once more entered a huge space. It was brightly illuminated. Our candles combined with those of a couple on their honeymoon trip, who had commanded the "grand illumination."

"The ball-room," said our guide, "more than one hundred feet high and four hundred feet long. Every Whit Monday the Commune gives a ball, at which four thousand are often present. Then they light the space with ten thousand candles, the music sits in that elevation, and the people dance till morning. Since forty years this custom has never been interrupted."

"Some Whit Monday shall find us here to see this strange sight," said my companion; while the ghostly idea traversed my brain of a couple, tired with dancing, exploring some of the side walks, and being lost beyond recall.

It would be wearisome if I continued to dwell on this strange subterranean walk; so varied in every step to us who saw its infinite varieties of shape and shade; so monotonous in mere description. We came back to daylight at last, feeling that a new world had been revealed to our astonished eyes. There only remained for us to see the unique animal that inhabits the underground waters of the Poik, which, naked, blind, and adapted to its strange dwelling-place, is at once the wonder and despair of naturalists. The guide had one in readiness. The creature was in a glass bottle filled with water. It was struggling, because brought into the daylight, said the guide; for, like blind people, it is conscious of light. This *Proteus anguinus* is one of those strange reptiles that breathe with both lungs and gills; the latter stand out uncovered from each side

its head, and are of a bright-rose colour. The animal has a long white eel-like body, a lizard's head and tail, and four stunted feet. Its liver and heart are distinctly visible through its transparent skin, and we could count the beats—fifty a minute. The eyeballs are closed with skin, under which two tiny black specks are hidden. Whether these are useful for vision, or no, remains a disputed point. Seven distinct species of the *Proteus* have been discovered, of which six are peculiar to this district. Two different species never inhabit the same cave. Dr. Schmidt, one of the chief explorers of Adelsberg, traversed part of the Poik in a boat, and speaks of the strange spectacle afforded by these light-coloured animals darting in swarms through the black stream. It appears the cave is haunted by other blind animals, but we only heard this later. There is a blind beetle; a cavern-rat, with large black eyes, destitute of an iris; an eyeless spider, sightless fishes and scorpions. It also boasts a dismal flora of fungi and cryptogams.

What marvel when we learnt these things that we felt we had emerged from a new world! This whole country, in fact, seemed full of strange surprises and formations; we regretted not to have time to explore it more fully. For instance, there is a lake near Adelsberg whose waters occasionally disappear, leaving its area free for cultivation; so that where once spread a sheet of water, may be seen a few months later a waving field of green. Then, a year or more after, the lake returns, and all is as before. The siphon principle explains this startling phenomenon, and the mysterious subterranean reservoirs of the Poik are once more the cause.

Greatly delighted with all we had seen and heard, we quitted Adelsberg to penetrate into a second strange geological formation, the dolomitic, which showed us another result of the action of rain-water upon limestone, this time an external spectacle.

TO ALGIERS AND BACK IN A MONTH.

BY CHARLES DIBDIN, F.R.G.S.



ALGIERS, which less than a hundred years ago was about the last city in the universe anyone valuing his life would have thought of selecting as a suitable locality for a pleasure expedition, and whose piratical and cut-throat population were the terror of the maritime world, is now one of the most inviting and delightful places to which the traveller could well bend his steps.

GATEWAY IN THE RUE DE LA COLOMBE.

With a climate unequalled for its salubrity, with everything to please the eye and captivate the taste, Algiers may be strongly recommended to the tourist.

Incited by curiosity and in quest of adventure, and, what was more to the point, having a month at his disposal, the

writer made up his mind to investigate the city of the Dey, and with that intent, packed his portmanteau, clad himself in flannel (which should invariably be worn next the skin in hot climates), and in a light tweed suit, and presented himself on a bright October* morning at Charing Cross Station.

Here he was informed that by an expenditure of £7 5s., or £5 8s. 11d., according as he aspired to first or second-class accommodation, he could reach Marseilles (*viâ* Dover and Calais), by travelling continuously, in thirty-six hours, were he so inclined. Not wishing to make a toil of a pleasure, however, he decided to tarry *en route*, and take a peep at Amiens, with her splendid cathedral, to look up old friends at Paris, visit a silk factory at Lyons, and the ancient Palace and Tombs of the Popes at Avignon.

Having arrived at Marseilles, the port for the East, it was ascertained that two steamers would start for Algiers the next day (Saturday), at 5 p.m.; one belonging to the Company of the Messagerie Maritime, and the other to the Valery Company, the first and second-class fares of each being the same, namely £2 16s. and £2 respectively.†

The weather was superb. The deep blue sky was cloudless, the sea without a ripple, and the splendour of the hues with which the rays of the setting sun lit up the rocky isles of the Gulf of Lyons, was never to be forgotten. In a few hours the clear waters of the Mediterranean were reached, in which the reflection of every star was gaily dancing. Day broke and

* The "season" in Algiers is from October to March inclusive, and the greatest rainfalls are in November and February.

† The Messagerie Maritime Company's boat leaves Marseilles every Saturday for Algiers, and returns every Tuesday. The Valery Company's boats leave Marseilles on Tuesday and Saturday, and return from Algiers on Monday and Friday.

closed once more, having revealed the islands of Minorca and Majorca and the grey Spanish coast far away in the distance; and for the last time, happily, the passengers turned reluctantly into their berths.

At four o'clock next morning (Monday), all were aroused by the noise caused by the dropping of the anchor. Performing a hasty toilet, the writer made for the deck. The sight that met the view was such as to make one imagine a transfer had been effected to one of the fairy cities heard about in childhood. White houses of the oddest shapes and of all sizes appeared piled one above another on the side of a steep ascent, while thousands of lamps gleamed in every direction. This was Algiers.

A dozen handsome young fellows, with swarthy features and bare legs, wearing various coloured waistcoats, and with the fez placed jauntily on the back of their heads, having scrambled up the sides of the steamer, crowded round the entrance of the cabin. These were the Biskris, or porters, who had put off in boats to meet us on entering the harbour. The two or three English on board were the first that had arrived that season. The cry of "Engliss" went round, and we were besieged with anxious enquiries as to the whereabouts of our luggage. Not caring, however, to enter an unknown land in darkness, sunrise was patiently waited for. Six o'clock arrived, and in a few minutes a serious old ruffian, with a shaven forehead and moustachios of gigantic proportions, was pulling us to the shore, assisted by a couple of Biskris grinning benignly, and evidently turning over in their minds how many sous they were likely to get out of us.

It was not long before good rooms were procured in the Hotel d'Europe on the Place Bresson, and, as a guide to those that may come after, expenses shall be here given:—Room, per

night, 4 francs; Café au lait, 1 franc; Dejeuner, 3 francs; Dinner, including wine, 4 francs; Service, $\frac{1}{2}$ franc;—total, 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ francs, or ten shillings per day.

The new part of the city, which overlooks the quays, is inhabited by the French, and, being in the style of an ordinary French town, is consequently comparatively uninteresting. Leaving the Hotel, and proceeding down the Rue Bab Azoun, in five minutes the Place du Gouvernement is reached, where a good idea of the population may be obtained.

Here is the pure Arab, distinguishable by his handsome features, tall upright figure, dignified gait, and white burnouse with cords bound round his head. There the thick-built, stoutly-inclined Moor, with his turbaned head, richly-embroidered waistcoat, pantaloons and bare legs, lounges about enjoying a cigarette. Moorish and Arab ladies, clad in white, like spectres, exposing nothing to the public gaze but their splendid black eyes and henna-tipped fingers and feet, glide quietly by, on the way perhaps to a vapour bath, followed by their hideous negress servants. The Jew, the detestation of the Mahometan, in dark coat and black pantaloons, picks his way hurriedly through the throng. Now a bare-armed young Jewess appears, with features reminding one of Sir Walter Scott's "Rebecca." Negroes, Kabyles, Tunacs, Zonaves, Italians, Spaniards, Maltese, French officers, and ladies in the latest Paris fashions, complete the heterogeneous crowd.

Crossing the Place du Gouvernement, and descending a flight of stone steps, the entrance to the Mosque Djedid, with its enamelled minaret ninety feet high, will be found. This mosque was built in the seventeenth century. The Dey then reigning having among his unfortunate Christian captives a Genoese architect, commanded him to direct its construction. The Genoese reluctantly obeyed, but the building when com-

pleted was discovered to be cruciform, as a reward for which the poor architect was immediately decapitated. The interior of the Mosque, in parts of which quotations from the Koran are

brilliantly painted in red and blue, is void of furniture save the lamps suspended from the roof, an eccentric sort of pulpit and the sacred mats. The Arabs on entering proceed on bare feet to a fountain in the corner, to perform their ablutions previously to engaging in their religious exercises, which are of a remarkable description. Sometimes they stand upright, always facing the east, with stretched-out arms, and utter a dismal chant; or kneel with foreheads touching the ground,

MOORISH LADY, ALGIERS.

making the uninitiated looker-on expect to see them stand on their heads. Christians are not allowed to tread on the sacred mats, unless barefoot.

Ascending the steps and turning sharply to the right, down

the Rue de la Marine, we come to the Grand Mosque, or Djama Kebir, the largest mosque in Algiers, and more than 800 years old. It is chiefly patronized by the Moors. It is unnecessary to describe the interior, as all the mosques are alike, or nearly so.

Re-crossing the Place, and passing the little palm grove in front of the Hotel de la Régence, we enter one of the chief bazaars. Here we find Moors and Arabs, probably of good family, sitting by their stalls lazily smelling strings of orange blossoms and jessamine, or sticking twigs of mimosa blossoms behind their ears as a grocer does his pen; all apparently quite indifferent as to whether they have pur-

NEGRESS SERVANT, ALGIERS.

chasers or not for their pretty wares, such as scented chains, gold embroidery, pipes, slippers, earrings—in fact, trinkets and curiosities of every description, of Moorish or Kabyle manufacture. If, however, you address the vendor, you will always meet with the

greatest civility, if not servility ; but in purchasing be sure to offer at least half the value of the article desired, as you may be quite sure the Moor will ask twice as much as he expects to get. He will gradually come down, while you gradually increase your bid, and in the end you will succeed in getting what you want at a fair price. Mustapha can be strongly recommended, his family has been settled in Algiers more than 300 years ; it will be found that with him haggling is almost unnecessary.

Leaving the ~~bazaars~~, we come to what may be considered one of the finest specimens of a Moorish house, now used as the Archbishop's Palace. This can easily be seen, as the porter is no exception to the general run of custodians, and willingly accepts a fee. The outside walls are, like all Moorish houses, quite bare, and without windows, unless small spy-holes can be called such. Passing through a doorway, we find a large quadrangle, with a fountain in the middle ; covered galleries run all round, by which entrance is obtained to the rooms ; the doors are of beautifully carved cedar wood, and the floors of encaustic tiles. The inner walls are so skilfully sculptured as almost to have the appearance of lace-work. There are only two storeys to the house, the top one, which was formerly used as the seraglio, being now covered with a profusion of major convolvulus blossoms, three inches in diameter.

Opposite the Archbishop's Palace, is the Róman Catholic Cathedral of St. Philippe, which was once a mosque, but was a few years ago adapted to its present purpose. It contains some fine marble columns, and, what is somewhat curious, several quotations from the Koran in the cupola above the high altar. To the right on entering the edifice will be seen the tomb of St. Geronimo. This worthy became a Christian in the sixteenth century, and consequently, having refused to recant, was used by the Turks in the place of bricks, to make part of the wall of

the old fort, now destroyed. His remains were discovered when the walls were pulled down, not many years since.

Quitting the Cathedral, and taking the second turning to the left, the ascent commences into the old, or native part of the town. The streets get narrower and narrower, making it quite impossible for any sort of vehicle to pass, and sometimes shutting out sunlight altogether. Still keeping to the left, we come to the Museum and Library, in a fine old Moorish house of the fourteenth century. Here may be seen several valuable Roman remains, parts of columns from Carthage, and a curious illustrated copy of the Koran. Mounting again, we enter the Court of Assize. This is one of the most interesting sights of Algiers, as the *dramatis personæ* are generally Arabs. Monsieur le President sits on a dais with a judge on either side, while the Public Prosecutor takes up his position at a little table to the left. An Arab interpreter of the most dignified description sits to the right of the judges. The prisoner is carefully guarded in a dock facing the jury, while the witness stands in the well, *vis à vis* to the President.

The maze-like old streets, in which a European is seldom seen, are quite bewildering at first, and not unfrequently, unless kindly warned by the gesticulations of a friendly Arab, one finds oneself, after climbing some distance, landed in a *cul de sac*.

The absurd little shops on either side of the way, possessing nothing so distinguished as a window or a front, are little better than holes cut in the wall, and tradesmen can with facility shake hands across the road. Over the entrance, or on the wall within, may be seen the impression of an open hand, said to be a capital recipe for keeping away evil spirits. Here is a sedate old Moor sitting on the floor cross-legged, embroidering leather purses or slippers with gold thread; opposite him an Arab, assisted by a couple of negroes, making pretty little grass

baskets. Further on, again, we see a Jew singing to himself as he stitches shoes turned up at the toe, or a Mahometan priest copying on to little slips of paper passages of the Koran for sale.

Now we enter a fruiterer's shop, and are offered about a pound of splendid grapes for a couple of sous, or a dozen prickly-pears at the same price. If we are not satisfied with these, will we try his bananas, pomegranates, or jujubes. Passing on, we come to a Moorish fountain, where a group of men, women, and children, in different costumes, and with pitchers of the most unique shape, are quarrelling as to whose turn it will be to draw water next, while little urchins, *bonâ fide* "street Arabs," with hair dyed red, and hands and feet painted with henna, tumble about in all directions in a state of semi-nudity, sometimes hanging to the tail of one of the numerous small and ill-used donkeys which abound in Algiers, and which are a continual nuisance to the pedestrian, who, on meeting one laden, has either to run into a shop or up a court to avoid an ignominious encounter. If a donkey refuses to proceed, no uncommon event, his master tells you that the beast sees a spirit in the way. No doubt this has been handed down from the time of Balaam.

The tourist must not fail to visit an Arab school. At the door will be found rows of little shoes, left there by the children. Entering, he sees the scholars squatting cross-legged on the floor, writing texts from the Koran, with pointed sticks for pens, on white cards or slates. The master, with a long cane in his hand, lies, generally asleep, on a mat in the corner. Every few minutes he lazily sits up, whacks everybody within reach, and returns to his slumbers again. If you request him to allow the children to sing, he sets them going by stirring them well up with his stick. When started, they rock to and fro in a most amusing style, each, judging by the noise, singing

his own tune. After this performance, the pedagogue is not above receiving half a franc.

Taking the Rue Bab-el-Oued, and turning up the Rue de la Kasbah, with its 467 steps, we come to the ruins of the Kasbah, or citadel, part of which is now used as a barrack, and which, on the surrender of Algiers to the French by the Dey, contained upwards of £2,000,000 of treasure. The Kasbah is beautifully situated on the crown of the Sahel slope, and a magnificent panorama presents itself to the view. The entire city and the bay, with its deep blue waters, lie at your feet. To the right is Cape Matifou,

GATE OF THE KASBAH, ALGIERS:

and, beyond again, the peaks of the Atlas Range. To the left, St. Eugène and Pointe Pescade. Hard by are the four stones on which the guillotine is placed on the occasion of an execution. Here, shortly before the visit of the

writer, forty Arabs lost their heads for having participated in a little insurrection against the French. Mahometans have not the slightest fear of death, but they have a decided objection to this style of finishing their existence, as they think they will never be able to make a respectable show in Paradise without their heads, and, consequently, will not be admitted at all.

Near the pretty gardens of Marengo, which are always open to the public, is the Koubba, containing the remains of St. Et-Tçalbi, who died in 1471, and, adjoining, the mosque Abd-er-Rhaman, and an ancient Arab cemetery, where several Deys and Pachas are interred, and which is apparently an attractive place to the native ladies.

The city markets, which always afford a lively spectacle, are in the Place de Chartres, near which is a handsome little Protestant church, with flourishing schools; and, in the Place d'Isly, a pretty little English church, where service is held during the season.

What to do in the evening at Algiers is the great difficulty of the visitor, entertainments being scarce. A military band plays from eight to nine two evenings a week on the Place du Gouvernement; but the most amusing thing that can be suggested is to mount into the Arab part of the city and visit a café, where, in addition to an excellent cup of coffee for a sou, some insight may be obtained into native habits. One of the assembled party will probably accompany his voice with a two-stringed tortoiseshell guitar, or on a tum-tum. The French will tell you that it is quite unsafe to enter the Arab quarter of the town after dark unless you wish to be robbed or murdered.

Another evening sight, though hardly an amusement, is an Aïssaoua fête, performed by a fanatical sect of that name. The fête is held in a private house, and commences with a frantic

dance, accompanied by musical instruments. The dance is so violent that the dancers actually fall down fainting and foaming at the mouth. The programme is continued by their eating live coals, gouging out their eyes with iron spikes, burning themselves with red-hot irons, standing on the edges of swords, and other horrors of a similar description, all done as if there were no such thing as pain.

The reader having been introduced to Algiers, its buildings, peoples, and sights, a few expeditions to the environs may not here be considered out of place.

Some Wednesday morning before sunrise the tourist should take a *corricolo* (omnibus) or a carriage, and drive to St. Eugène, nearly two miles distant. The road, which runs along by the shore, and is beautifully hedged with aloes, prickly pears, and eucalyptus trees, passes the Père la Chaise and the Jewish cemetery. On arriving at St. Eugène, and descending to the shore, a grotto will be found, surrounded by a crowd of natives celebrating sacrificial rites. These rites, which date back to the time of the Romans, are conducted by hideous old negresses. Persons who are ill, or who wish their relations to be made more agreeable to them, resort to these women, carrying with them fowls for sacrifice. One of the witches takes a fowl, cuts its throat, and smears the sick person with the blood. The half-dead fowl is then thrown on the ground, and if it flutters toward the sea the omen is a good one, and the patient will recover. Driving on another two miles, Pointe Pescade is reached, a very pretty rocky promontory, where are the ruins of two forts, one of which was the residence of the celebrated pirate Barbarossa.

The Boufarik market, which takes place every Monday, is well worth seeing, as it affords a good idea of the Arab mode of buying and selling, as well as an opportunity of seeing Arabs

from the Desert, with their troops of laden camels. Boufarik is twenty-two miles from Algiers, and can easily be reached by railway. The six o'clock a.m. train should be taken. It is as well to return by road if a vehicle can be procured, as the route back lies through Mustapha Supérieur, one of the prettiest suburbs of Algiers, where the Governor-General and the *élite* of the French and Arabs reside.

Blidah, so celebrated for its orange and citron groves, is thirty-and-a-half miles from Algiers, or about two hours' journey by rail. Arab tents and gourbis are passed on the road, and the ruins of ancient Blidah, which was destroyed by an earthquake seven years ago. At Blidah a carriage should be hired (cost about twenty francs), and the coachman directed to drive to the beautiful and luxuriant gorge of La Chiffa (six miles), which extends ten miles, and where, on a fine day, tailless monkeys will be seen scrambling over the rocks. In the season, oranges can be bought at Blidah at from sixteen to twenty-four francs the thousand.

Les Jardins d'Essai, which are about three miles from Algiers, well repay a visit. They contain all sorts of tropical trees and plants, and the avenues of palms, bamboos, and date trees are unique. Some pretty bamboo smoking pipes may be obtained at the entrance from the legless gate-keeper.

If the tourist wishes to have some good shooting, he should rise at about three o'clock in the morning, and drive to the plains of La Trappe (eleven miles), where he will find excellent sport, as partridges and snipe abound there. If pressed by hunger, he can call at the Monastery of La Trappe de Staouëli, where, according to custom, he will be provided gratis with a breakfast consisting of fruit, vegetables, bread, and wine; meat of any kind is interdicted. On entering the monastery, the visitor will be instructed not to speak to anybody, and having

promised so much, will be allowed to explore the building. It was built in 1831, and is tenanted by rather more than a hundred monks, who are not permitted to speak except to the superior, and each has to perform the lively task of digging his own grave. Some curious and doleful sentences are painted on the walls, such as "*S'il est triste de vivre à La Trappe qu'il est doux de mourir.*" This struck the writer as being a most felicitously expressed sentence, for death would probably be about the happiest thing that could befall the unfortunate individual who has had the misfortune to be immured there.

It is needless to say that the majority of people who visit Algeria stay but a short time in Algiers, unless they are invalids, or have special business. Tours of all lengths and of great interest can be made into the interior. The Great Sahara can be visited with slight fatigue and little expense; and in a short time some of the finest scenery can be explored, and every phase of Arab life seen. Many who are journeying towards Tunis make only a run through the country on their way thither. But the writer went to see Algiers, and it was with much regret that, after a three weeks' sojourn there, he turned his back on its sunny shores, and in five days found himself once more in our bustling and smoky metropolis.



FAIRY FOLK-LORE OF MANY LANDS.

BY WILMOT BUXTON, M.A.

I.



HERE are some things which never grow old, and fairy tales are among the number. Blue Beard and Blunderbore are just as terrible, Sindbad and Dick Whittington are just as delightful, to-day as ever they were. For our own part, we do not envy those "children of a larger growth" who have outgrown their taste for fairy tales. There is no pleasanter country for travelling in than Fairyland, and there are no better companions than Puck, who can "put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes," or Queen Mab, with her

"Waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs,
The cover of the wings of grasshoppers,
The traces of the smallest spider's web,
The collars of the moonshine's watery beams,
Her whip of cricket's bone, the lash of film,
Her waggoner a small grey-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid ;
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
Time out o' mind the fairies' coachmakers."

We shall distance the fastest express train as we fly with Ariel on the bat's back ; the voyage of the *Challenger* is tame by the side of a cruise with Sindbad to the Valley of Diamonds (could that most ancient of ancient mariners have heard of the Cape ?), and the Overland Route never furnished such scandal and such stories as the Barber's fifth brother can tell us. We

will, then, for the nonce, take a brief excursion "all the world over" of Fairyland, and ramble now through the amber city of Jinnestân, the home of the Peri and the Deev, anon through the magic isle of Avalon, that "island valley of Avilion "

"Where falls not hail, nor rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly ; but it lies
Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard-lawns
And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea."

Sometimes we shall get a glimpse of our fierce northern ancestors, quaffing the red wine in Valhalla from the skulls of their enemies; and we may hear the mighty strokes of Thor's hammer, or watch the tricks of the mischief-loving Trolls of Scandinavia. A flying visit to Germany may show us the Dwarfs and Nixies, and all the brotherhood of Rumpelstiltsken, whose name the Queen found so hard to discover. Scotland will tell us of the Brownie, and Ireland of the Leprechaun, whilst the Isle of Man can enlist our sympathy for the poor Phynnodderree, or Hairy-one, who lost his home among the fairies for the love of a Manx maid's beauty. And here, at the very outset, we must pause to notice that the origin of the word *fairy* has caused many a battle between etymologists. Some have tried to deduce the word from the Persian *Peri*, which the Arabs, who have no such letter as *p* in their alphabet, pronounced *Feri*; but there seems to be little doubt that our English word is derived from the Romance language, and that the Italian *Fata*, the French *Fée*, the Provençal *Fada*, and the English *Fairy*, all come from the mediæval Latin verb *fatare*, to enchant. Our first flight into Fairyland must be directed eastwards—to that marvellous, beautiful land, which probably had cities, and palaces, and temples when the future sites of Athens or London were trodden by savages and wild beasts; it is in the unchanging East, in the land of Koshru Nushirvan

and Haroun Al Rashid, and the plains of "Araby the blest"—"a land where all things always seem the same"—that we must look for the birthplace of the fairies. In Persia, the mythology of the Peri arose, like the fairy-lore of most other lands, from the corruption of religious faith. The old religion of Persia taught that the universe was divided into Iran, the Kingdom of Light, over which ruled Ormuzd, whose outward and visible sign was the sun; and Turan, or the Kingdom of Darkness, whose presiding power was Ahriman the Wicked. As we read of the *Ferohers*, or angels, which, at the command of Ormuzd, minister to the world, and for ever wage war with the Deevs, or evil angels, of Ahriman, we are at once reminded of the war in heaven, and of Michael and his angels fighting with the Dragon and his angels. From this religious faith of Persia we get the fairy-lore of Peries and Deevs, good spirits and bad, who inhabit the mystic land of Jinnestân, and never make peace with each other. The Peries are described as beings of surpassing loveliness, feeding entirely on perfumes, whilst the Deevs had the bad taste to object to all sweet-smelling savours whatsoever. Occasionally the Peries called in some mortal warrior to help them against their foe; and we hear of a Persian king who gained the name of the Deev-binder, and whose marvellous success in the land of Jinnestân was owing to the advice of the bird Seemurgh, whose polyglot powers—for it could speak all languages—would have put a modern parrot to disgraceful silence.

The Arab fairy-tales bear the evidence of owing much of their fanciful beauty to Persia. There we leave the Peries and the Deevs, and make acquaintance with the Jinn or Jân, better known to us as the Genii, our old friends of the "Arabian Nights." There is an air of most respectable antiquity about these Genii, for they are said to have been the rulers of this

earth for ages before Adam was created. The last of their monarchs built the Egyptian pyramids; and their utter determination not to reform their evil ways, in spite of many admonitions, at length caused them to be driven by good angels to some limbo of spirits outside the earth. Some of the Genii were killed at this time, and some taken captive; among them was a notable prisoner who gained the gloomy title of *Eblis*, or despair. He grew up among the angels and became a prince; and when the bright spirits, at God's command, did homage to Adam, Eblis, the creature formed of fire, disdained to bow to a creature formed of earth, and became a rebellious spirit, and the progenitor of all the devils. The Genii, it appears, were not considered immortal, though their age far exceeded that of men; they occasionally mingled with human beings, and were fond of hiding in wells and baths. Thus the Arab, when he draws water from a well, first asks permission of the Genius; and sometimes we find a Genius in captivity, and obliged to unfold hidden mysteries to his master, who rules him by a talisman. It is to this Eastern land, this land of palms and poetry, that we owe the *Thousand and One Nights*, the source of many a pleasure to old and young, and the unfailing storehouse from which our modern pantomime writer derives his inspiration. These stories are apparently of Persian and Indian origin, and seem to have been translated into Arabic in the time of the Caliph Mansour—that is to say, about the year 754 A.D. Thirty years later, Haroun Al Rashid came to the throne, and the many legends in which he figures were doubtless added from time to time by the storytellers who are a recognized institution in the East. These beguilers of time were known as *Kassas*, and the title of their pleasing profession was *Mongamir*, or the companion of the evening. To them we owe such delightful acquaintances as Aladdin, and the Young King of the Black Isles, who was only

a man to his waist, and was made half a marble statue by the cruel enchantress. To them we owe that dear friend of youth, Ali Baba, who fell among the forty thieves, and made his fortune. But for them, we should never have heard of the Loadstone Rock, and the Calenders, who were king's sons, nor of those pleasant people, Camaralzaman, Prince of the isle, of the children of Khaledan, and Badoura, Princess of China. But we must fly from the land of Peri and Genii, where gold and jewels were so far more common than in these degenerate days, and where men measured their money by the bushel, we will sit on the flying carpet, or mount the enchanted horse of Firouz Schah, and take another flight into Fairyland. We will alight in the world of mediæval legend, among the Paynims and Paladins, Roland, "and the peers who died at Roncevalles," Arthur and Morgue la Fay, Merlin, and Lancelot of the Lake; a world of enchanted castles, dragons, and captive ladies. There is little doubt that mediæval fairy-lore can be traced to the East. The Moors of Spain introduced the stories of their own land to Europe; the merchant princes of Venice carried legends as well as merchandise from Syria and Egypt, and the pilgrims, who in those days *were* pilgrims, and not first-class tourists, were all story-tellers (we do not use the word in an objectionable sense), whether they journeyed to Canterbury or Jerusalem.

We are introduced into right worshipful company in these mediæval romances. We hear of Duke Bevis of Aygremont, whose child was brought up by Oriande the fairy, and the dwarf Espiet—a wonderful being, who, with his golden hair and pleasant face, looked only like a child of seven years, and was really more than a hundred years old. Many are the pleasant stories which the old writers tell of this son of Bevis, whose name was Mauggis, and owned the wonderful steed Bayard. Many, too, are the tales of errant knights who are seduced from

earth by fairies, and transported to the delightful shores of Avalon. One of these was Sir Launfal, who fell in love with the fairy Tryamour, one who was—

“As white as lily in May,
Or snow that snoweth in winter's day.”

We come anon to the presence of Oberon, who is a very different personage to the fairy king whom we know in Shakespeare's “*Midsummer Night's Dream*.” The Oberon of the Middle Ages is said to have been the son of no less illustrious persons than Julius Cæsar and Cephalonia, the lady of the Hidden Island. This mysterious lady had informed Cæsar that he should conquer Pompey, and we are told that at the birth of Oberon, all the fairies were invited except one, who, like the traditional uncle of modern romance, was very angry in consequence. She avenged herself by making Oberon a dwarf. He never grew after his third year, and was hump-backed; but she so far relented as to make his face most perfectly beautiful. In other respects, Oberon seems to have had rare gifts. He could travel anywhere at express speed by only wishing. Surely the mediæval romancers must have prophetically seen the locomotive arrangements of to-day! This same Oberon could build or destroy palaces as easily as Aladdin's uncle in the East, and he ruled over a fairy domain called Mominur, of which the geography is something more than uncertain. He seems to have been a mischief-loving elf, like all his brotherhood, for we find him sadly plaguing a good knight by speaking pleasant words to him in a forest, and to listen to these words is certain destruction. And when the knight, mindful of his danger, rides on in silence, Oberon pursues him with hail storms, and all kinds of rough weather, and puts phantom rivers before him to deceive him in his way. We are told that “the dwarf Fay

came riding through the wood, and was clad in a robe so exceeding fine and rich, that it would be a marvel to tell of it, for the great and marvellous riches that were upon it; for so much was there of precious stones, that the great lustre that they cast was like unto the sun when he shineth full clear. And therewithal he bare a right fair bow in his fist, so rich that no one could value it, so fine it was; and the arrow that he bare was of such sort and manner, that there was no beast in the world that he wished to have, that it did not stop at that arrow. He had at his neck a rich horn, which was hung by two strings of fine gold." Passing from this gifted being, we make acquaintance with Ogier le Danois, at whose birth likewise the fairies were present with their gifts. His great protector seems to have been the fairy Morgue, or Morgue la Faye, who, for love of him, took him away from the troubles of this world to the untroubled delights of Avalon. Very marvellous were the adventures of this hero. He comes into contact with magic horses, which after all are not horses, but enchanted princes; and one of these obliging creatures, called Papillon, who was condemned to be a horse for three hundred years, conveys him whither he will. Under the guidance of Morgue la Faye, Ogier visits the pleasant kingdom of Avalon, and meets King Arthur. There he is presented with a crown, which, like the lotus leaves which the followers of Ulysses ate, deprives him of all memory, and all desire to re-visit home or friends. Ogier seems to have had a pleasant visit to Avalon, for two hundred years were come and gone, and seemed but as twenty. The last we hear of him is, that having laid aside his magic crown, he woke up to the stern realities of life, and mounted on the wondrous horse, and armed with a magic sword, he went forth to fight with the infidels, who, naturally, had no chance against him. Then the calm seclusion of the mystic Avalon veils him once more for

ever from our eyes. The mystic stories of ancient Greece and Rome are frequently embodied in the fairy folk-lore of the Middle Ages. For example, none can fail to see in the legend of Orfeo and Heurodis, King and Queen of Winchester, the classic story of Orpheus and Eurydice. The Queen Heurodis is carried away by the fairies, and the disconsolate husband comforts himself with music, charming the very wild beasts with his playing. Finding at last where his lost queen is hidden, he so literally and metaphorically plays upon the feelings of the fairy king, that the lady is restored, and Winchester and its king have their own again. And so we leave the misty, pleasant fields of mediæval Fairyland behind us.

A LEGEND OF SARK.



OME hundred miles out to sea, embosomed in the English Channel, lies a little island fair as a dream. It is a wild spot of earth that has kept itself aloof from the all-levelling hand of man. Sharp, forbidding rocks jut out to sea all round it, so that the isle lies as safely encircled as the Sleeping Beauty mid her thorny bed. The mariner who deems he can attain the coast sailing easily over the deep blue water, must 'ware the hidden and visible dangers its iron reefs will offer his craft. High walls of rock lift the table-land above the ocean, which is not always of a tranquil blue. Those who succeed in touching its shores will find with wonder that so small an area can hide so many lovely vales, and nooks, and creeks ; they will marvel how many hours they can walk, and yet come for ever on new beauties, and

crannies still unexplored. The cliffs are haunted by sea birds, the rock-pools are vivid with variegated anemones, rare algæ wave their delicate fronds to and fro in the water. From the wave-worn caverns hang the long fronds of the sea-fern; the hills and dales are golden with gorse, and green with bracken. Fish, rare as well as common, sport in the ocean that laps this strand. A grassy knoll shelters the manor-house now inhabited by the lord of the isle; once it was a monastery, and ruins of the old building still dot the ground.

Long, long ago, when the Channel Islands were still sunk in heathenism and barbarity, a wild people inhabited the land, who lived in constant strife with one another, and carried on perpetual warfare from behind the concealments of their rocky fastnesses. In the sixth century of our era they were ruled over by a certain Count. This Count had been wounded in a skirmish with his contumacious subjects, and lay grievously sick to death. In vain did the wise women of the isle try their healing skill upon him; in vain did the priests raise cries to their many gods for the chieftain's life; in vain did they sacrifice and consult the augury of birds. The Count grew ever weaker, he was fading visibly, and help there seemed none. His faithful attendants wrung their hands in despair, and breathed vows of vengeance on the perpetrators of this foul deed.

When lo! the door of the sick chamber was opened softly, and a stranger, of gentle mien, stood within the portal. He listened for a while, unobserved, to the courtiers' imprecations. Then he made his presence aware by speech.

"Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord!" were the words that fell, in mild reproving tones, from his lips.

The attendants started with amazement; the sick Count found strength to raise himself upon his elbow, and regard the

stranger. Who was this, that had dared enter unbidden the chamber of death? No enemy, surely; none could behold that gentle visage and name it aught but friend. Yet a stranger, an alien; his dress and manners such as they had never seen before.

"Who art thou?" faltered one of the Count's people; "and in the name of what Lord dost thou promise vengeance for this crime?"

"In the name of the Lord of Heaven, whom ye know not, but whose power shall presently be revealed to you."

As he spoke, he stepped to the dying man's bedside, took his hand, and, kneeling down, prayed long and earnestly that it would please the Maker of heaven and earth to spare this life, for the good of an ignorant people, and for the glory of His name.

While he so prayed, a wild shout of triumph interrupted the awed silence that reigned in the room. The prelate rose from his knees, and desired the meaning. A page stepped out to ascertain the cause, and, returning, spoke—

"It is the people greeting their newly-elected prince. They know the Count must die, and have chosen his successor."

"Go forth," commanded the stranger; "bid them check their precocious cheers. The Count yet lives, and will live for many a year to come."

As he spoke thus confidently, all in that room believed upon his words, and, when he once more knelt in entreaty for the life ebbing away before their eyes, there was not one so stern, wild, or hardened, who was not awed. Nay, some even repeated the words of his prayer with their lips, and believed them in their hearts.

When he had ended he rose, and, placing his hand on the sick man's head, he bade him leave his couch, for he was

healed. And, to the amazement of all, the Count, who but a short hour before lay in the throes of death, rose up well and strong. Then they all fell on their knees before the stranger, and kissed his hands and garments. They would have sacrificed to him, but he forbade them.

“Not to me the glory,” he said, “but to the Lord above.”

Then he led the Count on to the balcony, and showed him to the people, and, when they saw the miracle, they too were converted, and praised the God of the stranger who had shown such marvels to them this day.

Now, when all had recovered from their surprise, the Count begged to know the stranger’s name and errand.

“My name,” he answered, “is Maglorius. I am a man of peace, a priest of the most high God, whose praises I celebrate in the town of Dol, in Brittany, whereof men have named me Bishop. My visit to these islands regards yourself and your people, whom I seek to turn to the true faith. Your grievous sickness was revealed to me in dreams; for it was the Lord’s will that I should be the humble instrument of your conversion and cure.”

“Most holy Maglorius,” spoke the Count, “only the remainder of my life, which is your gift, can testify in very deed the gratitude I owe your God and you. But suffer me also to show you some visible sign of my fervent regard. Speak, what is there in my power to bestow, wherewithal I could serve your God and you?”

“Permit me to preach unmolested in your lands, and accord me ground whereon to build a church to the worship of the Most High. I ask no more.”

“Your desires are granted,” said the Count. “Know that among my possessions I count one jewel isle, than which none other is fairer. Nowhere grow the flowers more gaily, nowhere

do fish so freely abound ; nowhere do the wild birds sing sweeter carols into the balmy air. Nay, they even tell me that in its bowels is hidden the finest silver, but thereof I have no certain proof. Of this, my choicest possession, I give you a just half, to be yours for all time forth, with all that lives thereon, therein, and around, and I will ratify it to you by charter, and by my knightly honour, so help me your God."

Not many days after, Maglorius, accompanied by a goodly following of new believers, set out to find his lovely property.

Now it happened that a flock of sea-gulls had flown across to the neighbouring islands, and there learned the news of his coming. When they heard it, they sped swiftly home to Sark, that they might tell the good news unto their fellows. As they chattered it, the fish caught the same, and they passed it on among all the inhabitants of the sea. And the land-birds heard it, and they twittered it to the flowers and beasts ; and they all, beasts, and birds, and flowers, and fishes, held a solemn conclave how they could best show honour to the man of God, and celebrate his advent. There was great chattering, and buzzing, and twittering ; but at last they were of one accord, that they should all contribute in their wise to render his new home bright and gay.

So the birds transported their nests, and built them anew on his side the island ; the flowers migrated, and planted themselves only on his swards ; the sea-birds perched themselves as sentinels only on his rocks ; the fish swarmed in such bright masses into his waters that their colour and number shone through the translucent waves.

When Maglorius set foot to earth, the birds sang sweet songs of welcome, they fluttered on his shoulders, they perched on his hands, they peopled his eaves, they filled his garden. The flowers sent out choicest perfume, and opened their gay

eyes their widest. The fish flapped their finny tails in greeting; the beasts, too, testified their joy because a follower of the gentle God who loved the beasts as well as man had come among them at last.

When Maglorius saw all these things, he deemed the Count had indeed spoken truth in naming this isle a paradise of life and song. But when he passed into the portion which was the Count's, and found the land songless and void, great was his marvelment.

Now, when the Sark people saw the testimony shown even by the animals to the glory of God's Word, they were converted, and, entreating Maglorius to remain among them, they built for him a house of prayer wherein he could sing the praises of his God.

But when the Count learnt that his half of Sark was barren and desert, he grew angry, and, unmindful of what Maglorius had done for him, he accused him of witchcraft, and swore to be avenged. So he set sail for the isle, intending to deprive the saint of the portion he had bestowed. The man of gentle mien met him at landing with kindly words of greeting on his lips. Seeing that sweet visage, his anger melted; he remembered the mercy of God shown him by his means. Filled with penitence, he begged Maglorius to accept the whole island as his for ever.

Maglorius accepted the gift for the Lord; and, when the birds, beasts, and flowers learnt the same, they once more peopled the whole isle. The fish once more encircled the land, and all was fruitful and lifelike as before. And, since that time, the island is sacred to Maglorius, and he is its patron saint to this day.

N. N.

OUR TRAVELLERS' CLUB.

[Under this heading, it is proposed to insert, from time to time, such questions as may be sent to the Editor with a view to elicit information chiefly on practical matters connected with travel. It is hoped that the questions will be answered by practical travellers, and as there will, no doubt, be a great demand upon the space allotted to the purpose, the Editor suggests that the following rules should be observed:—1. That all questions and answers be as brief and explicit as possible, and written on one side of the paper only. 2. That all communications be addressed to "The Editor of ALL THE WORLD OVER," Tourist Offices, Ludgate Circus, E.C., accompanied by the name and address of the sender, and an intimation as to whether the name or only the initials shall be printed. 3. That answers to questions be sent as soon after the publication of the magazine as may be convenient.]

It is hoped that "Our Travellers' Club" will be found of interest to the general reader, and valuable as a means of communication between travellers.]

1. NORWAY.—Is it possible for a party of six, consisting of two married couples and two young ladies, to make a month's tour in Norway, without having to separate during the journey on account of the limited accommodation at the "stations"? And is a month long enough for visiting Christiania, the Fille Fjeld, the Romsdal Valley, and Molte, and returning to England from Bergen? L. D.

2. LUXEMBOURG RAILWAY.—Last season I left Zurich for Brussels with a second-class ticket. I was told that my ticket was available, and the train van was marked plain, "Direct Service to Ostend, first and second class." At Luxembourg, in the dead of night, I was disturbed from my slumbers, and told that the second-class portion of the train went no further, that I must either pay ten francs more, or proceed by the slow morning train. I chose the latter alternative. Is this an ordinary case, or was I an exceptional victim? D. S. F.

3. BLACK FOREST.—Can any of your readers tell me of a good book giving the history of the Black Forest and its Legends, in either French or English? Is a knowledge of German indispensable to the enjoyment of a holiday tour in the Black Forest?

CHARLES CROFTON.

4. BOATING ABROAD.—A party of four of us want to take our "randan" abroad, and "do" the Moselle. Will any good-natured contributor mark out a tour for us? We don't much mind where else we go, or how much rowing we have, so long as we can get back in a month from the time of starting. W. E. K.

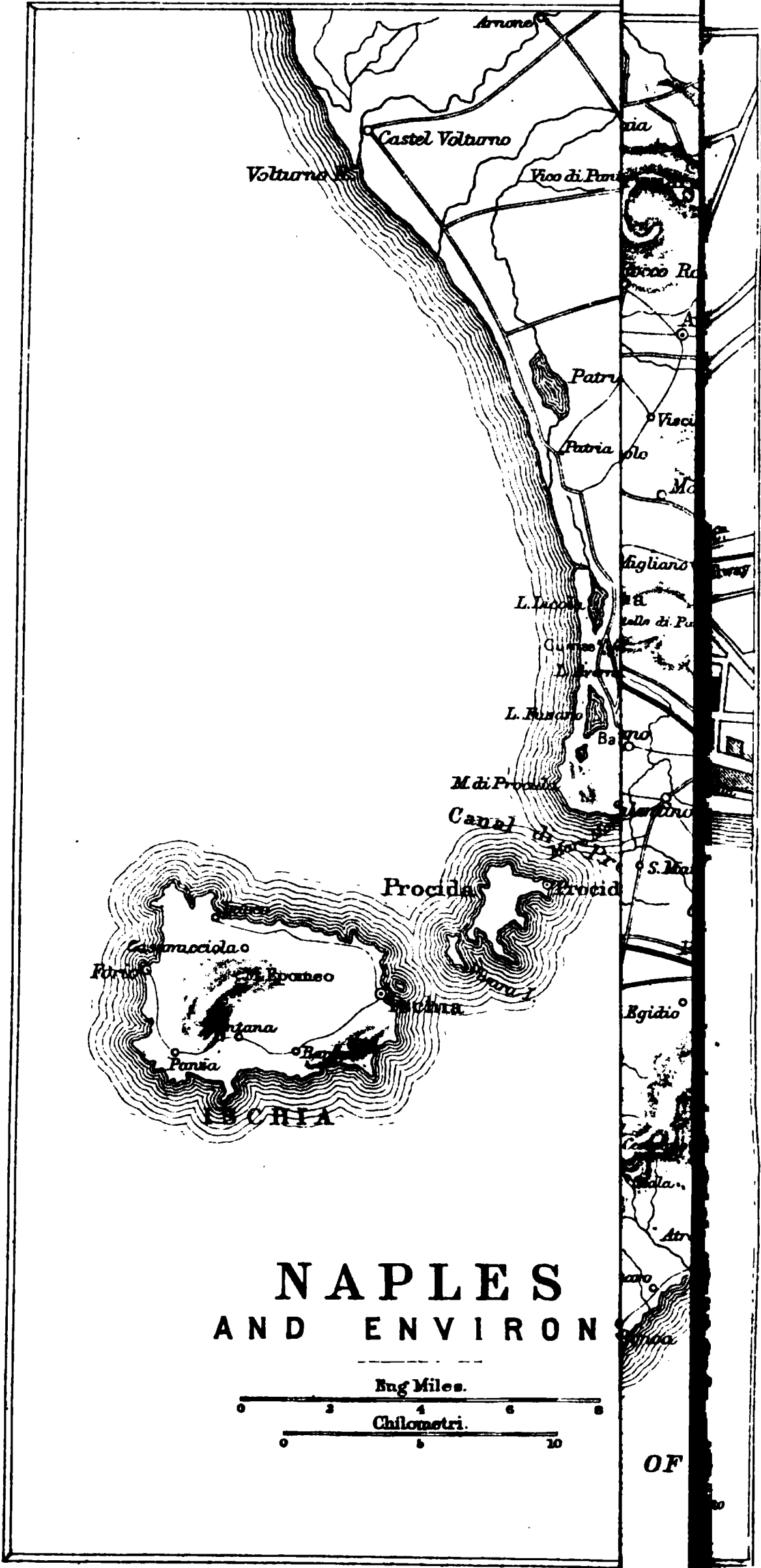
NOTICES OF BOOKS OF TRAVEL.

Fair Lusitania. By Lady Jackson. Richard Bentley and Son.

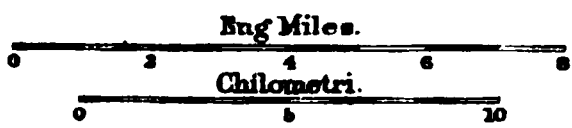
This is a handsome book, enriched with twenty excellent illustrations from photographs. Lady Jackson is enthusiastic in her love for Portugal and the Portuguese, and her book will not only be read with great interest, but will be found to be exceedingly useful, as the descriptions are of a graphic character, and of fuller detail than we have seen elsewhere. The account of Lisbon, which is very vividly described, occupies nearly half the book, and includes a lengthy account of a bull fight, dramatically told. The chapters relating to Oporto, and the beautiful scenery of the Douro, Minho, and Coimbra, are of special interest. Throughout the work, incidents, pleasant touches of poetic description, and shrewd remarks on the character and habits of the people, abound.

Western Wanderings: a Record of Travels in the Evening Land.
By J. W. Boddam-Whetham. Richard Bentley and Son.

This is a book that every one who has travelled on the western coast of North America, California, Vancouver's Island, and British Columbia will read with intense pleasure, as it will bring back the strange and wonderful scenes vividly to his memory; and those who have not been, will read it with an almost equal delight, as it will make them long to visit the country described. Mr. Boddam-Whetham is a clever and amusing writer, some of the scenes, such as the account of the Chinese Quarter of San Francisco, being worthy of the pen of Charles Dickens. His descriptions of scenery are impressive without being sentimental, and he has the happy knack of striking off in a few bold strokes a picture more complete than we sometimes find in a whole chapter of some writers. Whether it be towns and villages, or the cars, or the Indians, or Brigham Young, Niagara, the Yosemite Valley, or the "Big Trees," there is always variety, pleasant anecdote, and useful information amusingly imparted. The book, moreover, is well illustrated and well bound.



NAPLES AND ENVIRONS



OF

BIRDS OF PASSAGE ;

OR, A SIX WEEKS' ROMANCE.

BY T. AMBROSE HEATH.

CHAPTER IV.

IN NUREMBERG.—NIGHT.

ONE evening, at dusk, an omnibus of mediæval build, with an international load that included Theresa, Rosalind, and the Baron von Salis, jolted away from the station at Nuremberg—Nuremberg, the Venice of Germany, as famous a centre of commerce in the past, as original and picturesque to-day, as the Queen of the Adriatic herself.

But there the likeness ends. Venice is a fairy tale, Nuremberg, a romance ; Venice, a lovely, faded bride, Nuremberg, a patriarch knight, hoary, stern, and venerable. And well are these two characters embodied in the works of their two native artists, who arose both at the same time, both men to immortalize their city. All Venice lies in Titian, all Nuremberg in Albert Dürer.

The steep streets were swarming with tidy well-to-do looking citizens ; for Nuremberg, though ancient, is not dead or decrepit, but alive and awake ; wide awake, like Rip van Winkle, after his nap of a few hundred years.

The front of the hotel was solemn and gloomy, suggestive of ghosts, and the Vehm Gericht ; the interior overflowing with very substantial modern tourists, formidable only by their numbers, which forced our heroines to content themselves with a large, three-cornered attic in a remote corner of the inn.

A serious waiter—all Nurembergers are serious; levity cannot breathe in that archaic atmosphere—presently appeared, bearing the Visitor's Book. Theresa hastened to write down her name; and, withal, full answers to all sorts of impertinent questions. There was something truly gratifying to her sense of personal importance to be called upon to state that she, Theresa Locke, was an Englishwoman, of no occupation, travelling for pleasure; coming from London, bound for Munich, etc., etc. Besides, in these categories there is no knowing into what distinguished company you may not get: a prince, a prime minister, an ambassador, may precede or succeed you. To be sure, there is an equal chance of falling next to your own grocer. All men are equal in their tourist phase.

“Rosalind! look here!”

Rosalind came, looked, and read some traveller's whimsical account of himself as follows:—

Name: Lord Dundreary. *Residence:* In Wonderland. *Vocation:* Tramp. *Object in Travelling:* To open my mind. *Remarks:* By far the most remarkable thing I have seen to-day is the notice in the trains on the Nuremberg line, that ‘Travellers are forbidden to open the windows on the side from which the wind blows.’ In the name of well-conducted tourists, the Nuremberg authorities are requested to place weather-cocks on the telegraph-posts and compasses in the carriages.”

Rosalind looked unutterable things. “Oh, Theresa, Theresa, why is it that go where one will, one always meets the wrong people?”

“Percy Darrell's hand!” exclaimed Theresa, suddenly enlightened, but far from sharing Rosalind's dismay. Now, everybody has a weak point, and Miss Locke's weak point was young men. She saw nothing particularly distressing in the

prospect of an encounter with Mr. Darrell. He was a lady-killer, Percy, in his way.

"The entry is dated yesterday," added Rosalind, sighing; "I hope he is a long way off by this time."

Hope told a flattering tale. Scarcely had they seated themselves at the supper table in the long, dusky dining-room, when in walked the youth we left dreaming at Welmich on the Rhine; a youth clad in a regulation tourist suit of grey; an Englishman, every inch of him, despite his black hair and eyes, and pale colouring—some complexions *will* bleach, and not tan, in the sun. Percy bore the true British stamp in a certain straightforward, independent, imperturbable demeanour, which seems a natural result of insular birth and breeding.

The English gentleman tourist, moreover, is bound to look indolent, depreciative, impassible; whatever admiration he may feel for the glories of this cathedral or that picture-gallery, it would be "bad form" to show it. If, under all circumstances, he can contrive to look well bored, so much the better.

Percy Darrell marched up, languidly, leisurely, and apostrophized the waiter in pretty fluent German, remarking that he had been sight-seeing ever since breakfast, and had lunched off gingerbread. Now Nuremberg gingerbread, as everybody knows, is the nonpareil, as gingerbread; but still He stopped short in a speech partly intended for the edification of two strange ladies, dimly visible at the other end of the room, on becoming aware that the said two ladies were coolly watching and laughing at him.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed. "Why, it's—Who would have thought?—Why, what on earth——" his first surprise thus venting itself in a fricassee of phrases, until, at last, he produced a complete sentence.

"How long have you been here?"

"About half an hour."

"And how do you like Nuremberg?"

"Like's not the word," exclaimed Theresa, ecstatically. "It's the quaintest, the most deliciously-romantic little bit of antiquity in the world."

"Only we've seen nothing of it yet," remarked Rosalind, "except the inside of one inn and one omnibus."

"No more? Why, I thought ladies would 'do,' on an average, three churches, a castle, and a picture-gallery in half an hour. There's one I know of who's writing a book (companion to 'Half-hours with the best Composers'), 'Half-hours in the Capitals of Europe.'"

"When did you arrive, yourself?"

"Yesterday; and I consider that I have thoroughly overhauled Nuremberg between sunrise and sunset. Will you engage me as courier?"

"That must depend on your charges," said Rosalind.

"Am I too dear, eh? I'll serve you for love."

"We couldn't afford payment."

"Well, I must serve you for charity, then," he said, laughingly, taking his seat opposite.

Supper demolished (who, when travelling, has not been startled by the contrast between the time spent over meals, *en famille*, at home, and the hotel breakfast or dinner, which is despatched in a quarter of the time, and yet appears about four times as enjoyable?), the trio strolled out.

Great is the charm of walking up and down the streets of almost any strange city, and going to and fro in it; infinite, when the city is Nuremberg.

Nuremberg is not only old as the hills it stands upon; but, having been built by fits and starts, is quite wanting in the fashionable uniformity of architecture we so admire in young

and beautiful towns, such as Paris and New York. The rising, falling, winding streets, are everywhere as crooked, irregular, broken, and angular as possible. Monotony must have been the last aim of the Nuremberg master-masons. Compare this extraordinary labyrinth of buildings—no two of which are alike—its endless variations of form and colour, with the files of stucco, the houses looking as if they had been struck off by machinery, at so much per dozen, so familiar to us all—and mark the strides domestic architecture has made in the last two or three centuries.

Yes, but they were backward strides. For the moment let the reader ignore lath and plaster, cheap contracts, building lots, and iron churches ; let him put eligible family residences within two minutes' walk of the railway-station, and gimcrack masonry in general out of his head, and take a peep with our travellers at the haunts of Albert Dürer.

It is nine o'clock, but Nurembergers go early to bed, and the streets are already empty. So it is easy for fancy to re-people them with wealthy burghers, foreign merchants, and quaintly-clad peasants ; to call back that pompous, immortally-ludicrous being, the burgomaster, the sedate senators, turbulent robber-nobles, and other figures in the masque of ancientry. Fine buildings abound, all the world over ; but Nuremberg has a pervading picturesqueness almost unique. The superb churches, the ancient, impregnable castle ; the dry, tangled moat, with its seventy-five remaining Gothic towers ; the narrow, serpentine river, and curious bridges : these would kindle the sleepest imagination. But the beauty of the common houses is, in its way, nearly as striking. Everything here is *fait à peindre* ; even institutions which we are used to consider as essentially and inevitably hideous—breweries, hospitals—nay, the railway-station itself.

The travellers were on their way back to the inn, when a gentleman passed, bowing to Theresa and Rosalind as he went by.

"Who's your friend?" asked Percy, surprised.

"Baron von Salis, his name is," replied Theresa.

"Bless me! Why, you never told me you'd got a Baron along with you."

"Rosalind made his acquaintance first, on board the steamer, and we met again at Cologne. I know you'll be delighted with him. We were, weren't we, Rosalind?"

"Ha! ha!" laughed Percy. "I could have wagered that Rosalind wouldn't go many miles without pouncing on a Polish count, Russian prince, or some such distinguished person."

"Why?" asked Rosalind, disdainfully. "Are they so plentiful this year?"

"I mean that you'd be safe to put a coronet on the first plausible head you met."

"I beg your pardon. Say that I had met you, you being a stranger, I never should have mistaken your plausible head for that of a count or a prince; never!"

Percy laughed. "True. This fellow with the beard looks the part much better. But mark my words. Three foreign noblemen has it been my luck, at different times, to fall in with, *en voyage*: No. 1 was a card-sharper, No. 2 a pickpocket, No. 3 an ex-courier; and all three were Englishmen, as it proved, in the end. Keep an eye on your watch, Theresa. Of course, Rosalind, you've missed none of your valuables lately, brooches, rings?"

"Not I," said Rosalind, promptly; "have you?"

"I—no! But I fight shy of these personages, as a rule."

"And all your rings are safe. For instance, the talisman you used always to wear—I don't see it."

She had the advantage of him. But he could parry steel with brass.

"No; I lost that some weeks ago," and he laughed, adding half to himself, "Ten pounds reward to any one who would let me know where it is to-day."

"Shall I tell you where I saw it last?"

"Do!"

"On the fourth finger of Mademoiselle Monti's right-hand."

Percy was discomfited for once; he reddened, and tried to whistle. He said, presently, "She wears it, then. But for mercy's sake, Rosalind, tell me how and when you fell in with Mademoiselle Monti's right-hand?"

Rosalind related how they had travelled together as far as Cologne, adding that the Baron was well acquainted with the cantatrice.

Percy made no comment, he had gone off into a brown study.

"I have told you the story of my acquaintance with her," said Rosalind, presently; "and now, why not tell me yours?"

"For the best of reasons," he replied, curtly, "there is none. Upon my honour, I never addressed but two words to that lady in my life. Those, believe me, were uttered in public, and they were——"

"Well——"

"'Bravo!' and 'Encore!'"

CHAPTER V.

IN NUREMBERG.—DAY.

TRAVELLERS go to bed full of good resolutions. They will rise with the lark, and improve the cool early morning hours. The

spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak ; and not till after ten did Theresa and Rosalind appear in the breakfast room. Here Rosalind was amused to find her cousin and Von Salis at table together, having, as it seemed, come to an amicable understanding over coffee and hot rolls.

The conversation became general. After breakfast it was proposed that they should make a party to go out and see the land. Von Salis, who knew Nuremberg of old, offered to be cicerone ; and off they started, under his erudite wing.

“First of all,” began their leader, “to pay our respects to St. Sebald, Nuremberg’s patron saint, whose church stands opposite.”

“And who was he ?” asked Rosalind ; “and what had he done to deserve that splendid memorial ?”

“The legends tell us,” said Von Salis, “that Sebald was the son of a Danish king. He was educated at Paris, where he became deeply impressed with the uncertainty of all worldly things ! He married the lovely daughter of Dagobert, the king ; but left her, with her own consent, the day after their wedding, and withdrew to a wood, where he lived a hermit’s life for fifteen years, and worked for his bread.

“But a light is not meant to be hidden under a bushel. Struck by the thought, one day, he starts off to Rome, obtains authority from the Pope to preach, and so forth ; wanders about the country, and at last settles down in a wood near Nuremberg. Here he worked many miracles. Some of them are recorded in the bronze carvings on his monument.

“Once, at Christmas-time, he came into a cartwright’s house, and besought him to light a fire ; but wood was scarce, and the cartwright refused. Then Sebald said to the wife, ‘Fetch me an icicle from the roof, and lay it on the hearth.’ ‘This fellow is a lunatic,’ thought the woman ; ‘however, I’ll

humour him.' She did so ; when, lo ! to her amazement and her husband's, the icicle burst into a blaze. 'Now,' said Sebald to the cartwright, 'go and buy me some fish at the market.' 'I perceive that you are some great man,' he replied, 'so I obey ; for all that the lord of Nuremberg has proclaimed that any one caught in the act of buying or selling fish this day shall have his eyes put out.' So he went, and being taken, had his eyes put out by the tyrant. And he ran home, crying out to Sebald, 'This is all your precious work, you arrant rogue.' 'Call it rather heaven's visitation on you for your inhospitality to a stranger,' said Sebald, mildly. As he spoke, he healed him with a touch, and added, 'Now, go back to the market.' He went, accordingly ; so the people saw and believed, and glorified God and St. Sebald."

"Is that the story of his certificate of saintship ?" asked Percy, irreverently.

"It is one story ; but there are half-a-dozen : some of them curious enough, and all favourite subjects with the old German artists. 'Once at night,' says a legend, 'our saint, when wandering through the forest where he dwelt, met a poor countryman bewailing himself loudly : his oxen had strayed. 'I am a ruined man,' he cried ; 'wherewithal now shall I plough my fields ?' St. Sebald, moved with compassion, accosted him : 'Go in peace. Seek, and you will find your oxen.' 'But,' objected the other, 'the night is pitch-dark ; whither can I go ?' 'Lift up your hands to heaven, and set off on your quest.' The peasant obeyed, and behold, *mirabile dictu*, his hands glimmered and flickered ; lights like torches shone between his fingers to guide him on his way, and yet he felt no pain. So he sought and found his oxen, as the saint had foretold.

"When Sebald's last hour drew nigh, he commanded that, after his death, his body should be laid on a cart drawn by wild

oxen, and buried on the spot where they should halt. They halted in front of a little wooden chapel, said to have been founded by St. Boniface. There St. Sebald was buried; and there, not long afterwards, when the chapel was burnt down, this church was erected, and dedicated to him."

"It is easy to laugh at these grotesque old stories," said Rosalind, spying a smile on Percy's face, "but we know more of St. Sebald than hazy tradition can tell us. Look at that glorious church yonder. The man to whose honour such a memorial is found, standing a thousand years after his death, must surely have been a hero in his way."

"Certainly, we don't seem to think our modern heroes worth commemorating in so solid a manner," observed Von Salis.

"We don't build churches to them, any longer," returned Percy, "but halls or museums, clubs, or sometimes baths and washhouses; there's the difference. And I daresay, a thousand years hence, tourist parties from the New World will come over to sketch the ruined columns of the Wellington Barracks, or Marlborough House, and go groping their way by moonlight among the remains of the Albert Hall or the Garrick Club."

"The Sebaldskirche is but the beginning of Nuremberg's glories. It is outshone by the still more glorious Lorenzkirche, the pride of the opposite half of the town; for Nuremberg is divided by the river Pegnitz into two nearly equal parts: St. Lorenz presiding over the one, St. Sebald over the other. Tradition tells of a lurking rivalry between the shades of the two holy men, and of a preacher at St. Lawrence's, who, having let fall some expressions depreciating St. Sebald, suffered a heavy visitation from the hand of the affronted saint, who refused to be pacified till the priest had publicly apologized for his indiscretion."

It was late before the thoughts and steps of the party began to incline towards the *table-d'hôte*. That walk, Theresa candidly admitted, had given her quite a new idea of a town hitherto only connected in her mind with watches and toys.

Von Salis laughed. "Three or four generations back, it was one of the richest and most famous towns in Europe. The well-known saying of Pope Pius II., that a Nuremberger citizen was better off than a Scottish king, is quite verified by the accounts that have come down to us of the town and its burghers. We hear, for instance, of a cutler, and other tradesmen, giving away in charity as much as £1,360, a truly enormous sum in those days. For wealth and commercial importance only Genoa, Venice, or Antwerp, could vie with Nuremberg."

"Ah, like them, it was free, then, I suppose," said Rosalind, who was an advanced Radical.

"An independent town of the empire," replied Von Salis. "There is an anecdote saying that in 1006 it belonged to a Count of Bamberg, who chanced to have killed the brother of the Emperor Conrad. He was, on that account, hotly pursued by his majesty, who laid siege to the castle at Bamberg. The stronghold defied all attacks; but the crafty Bishop of Mayence undertook to decoy the Emperor's enemy into his power. Going to the Count, he assured him that Conrad was desirous of a friendly settlement, which might be brought about by a personal interview. He swore on his honour that, if the Count would start with him for the camp, he would bring him back to the castle, safe and sound. So off they went together. Presently the Bishop observed that the conference might last some time, and that they would have done wisely to have taken breakfast before setting off. They returned, breakfasted, and then proceeded to the camp. Here the Count found himself instantly surrounded by the soldiery. He was taken prisoner, and sentenced to death.

But, when he bitterly upbraided the Bishop for his perjury, 'Softly, softly,' quoth the wily prelate, 'my oath was, to bring you safe and sound back to your castle. So I did—to breakfast. But, in starting the second time, I made no promise of the 'sort.' 'Claiming thus,' writes the quaint old chronicler, 'to have saved his honour, which, however, he had done but indifferent well. Yet, none the less for that, must the poor Count die; and all his possessions, Nuremberg included, reverted to the Emperor.' "

"Rather a low trick for a dignitary of the church," remarked Percy.

"They, and the dignitaries of the State as well, seem mostly to have delighted in practising such quibbles and hoaxes," said Von Salis. "There is another story, that when the Emperor Wenzel was on a visit to Nuremberg, he begged of the senate, as a favour, to entrust him with the key of the Vestner Thor, one of the principal gates of the city, promising to give them, in return, anything they chose to ask. So the key was sent for, and handed over by the burgomaster, in presence of the senate, to the Emperor, with all proper pomp and solemnity.

"'And now let us hear your request,' " said he.

"'Most gracious Majesty, our humble petition to his Imperial Highness is, that he will be pleased forthwith to hand us over the key again. The Emperor threw down the key in a passion and left the city. He never forgave the Nurembergers for having outwitted him, 'and I do not find,' concludes the historian, 'that this Emperor paid Nuremberg a second visit.' "

"Rosalind," said Percy, aside to her that evening, "I give in to your Baron: he is a perfect treasure—a walking cyclopedia of useful knowledge; his head a store-house of 'things not generally known.' "

"Sight-seeing is quite another thing under such a cicerone," sighed Rosalind.

"Well, I admit him the genuine article," said Percy, magnanimously. "Besides, I find that I know him by name, very well. He is a man who has made some noise in the literary world by certain wise discoveries, or treatises, on. . . I forget what—Prehistoric Pottery—Art among the Jebusites—or something equally far-fetched and incomprehensible."

CHAPTER VI.

IN CHURCH.

WHAT constitutes the romance or vapidness of this spot or that? Rivers, ruins, rocks, woods, mountains, and solitude on the one hand—plains, dust, bricks and mortar, smoke, soot, and din on the other? Not so. All these are neutral tinted canvass, whereon association paints certain pictures, some bright, some dull, all indelible.

Witness Percy Darrell. Neither mediæval Nuremberg nor the castellated Rhine will ever for him have the charms which invest Munich—Munich, the least poetical town in the map of Europe—Munich the spic and span, the clean, the bare, the white, the bran new. No mystery, no romance here—few local relics or antiquities, nothing to give fancy the spur. A roomy city of stone, plaster, respectability, regularity, glare and space.

Bent on fulfilling the "Whole Duty of the Traveller," as laid down in Murray's Handbook, Percy had spent a day, from nine o'clock, in ambulating about the town. Towards five, his brain, surfeited with pictures, statues, and florid architecture, was in a state bordering on chaos; and now he enters the A—— kirche—the last on his list; having visited which,

he will go to dinner with the light heart and furious appetite of a British tourist who has left nothing "undone" that he ought to have "done."

The church, at a glance, he pronounced hideous. But a grand special service was going on, and a large well-dressed congregation had assembled in honour of St. James, whose day it was. So Percy lingered, in one of the aisles, directing his ears to the music, his eyes to the rows of chignons before him.

Suddenly, instinctively, almost unwittingly, he singled out from among that crowd a little figure, wrapped in a grey domino-like waterproof cloak, and kneeling against a pillar. Very little for him to peruse. Only the back of the head—only a wreath of dark, bright, hyacinthine coils of hair, but *such* hair. (Perhaps it was the only genuine *chevelure* in the church at that moment.) It would have served, anywhere, to identify its owner. No wonder that Percy, already on the *qui vive*, knew at a glance who was before him.

"Leila Monti!"—then, as the first flash of surprise died away—"Well, I had heard she was at Munich, and, judging from appearances, I should say that all the feminine half of Munich was in church."

Still he had certainly not looked forward to meeting the cantatrice at evening service, and began to wonder vaguely *why* she had come!

Not for love of St. James, it is to be feared—unless St. James were that neighbour of hers, half visible in the shadow of the pillar—somebody with whom she was exchanging a few hurried words, a man bending down to whisper in her ear, but who kept his face too carefully averted for Percy so much as to guess at his features.

"Here's melodrama!" thought the Englishman, seized with irresistible curiosity, "a mystery, an assignation, some

romantic intrigue." Incautiously he moved a step or two nearer. Leila raised her head—like a fawn at a slight rustle in the fern—glanced round, seeming to *feel* that inquisitive eyes were upon her, and whispered to her neighbour what was clearly a hint to decamp. In a moment he slipped behind the pillar, mixing with the crowd, and vanished.

The service was at an end, the congregation dispersing, but Leila never moved. The last stragglers were pouring out, the sacristan went tramping round with the keys; yet there she remained, in the same attitude, bending forwards, her face buried in her hands.

"What on earth is she waiting for, now," wondered Percy. "Till she stirs, I don't," and he pretended to study the bas-reliefs on a tomb before him.

It was dusk, and Leila's kneeling figure was lost in the shadow of the column. Percy, possessed by some evil spirit of adventure, easily contrived to elude the short sight of the sacristan. This worthy, never doubting that the whole congregation had made their exits with their customary alacrity, shuffled down the nave, jingling his keys, and out into the street, shutting the gates with a bang.

Then Mademoiselle Monti rose to her feet, and turned round with a sharp, indignant, almost tragic gesture, and defiant exclamation—"Fritz I". . .

She stopped short, on seeing a stranger. Surprise, relief, annoyance, amazement—Percy saw a dozen different feelings in her countenance at once, but feigned not to notice her confusion.

"Good heavens, Madame!" he exclaimed, in apparent consternation, "why—they have shut the gates."

"That they have," said Mademoiselle Monti, regaining her self-possession almost as soon as lost. "Locked them too, I

fancy. Why, Monsieur, what are your senses about, that you have suffered yourself to be locked in?"

"I did not know. I am a foreigner, and a stranger here. I saw the church wasn't empty," he replied, speaking, as before, in his best German.

Leila looked at him. "He means, of course," thought she, "'Why did you, a native, suffer yourself to be locked in?'" "Well, Monsieur," she said, laughing, "am I to understand that you were waiting for me to go, determined to be the last? I, to be frank, was waiting for *you* to leave. I took you for somebody else—for a relation of mine, in fact."

"Too much honour," muttered Percy.

"For my brother—the only man, as far as I know, who would be likely to play the *spy* on me."

"Spy!" Percy was going indignantly to disclaim, but she continued, quickly—

"To keep guard over me, shall I say. You look quite surprised, Monsieur. Let me tell you there are such things as family spies—things to be feared in private life, as well as in war, you know."

"In love, for instance," thought Percy, remembering the dialogue under-the-rose, he had watched.

"So I made up my mind not to rise till you were well out of the way. But what am I to do now, if you please?" she asked, peremptorily, divided between an inclination to laugh and to storm. The situation was a little embarrassing, but entirely ludicrous, and her extemporized anger about as sincere, so far, as Percy's well acted concern.

"It was a silly, silly mistake of mine," she said, laughing again in spite of herself. "However, Monsieur, you are to blame for it all. But for your absence of mind, this would not have happened."

"I am so sorry, so shocked to have been the involuntary cause of this alarm of yours about a spy."

"That's not it; that's nothing," interposed Leila, impatiently. "Perhaps, Monsieur, you will have the goodness to say how we are to open those doors, do you hear?"

"Perhaps they are not locked, after all," said Percy, walking to the gate, and shaking it violently. Alas, iron bolts and stone bars had made of the church a prison indeed.

"I'll halloo to the sacristan," said he, soothingly, "some passer by will hear, and send him round with the keys."

"Monsieur, for mercy's sake, hush," cried Leila, putting her hand on his arm, and stifling a laugh, "Please to understand that I am no stranger here. Everybody knows me—the sacristan himself would recognize my face, directly. Let him come, and it will be all over Munich to-morrow, that I was locked up with a young Englishman in the A—— kirche. It will appear in the 'Tages Anzeiger.' You don't know to whom you are speaking."

"Don't I," said Percy. For one moment their eyes met; perhaps the eyes of their mind as well.

"What—you do?" (with a little stamp). "There—I always said it was a misery to be a public character. One can do nothing, absolutely nothing. But no more of this, Monsieur. Let me tell you I have not the intention to remain another minute in this church."

"No, of course not, nor I," returned Percy, glaring up at the roof, as though, a second Daniel, he expected to see a second Darius peeping in to deliver him out of the den.

But the best, the most heroic, intentions will not enable him to scale a vertical wall, or raise a window not made to open. Even wings would here have been useless. Neither vestry, sacristy, baptistery, nor loft, afforded the smallest means of exit,

As the dilemma gradually loses its comic aspect, Leila is working herself into a fit of real resentment, and injured dignity (checked at intervals by an undeniable dash of mirth). The young man does not, she thinks, look properly embarrassed and uneasy. But, the fact is, he feels, knows, that they are sure to get out of the scrape somehow, sometime, soon enough; in the meanwhile, the farcical predicament has a very serious charm for him.

"Monsieur," repeats Leila, imperiously, "it is you who have brought me to this pass; it is your business to bring me through. I insist upon it."

And, in his ardour to satisfy her, the profane young man scales every altar and tomb, prowls into each chapel and recess. All to no purpose. Egress there is none, not even for a rat, not will there be till to-morrow at eight a.m. With this grim fact in his mouth, he returns to Leila, who is pacing up and down distractedly, wringing her hands.

He is distracted, too, but differently. Is he walking in his sleep or acting a part in a play? He has almost forgotten Percy Darrell, of the A. B. C. office. Slowly the twilight fades, dark shadows creep round the columns, but Leila continues to hope on, and to urge her fellow-prisoner.

"Try the other side, Monsieur. I know there is a door; there must, there shall, be."

Percy comes back. "It is fast locked, Mademoiselle."

"Break it!"

"Not possible."

But Leila's patience has come to a perpetual end. Less than ever does she know what to make of her companion. The mixture of native audacity with English shyness in Percy's manner, was really peculiar, and it both piqued and perplexed Mademoiselle Monti.

"Never, Monsieur," she exclaimed, reproachfully, with a

dramatic gesture, "never can I forgive you for your part in this adventure."

Percy bit his lip—his conscience sent him a twinge.

"Upon my honour, Madame, I'd give the world to be able to set you free," he said, drily.

"Prove it, please. Find me, instantly, some means of leaving this place unobserved, or, or"

Despair is the mother of genius.

"Wait, Mademoiselle," said Percy, cutting short her indefinite threat. "I have it."

"What?"

"A luminous idea." The next minute Leila hears him groping his way up the winding staircase leading to the organ-loft.

"What in the world is he after, now?" she wondered, in dismay. Presently came a voice from above.

"All right, Mademoiselle. Only mind you keep out of the sacristan's sight when he comes; and, then, watch for your opportunity. In ten minutes you shall be at liberty."

Fortune has favoured him at last. He has found the key, and unlocked the organ; he has set the little engine that works the bellows in motion. Percy rejoices in a musical mother, ear, and education; and before Leila has an inkling of his intentions, the War March in *Athalie* is waking all the echoes in the A——kirche. He has pulled out the trumpet stop, and the effect is tremendous. Leila stops her ears, but Percy thunders away till the noise reaches the sacristan in the adjoining house.

He, thinking that either the world is coming to an end, or the devil has got hold of the organ, hurries out to make sure, unfastens the gates, and hobbles in.

Percy hears the click of the lock, and the peals become wilder than ever. All the stops are out now, and the sacristan doubts if he is standing on his head or his heels.

But, as he clatters up the nave, Leila, unseen, steals down the aisle, reaches the open gate, and slips out at the very instant when the deafened man, hurrying into the organ loft, clutches at Percy's hands, with an imprecation, and begging to know if he is mad.

Turning round, Percy enters into a long, polite, fluent explanation. He is an Englishman, went to sleep in church, awoke, found himself locked up, and took the only means he could devise for summoning some one to release him.

The sacristan was very wrath. But Percy apologized, and expostulated, and palavered, kept him there so as to give Leila plenty of time to get away, and suddenly ended the strife of words with a napoleon.

After this there was a calm. They locked up the organ, left the church, and parted excellent friends. The verger had no animus left, only affection, mingled with pity, for this crack-brained, but open-handed young Engländer.

“I rather would entreat thy company,
To see the wonders of the world abroad,
Than living dully sluggardiz'd at home,
Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness.”

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA, Act I., Sc. I.

INTO THE FAR NORTH;

OR, A GLANCE AT HECLA AND THE GEYSIRS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ON THE ROAD TO KHIVA," ETC.



CHAPTER II.

BY LAND AND BY WATER.



FF at last! in the good old primitive fashion of ten centuries ago, jogging over tracts which none but a native horse could follow, by paths which none but a native guide could see. No proofs to correct, no letters to answer, no visits to pay; no obtrusive posts to bring one bad news, or articles "declined with thanks;" no penances to endure under the name of amusement; no omniscient daily papers to teach their Government how to rule, their Church how to save mankind, and their grandmothers how to suck eggs; no smart reviewers to display their "general information," *i.e.*, knowing nothing on a great variety of subjects; at once the thick, oppressive closeness of civilization left far behind, and the fresh, bracing, breezy atmosphere of utter barbarism opening before us in all its fulness.

We are a party of six mounted men, with two extra horses for the baggage. Dr. —, the explorer, the German correspondent, the Danish author already mentioned, myself, and our two guides. Our first point is Eyrarbakki, a village on the southern shore, about forty miles off. A good Icelandic day's work it is, and done in thorough Icelandic style; for in this remote region the Past has held its ground against the Present, and preserved to us, in actual being, all the details which we have hitherto known only from ancient, shadowy traditions. Our first day's ride is like the disinterment of a buried city, or the resur-

rection of a bygone era. Still, through the glorious summer day that has no night, men ride over moor and fell, with all their baggage strapped on a pack-horse, just as the sturdy Bonders "busked them" for a ride to the national Parliament at Thingvellir 900 years ago. Still loom gauntly against the clear blue sky those jagged lava ridges, whose recesses the weird fancy of the Northman peopled with cannibal Trolls and outlaws scarcely less ferocious. Still, on the bleak moorlands of the interior, the fogs and rain-squalls, by which the sorcerers of old time worked out their vengeance, blot out the hoof-tracks and bewilder the lonely traveller. We cross bridgeless rivers to-day by the same gravelly fords where the old Icelandic pastors heard, mingling with the champing of the current over its grinding pebbles, the ghostly music of the Water-Nix, "the being without a soul." On green meadow and rocky ridge, the little turf-thatched châteaux crop up like overgrown hillocks, unchanged since the days of Alfred; and the bowl of curds and cream wherewith we are regaled there, is the same over the frequent mention of which in the old legends our childish lips have watered years ago. Country and people appear to us to-day just as they appeared to Flosi and his confederate murderers when they rode forth on that bright fresh morning which ushered in the blackest deed of northern story. Men shake hands and kiss each other at meeting—pack-horses break loose and run away—baggage comes untied and falls off into the water—ponies swim across rivers in the wake of the ferry-boat—whole families sleep in one room, in box-beds fitted close to the wall—every detail, feature by feature, just as it has been described by men who died and were buried before the Conquest. For here the Far North has preserved the types of a forgotten age as imperishably as its frost preserves the corpses of dead seamen; and the ninth century clasps hands with the nineteenth on

ground which frost, and fire, and earthquake, and pestilence have snatched from the busy world.

Such is the general outline of our first day's journey—a longer one than we had anticipated. Apart from the accidents of the way, our course lies at times over ground which even the proverbial sure-footedness of Icelandic ponies can only cross at a walk. The broad moors, with which we commence, are made short work of; but the steep ridges of rolling stones and deep rut-like paths, barely wide enough for one pony at a time, which meet us farther on, are a very different matter. Towards afternoon we come upon something worse than either—a wide lava-plain, black and dreary as an extinct planet, heaped with volcanic cinders, rent every here and there by yawning chasms, and walled in on every side by vast masses of charred rock, piled in hideous disorder, like the ruins of a bombarded town, a fit place, indeed, for Cain to have wandered in the restlessness of his misery, longing for one word of comfort, or the companionship of one living thing, but seeing only, turn whither he would, the black and utter desolation which reflected his own branded soul and blasted existence.

But everything has an end; and, about six in the evening, we come suddenly out upon the brink of a steep descent, below which the whole panorama of our remaining journey unrolls itself at once. Far beneath us stretches a broad green belt of level sward, through which the glittering curves of the Hvita sweep down into the wide smooth estuary, that ends its course. Right across the mouth runs a long, low spit of black sand, standing sharply out against the clear surface; and the perspective is closed on one side by the dim waste of the sailless sea, and on the other by a dark ring of pyramidal mountains, casting shadows of funereal purple upon the crimson sky.

Half an hour later, we are down in the plain, and in front of

one of those queer little earthworks which have from time immemorial been the orthodox form of an Icelandic "baer," or farm-house. A low breastwork of turf all round the premises; an approach between two earthen walls, admitting only one rider at a time; a little log-hut, roofed with turf, usually perched on the brow of a steep knoll, and with small, loop-hole-like windows. Looking at all these details, one begins to understand the desperate fights of the old Sagas—Gunnar's prolonged defence of Hlithend alone against sixteen—the holding of Grettir's hut on the Isle of Drangey, two to a dozen—the difficulty with which Flosi's overwhelming force disposed of Njal's troublesome sons, and many other instances of the kind.

At first sight, an Icelandic farm-house looks like three or four dwellings patched together, each compartment having a roof of its own; but, in reality, the proprietor inhabits only the middle shanty, the others being used as storehouses for provisions, harness, fuel, household goods, and what not. The various cells communicate with each other by low, dark catacombs, where the breaking of one's nose or one's shins is almost a matter of course. As a rule, the whole family (and in most cases the servants likewise) sleep in one room, under huge feather quilts, in box beds such as one sees in some parts of Scotland. The interior is generally very dark, and anything but clean—a mixture of cellar and kitchen, with a strong dash of the stable—while the furniture consists chiefly of the beds above-mentioned, chairs and tables being *articles de luxe*. Nevertheless, I have thought them good enough in my time, when welcomed into them from a pelting storm without, and regaled on my entrance with a cup of such coffee as many a pretentious hotel in Europe would find it hard to match.

But all this while I am keeping our party waiting before the

baer, a grievous breach of historical accuracy, our first move being to dismount and make ourselves at home forthwith. Out come knives and horn spoons, biscuits and preserved meat; and, stretched at our ease on the soft green turf, we dip our thirsty lips with infinite satisfaction in the brimming bowl of milk which the hospitable natives hasten to proffer us. And so, for the time being, we are perfectly happy; but our holiday is a short one. Although Eyrarbakki is now in full view—a little cluster of black points on the long level of the farther shore—much remains to be done before we can get there. Let us to horse forthwith!

And to horse we get accordingly, the villagers grinning with sly appreciation as we wince at our first contact with the saddle; while two or three shock-headed children, whom nothing can persuade to approach the strangers, peer at us round the edge of the doorway with wide-wondering eyes. We are soon off the grass on to the long promontory of sand which we descried from above; and here our untiring little nags strike into a good hard gallop, which speedily brings us to the water's edge. Suddenly a round black head rises through the smooth water, and two small bright eyes look curiously at us, as if asking who and what we are. It is a seal, disturbed, perhaps, from his evening nap by our shouts and laughter; and he is speedily joined by two more, who survey us as solemnly as if meditating a letter to the *Times*, headed "Wanton Disturbance." But the approach of the ferry-boat startles them, and all three sink as suddenly as they rose.

We get on board, while our horses are simply driven into the water and left to swim across, which three of them do very pluckily; but the others, getting frightened as they approach the deeper water, turn back, and have to be towed astern. It is now close upon nine o'clock, but in this region, where

nightfall is unknown, every ripple in the water is plain as at noonday. The broad shining inlet, the low black shores on either side, the green plain beyond, the great black ridge down which we plunged two hours ago, the very rifts of the distant mountains, stand out like a photograph.

Our crossing is a short one, and half an hour's ride brings us to Eyrarbakki, the little tarred shanties of which, huddled together behind their wall of turf, half buried beneath their grassy roofs, and with narrow passages winding between them, look like some pre-historic fortress, garrisoned by the men and weapons of the Age of Stone. But when we reach the hospitable door of our appointed host, Mr. Thorgrimsson, and present our letters, the spell is broken at once ; for European furniture, comfortable rooms, spotless bed-linen, and a well-spread suppertable, harmonize but ill with our ideas of the Stone Age. And when, after supper, we sit in a well-furnished drawing-room hung with English photographs, and listen to selections from the best German and Italian music, played by two charming young ladies, it is really no easy matter to convince ourselves that we are actually in N. lat. 65°, with the most hideous desert in the world barely a hundred miles to the east of us.

The next morning our party divides itself—the Dane and the German, with one guide, returning to Reykjavik, while Dr. — and I, with the other, keep on towards Hecla, now only a day's journey ahead. It is a fine bright morning when we start, and along the level shore we get on famously, despite the constant aberrations of the packhorse, whose passion for exploring is proof against any amount of castigation. As we turn away from the sea, the country gradually becomes hilly and broken ; but our gallant little beasts settle to their work as pluckily as if their twelve hours' journey the day before had been a mere breather. The endless waste of bog into which

we plunge about midday brings into full play their chief accomplishment—the same which Scott lauded in Watt Tinnlin's

"Small and shaggy nag,
That through a bog, from hagg to hagg,
Could bound like any Bilhope stag."

Two o'clock brings us to a little farm-house, where we dismount, and settle down to the inevitable curds and milk, pending the arrival of our guide and the pack-horse; for in our case, from first to last, the "guide" merits his name, by being always about a mile in the rear, and leaving us to find our way (so far as we can be said to have any) by the light of nature. He turns up at last, and on we go over the never-ending bog, which becomes softer and plashier as we approach the Thiora, whose broad swift stream is now plainly seen glancing in the distance. We reach the bank at length, halt under a leaden sky and drizzling rain, and, having contrived to wet our biscuits, upset our preserved meat, and spill water into the spirit-lamp just as it is beginning to burn, swallow some lukewarm soup with feelings worthy of Timon of Athens.

And then, for two weary hours, we skirt the river—always expecting to cross, and always disappointed. The rain has passed, and the evening sun breaks out in all his splendour; while the country round, with its rich grass and numerous farm-houses, its life-guard of purple mountains, and the hoary head of old Hecla towering among them like an aged general, contrasts very favourably with the dreary wastes of yesterday. But with our horses tired, ourselves not particularly fresh, and no idea of how much is still left to do, we are in no humour to appreciate the picture; and it is with unfeigned satisfaction that, late in the evening, we at length head straight down upon the river, and see a rickety boat coming across to meet us,

And a very picturesque crossing we make of it. The current is running like a mill-race, and our little craft has enough to do to face it; while the horses swimming astern more than once plunge their nostrils under water, and the hindmost is already supporting his head on his neighbour's flank. Every here and there stand up out of the grey water black masses of jagged rock, around which the stream chafes and foams like a whirlpool; and the leaking of the boat treats us to a very sufficient foot-bath before we are a third of the way across. Perched on the heaped-up saddles, we watch the struggles of our crew—a short, thickset wiry man, whose sun-burned face is half buried in a huge hay-coloured beard, and a girl who, but for her fair complexion, might sit for a portrait of *La Belle Sauvage*. Big, strong, comely, clear eyed, with the bright wintry bloom of the north wind upon her cheeks—making the boat quiver with every movement of her splendid muscles, and showing her white teeth in a cheery laugh as the wind tosses her hair and flings the spray in her face—the very heroine for Mr. Charles Reade, and certainly well worthy to stand beside either Jael Dence or Ucatella.

At last we are over, and, after a good deal of questioning, make out that Stori-Vellum (our halting-place for the night) is only one Danish mile off (five English). There is still light enough, though it is past ten o'clock, to allow of our "putting on the pace," if the ground admitted; but the rough surface, with its innumerable "tussocks," reduces us to a walk; and it is close upon eleven when a shout from the guide draws our attention to a long black shadow in front of us, which turns out to be Stori-Vellum church—representing, together with the parsonage attached to it, the whole village, just as the pastor and his wife, with their two sons and two daughters, and their three servants, make up the entire population.

The household are all in bed when we arrive, but our guide's taps at the window at last bring out the parson's son, Gudmundr, who bids us welcome in excellent English, and extemporizes a capital supper in a few minutes. Supper over, we are marched across to the church, where, with a couple of mattresses and three or four cloaks, our new friend improvises two very tolerable beds in a trice, and bids us good-night with a hospitable assurance of some coffee the first thing in the morning. For although the Icelandic meals are only three in number—breakfast, dinner, and supper—yet the day is always begun with a cup of excellent coffee, usually sweetened with sugar-candy, and brought to your bedside, as a rule, by the young lady of the house in person.

Were we less tired, or more superstitious, the aspect of our new quarters might be rather depressing. The one candle on the little wooden altar, lights only the upper end of the church; and against the shadowy background the bare ranges of seats stand gauntly out, like the ribs of some giant skeleton; and the timbers groan and crack overhead, and the wind moans eerily without, and the row of black robes suspended against the wall looks as if the former incumbents had all hanged themselves in succession, and had never been taken down. But there is no room for such fancies between a fifty-mile ride on one hand, and the ascent of Hecla on the other; and Gudmundr has hardly closed the door when we are both fast asleep.

CHAPTER III.

HĒCLÁ.

THE next morning is one of those bright, beautiful, treacherous days which often mislead the oldest Icelandic traveller, and which we, in our ignorance, regard as a good omen for our projected ascent of Hecla. Far and wide, the green uplands stand out in the freshness of the early morning; not a cloud mars the sombre beauty of the purple hills, and the great volcano itself rears its vast white cone against a rich blue summer sky, the black blots of lava showing against its dazzling whiteness as distinctly as if we were among them. Let us to horse forthwith!

And to horse we get as soon as breakfast is done, piloted by our friend Gudmundr, who enters as heartily into the whole affair as if he had been with us from the beginning. Fresh from their night's rest, our untiring little beasts make short work of the eight miles of green pasture-land which lie between us and the foot of the mountain, picking their way deftly as acrobats through the two intermediate rivers, despite the slippery stones and swirling current. By the time that we have finished admiring the belt of dwarf birch that fringes a little hollow beyond the second stream (trees being the rarity of all rarities in Iceland), the mountains have drawn so near that we can almost count the lava-blocks which hang frowning in mid-air, contrasting grimly with the soft green below. A few minutes later, we rattle down a steep ridge, splash through a pebbly brook, and lo! a snug little farmhouse, with the usual narrow approach between two banks of turf. Here we dismount to let our horses graze, while Gudmundr goes into the house.

"This is where the Hecla guide lives," says he, returning,

"He's been asleep, for he only got in from Eyrarbakki this morning; but he's going to dress and come out directly."

And, sure enough, in a little while the hero of the day comes out—a short, strongly-built fellow, with a firm, weather-beaten face, and a clear bright eye, that speaks well for his power of keeping a look-out. We hastily munch a few pieces of "flad-bröd" (thick, round, flexible cakes, very much like slices of asphalt), washed down with some excellent milk; and then, having arranged with the ladies of the household to have some hot water ready for our tea when we come down again, get to horse; while our friend Gudmundr, hospitably promising to have supper ready for us, "come back when we will," sets off home again.

Despite its uncompromising outline as seen from a distance, Hecla is considerate enough to admit of horses going up it till within a reasonable distance of the crater, the actual climb commencing only with the higher snow-fields. Indeed, it is hard to say where an Icelandic pony *cannot* go, provided he does not himself think the route unsafe, in which case nothing can force the sagacious little fellow to take it. Just at first our road is pleasant enough, over ridge after ridge of grassy upland, through which the little river goes dancing and sparkling in the deep channel which it has hewn out for itself. But the pleasant green-sward is soon left behind, and now we come out upon a black, blasted wilderness, strewn thick with volcanic dust, and walled in on every side by vast masses of charred lava. To add to the dreariness of the panorama, the fog, which has hitherto spared us, now begins to roll up in great billows all around; and our half-seen cavalcade, passing with noiseless footfall through the shadowy mist between the blackened walls of volcanic cinder, looks like a train of spectres fitting through the gates of the world below.

Upward, ever upward—the great black slope getting steeper and steeper as we mount, and seeming to stretch away into boundless immensity under the shadow of the gathering mist, till I begin to feel like a sort of overland Flying Dutchman, perpetually going upstairs, and never getting to the top. At length, just as I am trying to calculate how so much travelling can possibly be compressed into a perpendicular height of 4,960 feet, we plunge suddenly down a steep crumbling slope into a little hollow under the lee of a huge black rock, and see above us the great white sweep of eternal snow, which tells that our ride is at an end, and our march about to begin.

By this time it is raining “cats and dogs,” and our farther journey seems likely to prove a cold one; so let us have a mouthful of hot soup before starting. Huddling together under the great rock, we bring out our little “heater,” and warm up quant. suff. of Liebig and water, to the huge delight of the guides, who drink off their share with the eagerness of children lighting upon a new toy. Then belts are tightened, bootlaces scrutinised, waterproofs buttoned to the chin—and, leaving our Reykjavik guide in charge of the horses, we grasp our pike-staves, and tramp off at the heels of the Hecla professional, crater-ward ho!

Upon the climb itself I need not dilate; for it is now pretty generally admitted that one mountain ascent is very much like another. You start with an ostentatiously jaunty step, and a general air of being able to climb the Himalaya, but condescending to this little thing *faute de mieux*. After an hour or so, the jauntiness of your step is not quite so marked, and you find yourself singling out a rock every now and then as a landmark, to make the way seem shorter. Each in turn, as you single it out, seems to remove itself at once to double its former distance, until you reach it, when it suddenly appears as if you had gone no distance at all. About half-way up, you begin to

NECLA.

conceive a vindictive hatred against your guide, waxing absolutely homicidal as the march goes on. Then you wish that one of your comrades would sprain his ankle, or cut his hand open, or do anything that might give you an excuse for sitting down to take breath ; and when he does not, you at once include him in your growing misanthropy, which at length embraces all mankind and the entire circle of creation.

Hecla is especially provoking in this way, the monotony of its surface making the climb appear far longer than it really is. We try every possible variation of our ascent—going straight up, going zig-zag, planting our feet straight, planting them sideways, leaning on our pike-staves, carrying them balanced in our hands—each in turn, as a matter of course, seeming worse than the last. Fortified, however, by a few mouthfuls of “fladbröd,” washed down with snow, we at length struggle up to the smaller crater of 1845, a great black boil on the side of the mountain, caked about with the poisonous matter that has bubbled out of it. Here the traces of volcanic action are fiercer and more recent ; while the red and yellow stains on the charred rocks show that we are approaching “the right place” at last. At this point, however, the fog closes round us so thickly that we lose sight of each other at a few yards’ distance ; and our guide, with a significant look around him, ventures to recommend a retreat. But to turn back just when we are probably within easy reach of the end, is not to be thought of ; so on we go up the endless slope, passing, one by one, the lava-islets that rise gauntly out of the great white sea—till, at length, our hitherto noiseless tread crackles harshly upon heaped cinders, and right in front of us looms through the mist, a great, black, semi-circular wall, with a grisly gap yawning in its nearest face, like a crack in the mouth of a goblet. We have reached the main crater at last.

And now, until the fog shall clear off (which it is already

beginning to do), let us call a halt for refreshment. We hastily swallow a few biscuits, washed down by a thimbleful of brandy; while our guide, squatting on a huge boulder, lights, with a broad grin of satisfaction, the cigar which we proffer him by way of dessert. And so, for ten minutes, we take it as easy as we can (for a couch of lava cinders is no feather-bed), till a sudden blast of wind rends the fog-curtain from top to bottom, and the crater lies open before us. Forward, all!

Hitherto, the great volcano has lain before us like Spenser's dead dragon, with only the black ashes around to mark what it once was; but now, for the first time, we begin to see palpable tokens that there is life in the old monster yet. Through countless cracks in the hot, blistered surface, oozes a thick, greyish-white steam, ominous of mischief breeding below; the stones are hot to our touch, and through the rifts the reek of sulphur comes up stifling, as if from the mouth of a furnace. And this impression deepens when we look down into the crater itself. Masked, as it is, by a thick layer of snow, there is a grisly suggestiveness about this great black pit, with all its gaping rents, along which the yellow masses of charred rock lie heaped in silent witness of what *has been*. This very hollow in which we stand, is the place where, years ago, the rising tide of destruction beat for days against the great black wall that confined it, like Death knocking at the gate of the living world, till at length the whole barrier plunged down in one great crash; and the fire-torrent went rushing and roaring down the slope which we have just mounted, licking up the life of the country wherever it went, and blasting with its hot breath even what its fiery tongue could not reach. The memory of Hecla's greatest eruption has, it is true, been somewhat dimmed in national remembrance by the far wider and more awful ruin that broke from the Skaptar Jökull, seventeen years later; but, neverthe-

less, 1766 is still one of the blackest years in the calendar of Iceland.

But time flies, and the summit is still to be reached. We scale the crumbling lip of the crater, and walk round it to the highest point—a promenade best conceived by getting on to the edge of the Albert Hall gallery, and walking right round, except that here the descent is on both sides, instead of only on one. But the risk of an unlimited “header” is amply atoned for by the view which the partial dispersion of the fog now opens to us. Far to the west, the broad Thiorsa goes rushing down its rocky channel, its countless windings glittering like a stream of fire among the dark hills in the glory of the sunset; and the weary waste of moorland over which we toiled from Eyrarbakki last night, lies below us as on a map, with the little turf-thatched farm-houses dotted like chessmen over its endless level. To the south, again, low ranges of dark hills surge up, wave beyond wave, till the grey sea-line closes the perspective; while, nearer on the view, our little black church at Stori-Vellum stands out upon its green meadow, and the wide grass plains, and the black lava desert that fringes the mountain, and the great snow-field itself, fill up the foreground. But when we turn northward, the fog rolls up again, as if out of *malice prepense*, and wholly blocks our view in that quarter.

At last the highest point is reached—a round black knob, like a charred knuckle-bone; and our guide, with a knowing leer, draws from under a flat stone a torn leaf of the “Times” of 1845, enclosing a card with an English name, and “Magdalene College, Cambridge;” while on the other side we find written in pencil, “Dear W——, I expected to meet you here. Yrs truly, E. K.” When Grettir the Strong scaled a formidable peak in the north of Iceland, he left his belt and dagger as a prize for the next comer. Modern civilisation substi-

tutes a card and a newspaper ; but as the lawful recipient of the letter has passed on to the east, and is hardly likely to return this way, we decide upon taking it with us.

And now it is time to descend ; and very short work we make of it. No more zig-zags, no more detours, but a straight downward slide, which brings us to the base of the snow-field in three-quarters of an hour. Our horses are just where we left them ; and another hour and a half sees us back in the little farmhouse at the foot of the mountain, where the preparations for our tea are already complete. Out comes our little camp-kettle, out come our stores of biscuits ; our hosts produce the traditional bowl of curds and cream, and, stretched on a broad, flat stone, beside the door, we make a hearty meal, washing it down with cup after cup of piping hot tea (of the best Thibet quality) which, wet and benumbed as we are, warms us famously. Finally (the entire household being now mustered to watch us feed), we mix two extra cups, and pass them round the circle of curious faces, to the huge delight of the honest country-folk, who all shake hands with us in turn, by way of thanks. And when, having paid our score, we rise to depart, one of our new friends actually rides three good miles with us, to show us a short cut home, refusing all payment for his trouble—only one instance out of many of the Iclander's native kindness.

And so homeward, through the stillness of the clear, transparent Northern night. Late as we arrive, we find the parlour lighted up, and a hearty supper laid there by our hospitable hosts before they retired. Having done full justice to it, we discover, to our great satisfaction, that rooms have been got ready for us in the house, and that there is nothing to do but to turn-in. Five minutes later, we are sleeping as men sleep after a good day's work.

HAWAII.

HONOLULU.*

ONE of our ships, the "Scout," having brought out here the scientific party who are to observe the transit of Venus, from the Sandwich Islands, the captain invited us to go with him on a trip, which had the threefold object of taking the astronomers to their observatory at Hawaii, visiting the volcano, and uncovering the monument of Captain Cook, for which we took the men and materials.

The island of Hawaii, or Owhyhee, is the largest of the Sandwich group, and celebrated as containing, or one might say as *being*, the greatest volcano on earth; and where Captain Cook met his untimely death. The monument we saw unveiled is erected almost on the spot where he was killed.

We sailed on the morning of Nov. 2nd, and got into a heavy gale of wind the same night, the consequence being that all the ladies on board were dreadfully ill, but on the morning of Nov. 4th they were all right again, and we landed at Hilo, the port whence the volcano is most accessible.

The next day was occupied in engaging horses, &c., and the following morning the party started for the crater.

Of the ride up I will only say that though reputed to be no more than 28 miles, it was the most fatiguing I ever experienced.

The ascent, only 4,000 ft. in all, is so gradual that one does not know a mountain is near; yet the road, a bridle path over lava varied by bog, is so bad that it took us nine hours, in-

* From a private letter recently received from Captain —, R.N.

cluding one hour of rest, and eight of what I may call *hard*, though by no means fast, riding to reach the edge of the crater ; the last three hours in a steady downpour of rain, and riding at a breakneck pace whenever there was a possibility of the horses going beyond a walk. There is a nice little hotel on the brink of the crater, and we got there at dusk, wet through, and two of the ladies completely exhausted ; however, a good fire, hot tea, and a change of clothing revived them, and the next morning we were all ready for the crater.

Mouna-Loa, *i.e.*, the big mountain, is 14,000 ft. high, and has an enormous active crater on its summit, but the one we visited, although only 4,000 ft. on the way up, is even larger and more active than that on the summit.

In the night, and from the hotel door, we could see a dull red glare overhanging the open part of the crater, and a long row of occasional spots of red-hot lava, something like the lights of a street, showed where the molten materials were being poured out from an opening in the side of a huge mound of cold lava, and flowed slowly along on one side of the crater in a stream about two miles long.

The crater itself, into which we descended, is an immense cliff-enclosed basin 1,000 ft. deep, sheer vertical walls of rock almost the whole depth in some parts, and in others earthquakes and landslips have made platforms or terraces of various depths, and at such a place we walked down till we reached the floor or bottom of solid lava, across which we walked for more than two miles, and then began to ascend a mound or hill of newer lava, hot, brittle, and sulphurous, until we came to the edge of the lake—such a lake ! No words can describe it ! Standing on loose angular blocks of lava, like flagstones thrown down at random, imagine looking down into a mountain loch about half a mile across, whose sides were cliffs of black lava,

and whose surface, some 200 ft. beneath, was a boiling, seething, rolling sea of lava, of a sort of pea-soup consistency, of a dull grey colour on the surface, but continually cracking, bursting, writhing, and showing long zig-zag streaks of hot, rose-red, blood-red lava. Here and there round the edges of this awful caldron appeared to be caves in the cliff, into which the lava poured, and was then violently ejected in vast jets or fountains of angry red fluid metal. Sometimes it crumpled itself up and looked like the wrong side of a carpet flung down in a heap; then it would form itself into a whirlpool, and all the boiling fluid rush to pour itself down the vortex; or again it would suddenly set as with a tide towards one particular part of the cliff, and dash against it like the sea in a storm against a rocky shore, and be thrown back in a spray of which every flake was a big heavy red clot of fused mineral.

A short distance to our left was another similar lake, but smaller, and full to within a few feet of its margin with liquid lava. It was unapproachable the day we were there on account of the dense sulphurous smoke, but we could hear the heavy, seething, boiling sound, and the dull roar of the fiery surf.

On our way to the lake we walked on old lava along the edge of the present flow, and could see that though the upper surface was cooled and black, the under side was glowing red; and twice we saw hideous openings, where looking in we could see nothing but what one may call a red hot, almost white hot, atmosphere, motionless, intense, awful.

This great crater measures twelve miles round and 1,080 ft. in depth, from the rocky margin to the bottom or floor of lava. On first starting to walk across it, one feels very much as if going on ice of which one is not very sure, but this feeling soon passes off, and except when in the neighbourhood of the lakes, or in passing as we once did over the oven-like roof of an

open hole, one soon loses any idea of danger. One of the ladies got an awkward fall by treading on what proved to be a *bubble*, formed in the lava when cooling, and which broke in upon her treading on it. All throughout the crater, and indeed for scores of miles around it, there are frequent cracks and fissures from whence arises sulphurous steam.

It was a tiresome journey up the side of the crater again, but I had seen a sight which is absolutely beyond compare. I will go again if opportunity offers, for the contents of the crater are never very long together in the same condition. The state of affairs I have attempted to describe is only the quiescent peaceful action of the volcano ; its action in eruption is most terrific, indeed the surface of the greater part of the island (which is over 4,000 square miles) is lava, ancient or recent, from some eruption of one or other of its tremendous craters. In 1868, among other phenomena, this mountain with a dreadful earthquake burst open and ejected a stream of hot mud, which now forms a pile three miles long, one mile wide, and twenty to thirty feet thick in the centre ; it did this in *less than ten minutes*, of course destroying all life, animal and vegetable, in its way. Even fish cannot escape sometimes, as streams of lava, miles in width, have more than once reached the sea, and formed new headlands and projecting points, and *boiled the fish in the ocean !*

So now I will wish the volcano good-bye.

The "Scout" meanwhile had gone round to the opposite side of Hawaii to land the astronomical party ; then on to Kealakeakua, *i.e.* "the pathway of the gods," where Cook was killed, to land the men and materials for building the monument, and then came back to Hilo, embarked our party, and returned to Kealakeakua where, on the morning of Nov. 14, we arrived to witness the ceremony of unveiling the monument of Captain Cook.

Immediately on anchoring, Captain Cator, his guests, and many of his officers landed, and were met on the beach by the British Commissioner, who had remained behind to superintend the erection, and by Mr. Lischman, under whose direction the fabric was constructed. On proceeding to the spot, the obelisk, which had been distinctly seen from the moment of rounding the point, was now hidden by a screen of canvas suspended from the scaffolding. As soon as everything was pronounced ready, the screen was dropped, and the monument to the great English Circumnavigator stood unveiled to record to future ages his great fame and sad fate.

It is a plain obelisk standing on a square base, the whole being 27 ft. in height, and constructed throughout of a concrete composed of carefully screened pebbles and cement, similar to the material of which the fine public buildings in Honolulu are built. It stands on an artificially levelled platform of lava, only a few feet distant from and above the high-water mark, and fifteen or twenty yards from the stone or lava slab on which the great seaman stood when struck down.

The seaward base of the obelisk bears the following inscription :—

IN MEMORY OF
THE GREAT CIRCUMNAVIGATOR,
CAPTAIN JAMES COOK, R.N.,
*Who discovered these Islands on the 18th of January, 1778, and fell near
this spot on the 14th February, 1779,*

THIS MONUMENT WAS ERECTED IN NOVEMBER,
A.D. 1874,

BY SOME OF HIS FELLOW COUNTRYMEN.

This is deeply cut into the material, and except by reason of wilful violence will be legible for ages.

We got back to Honolulu after a most enjoyable trip of thirteen days.

NAPLES AND THEREABOUTS.

BY LANGLEY COLERIDGE.



“**S**EE Naples and die,” may be good advice, but ~~see~~ Naples and don’t die, is better. Because merely to see Naples is not enough; it must be seen again and again, and it must be seen under the best and brightest of circumstances to justify so extreme a measure as that indicated in the well-worn Italian proverb.

It is unfortunate that so many places have ready-made enthusiasms encircling them as with a halo, so that travellers are expected to endorse what other travellers have said, and adopt the conclusions at which other travellers have arrived. Now there are hosts of good honest tourists, who are under the impression that they have “seen Naples” when they have not. They think that because they have arrived with duly prepared emotions, and have adopted the ready-made enthusiasms afore-said; because they have spent a couple of days or so in and about the city, and have really been pleased with all they have “done,” that therefore they have seen Naples. Criticism has been disarmed by the overwhelming “gushing” that has been current for ages; and these travellers, perfectly satisfied, come home to “gush” in their turn.

Then there are those insatiable travellers who will only do “odd moments in big cities,” who go straight from the railway station to the highest point in the neighbourhood to get a good general idea, and return to their homes to say they have seen Naples, and perchance to write a book upon the subject.

Let it not be supposed that I am about to be so rash as to

“run down” Naples, or to say one word in disparagement of her matchless beauty. On the contrary : I would fain coin words which should surpass words that have ever been uttered in her praise ; but as that is impossible, I can endorse all that Rogers has sung in his enthusiastic poem “Italy.” All I contend for now is that the mere fact of going to Naples, by no means involves *seeing* Naples. In bad weather, for instance, it is simply vile ; and under a variety of circumstances Naples is not that Naples of the proverb which justifies a man in being willing henceforth to close his eyes on visions of earthly beauty for ever. It was my good fortune to be in Naples just at the conclusion of the great eruption of Vesuvius in 1872. A huge black cloud like a funeral pall hung over the city, the suburbs, and the sea ; the streets were ankle deep in ashes ; the houses were begrimed, and the pale terror-stricken people looked like dead men called to an untimely resurrection. I have seen Naples in wet weather with fog and mist over land and sea ; with the indigenous dirt of the city unutterably dirty ; with the beggars unutterably beggarly ; with the Bay a blank, and the city wearing a generally washed-out appearance, like Cremorne out of the season. And I have seen Naples on a bright May morning, indescribable in its loveliness, the azure sea calm as a sea of glass, the boats gliding leisurely along, their white sails glistening in the sun ; the plains bright with new verdure, the barren mountains grander by the contrast ; every villa, every vine-clad slope, every object on every hand transfigured by the glory of the day. Even the lazy lazzaroni lying in the strips of shade, and the red-capped fishermen on the shore, seemed like denizens of some visionary world. And in circumstances such as these I have seen the city from the Bay, and the Bay from the city, the mountains from the plains, and the plains from the mountains ; have sailed past the white-

walled towns, the rocky islands, the hoary ruins, the marvellous "blending of all beauties," and have felt

This region surely is not of the earth !
Was it not dropt from heaven ? Not a grove,
Citron, or pine, or cedar ; not a grot
Sea-worn and mantled with the gadding vine,
But breathes enchantment ! Not a cliff but flings
On the clear wave some image of delight,
Some cabin-roof glowing with crimson flowers,
Some ruined temple or fallen monument,
To muse on as the bark is gliding by.

Let the traveller see Naples thus, and he may die if he likes ; he will probably never look upon the like again.

Without going off at a tangent into any little frenzy on my own account, I shall, instead, give a few plain matter-of-fact hints to intending visitors, as to where they should go and what they should do when at Naples and Thereabouts.

Of course the Cathedral must be seen, with the Basilica of Santa Restituta and the chapel of San Gennaro (St. Januarius), and if it be at the right time, that is to say the first Sunday in May, September 19—26, or December 16, the traveller will no doubt be glad, in this age of doubt and scepticism, to stay and see the good old-fashioned miracle of the Liquefaction of the Saint's Blood. The rest of the churches, the pictures of Spagnoletto, and the Museum, all demand attention, especially the latter, as it is *the* great attraction to sight-seers. It contains the most complete collection of memorials of a long dead and buried past to be found anywhere in the world. Every phase of Pompeian life, every article in common use, from kitchen utensils and requisites of the toilet, up to the literature of the day when the cities perished, may be seen ; yea, and even casts of the hapless victims of the catastrophe, with the death-struggles depicted by their contorted limbs. No one should

visit Pompeii until he has gone carefully through this museum ; it will acquaint him with many details worth knowing, and enable him to fill up accurately in imagination many blank places in the dead city.

For novelty, interest, and amusement, the street scenes of Naples are unrivalled. Not so much however now as they were, because within the past few years changes and "improvements" have been made to a great extent, all good for the Neapolitans no doubt, but bad for the tourist, inasmuch as they have swept away many customs, abuses, and privileges which were so delightful to the stranger. But, even now, days may be spent in the streets ; the crowded Toledo and Chiaja swarm with vehicles, and are rich with shops and palaces. In the lesser streets the attractions will be found even greater ; half the population lives in them, and everybody seems living as fast as he can, to judge by the ceaseless roar of voices, talking, swearing, wrangling, jangling, and singing. People work at their trades out of doors ; cooks pluck poultry, clerks write invoices, idlers sit and smoke, the *lazzaroni* sleep, and half-naked children play out of doors all the day long. Vendors of fish, *maccaroni*, and chestnuts, never seem to fail of customers ; *Polichinello* never seems to fail of open-mouthed admirers ; gamblers never seem to fail of dupes, in the streets of Naples.

But if by Naples is meant simply the city, few would endorse the high-flown eulogies which have been lavished upon it. The glory of Naples is the marvellous number of interesting spots—beautiful as interesting—in its neighbourhood. A condensed history of all the ages—Oscan, Greek, Roman, Byzantine, Norman—lies there to be spelt out. A glance at the map, taken at random, will show a few of the memorable places on the west of the city. There is the grave of Virgil, the villa of Cæsar, of Lucullus, of Cicero. There lies a land of

legend, Misenum, Avernus, Cumæ, and the cave of the Sibyl; the Phlegræan fields. And there is a spot dear to every Christian, Pozzuoli, the ancient Puteoli, where the "Castor and Pollux" cast anchor, and St. Paul, a prisoner, landed and "tarried with the brethren seven days," before proceeding on his journey to Rome.

But it is not of the west side of the city I wish now to write, for the tourist rarely begins his explorations there. On the other side rises Vesuvius with its pillar of cloud, and every one makes towards it at once; there is a fascination about this awful slayer of cities that few can resist. We must draw near and see the strange sight; we must come unto the mount that burns with fire, and see for ourselves the great phenomenon, hear for ourselves its muttering voice, and learn for ourselves some of its lessons as we stand upon the summit and gaze down on the peaceful towns and villages nestling at its base, and on the mounds which are funeral memorials of the towns and villages of centuries ago, buried beneath its deadly lava streams.

The hire of a carriage is a very inexpensive luxury—and the train is best suited for those who are pressed for time; so drive to Pompeii, a distance of 14 miles, past busy quays, past macaroni manufactories, and the first town of importance reached is Portici, where the road passes through the courtyard of a palace not very remarkable for beauty or historical association. Resina is the next town, and is built upon the very lava stream which overwhelmed Herculaneum in A.D. 79. Portici and Resina are both at the foot of the burning mountain, and one looks with astonishment on the busy population—above 24,000 in the two towns—and wonders what their fate will be, and when, and whether they live in daily dread of the prospect. From Resina the ascent of Vesuvius is most frequently made; those who cannot go to the top should, at least go as far as the

Observatory, from which a magnificent view is obtained. Moreover, it is the place where Palmieri, the hero of Vesuvius, stood during the last great eruption (1872), watching the molten stream, with the calm deep love of a man of science bent on investigation, and the fortitude and courage of a true philosopher.

Herculaneum lies buried a hundred feet and more below Resina. It was, as everybody knows, spoilt in the finding, and there is really very little now to see, certainly not enough to justify the mere sight-seer in going any considerable distance out of his way or losing any time when every hour is of importance. Visitors who have the opportunity are of course expected to descend and see the Theatre, but they are rarely rewarded for their pains. Herculaneum is a thousand times more interesting to read about than to see, while Pompeii is a thousand times more interesting to see than to read about.

Torre del Greco, the next town passed, is to my mind one of the greatest curiosities in the world. It is built of lava, and built upon the lava stream that, in 1631, destroyed two-thirds of the town. Three times since it has been destroyed by eruptions; once it was rocked and swayed, and broken and crushed, like a toy in the hand of a giant; at another time eleven openings were formed above the town from whence a deluge of ashes poured on it, and at the same time the shore in the neighbourhood was upheaved to the extent of three feet, causing great destruction of life and property; and yet Torre del Greco is a thickly populated town with 24,000 inhabitants, flourishing, lively, and unconcerned, though the smoke of Vesuvius daily floats over it, and the tourist who passes by for the first time looks upon the people with something of the same sort of feeling he looks upon the hectic flush of a consumptive friend—he knows the sentence of death is there.

Everything in the neighbourhood of Naples pales before the interest attaching to Pompeii. It is a place once seen, never to be forgotten. It is full of suggestion ; it kindles emotions that are worth the kindling, and it haunts one in dreams that are worth the dreaming. But let not the tourist think Pompeii can take a hold upon him like this while a guide trots him about from place to place ; nor that it can be effected when he has only three hours to see everything. A whole day at least, three whole days if possible, should be devoted to it. It should be seen by morning light, mid-day glare, evening gloaming, moon-light softness. Hervey, in his "Meditations Among the Tombs," had not a tithe of the material for thought that the traveller has in this entombed city with its living semblances, its Forum and Baths, its Theatres and Schools, its Temples of worship, its haunts of vice. Happy is the moralist who has leisure for meditation here ; happy too the student who arrives fresh with readings of Roman life and times ; and happy too the lover of romance as he sits in the house of Diomedes or the house of Glaucus, and re-peoples the desolate places with the characters in Bulwer's charming novel.

Too many travellers terminate their excursions on the south-east of Naples at Pompeii, forgetting that within a day or two they can accomplish from here a journey perhaps more beautiful than any other in Italy, including Castellamare, Sorrento, and Capri. The best plan, if time is an object, is after leaving Pompeii to take the train from Torre dell' Annunziata to Castellamare ; or, if time and money are not of consideration, the drive is very pleasant, or, the journey may be done on foot in the cool of the evening. Castellamare is built on part of the site of the ancient Stabiæ which was destroyed in the eruption of 79. It was here that Pliny the elder, perished, suffocated by the fumes. A cool and delightful retreat in the hot weather,

SORRENTO, AND HOUSE OF TASSO.

a spot sheltered from the east winds in winter ; abounding with mineral waters, efficacious in cases of gout, rheumatism, and paralysis ; surrounded with suburbs of unrivalled beauty, and commanding views which artists have endeavoured to reproduce for us on canvas, but have always failed ; within an easy distance too of Pompeii—Castellamare is a halting-place which ought to tempt every traveller.

Eight miles further on, continuing round the bay, is Sorrento. It has many attractions similar to those of Castellamare, and some which are peculiarly its own. Deep ravines border it on three sides, and on the fourth a stone wall goes down to the sea. The walks in these ravines are charming, especially in the evening, when they have such a weirdness and gloominess that the simple folk hereabout light the lamps in the oratories perched on the rocks, to keep away hobgoblins and foul fiends. It was in this town that Torquato Tasso was born ; the traveller can go to the Hotel Tasso and see the room in which he laboured ; or, better still, can stand on any one of the many points of prospect and gaze upon the scenes of exquisite beauty which filled his mind with rapture and inspired his lays.

At Sorrento a boat should be taken for Capri, and two hours in good weather is long enough for the journey. At the end of the two hours the traveller finds himself in a new world ; he might fancy himself a thousand miles away from the place where he took his last meal. A wild and rugged mass of rock standing in the sea, stern and forbidding—such is the general aspect. The village itself is like a village of Syria, the roofs of the houses being flat or domed, and essentially Oriental. The inhabitants wear the most picturesque of costumes, and are the pleasantest of village folk. No wonder artists flock here every year, and always find a variety of fresh and inspiring scenes in a visit. The wild precipitous cliffs remind one of Norway ; the

village reminds one of Egypt and Syria ; the patches of luxuriant vegetation in the midst of rugged rocks remind one of the Isles of Greece ; and yet Capri is unlike all other places :—it is Capri.

The ascent from the landing places is very steep, and had better be done on a donkey (to be hired on the beach). Masses of ruins crown the hills, which rise up on every hand, steep and conical. There are hotels in the village where all the necessities and some of the luxuries of life may be obtained at a cheap rate.

Let the traveller wander among the ruins ; they are the remains of the twelve palaces, built by Tiberius, and dedicated to the twelve Deities. Let him look from these heights on the glorious views around him ; on the deep blue waters below ; on the islands in the distance across the bay ; on the mountains at his right hand ; and if he knows of a more strangely diversified, or more historically interesting view, let him declare it. The student will take an interest in Capri from its association with the execrable Tiberius. This was his favourite and constant retreat ; here he ruled the great Roman Empire ; “ here he committed, or ordered, some of the most atrocious of his cruelties ; here he wrote the ‘ Verbose and Grand Epistle ’ to the Senate at Rome, immortalized in its infamy by Juvenal ; here the arbiter of the fate of millions trembled in his old age at what might be his own destiny, and sat on ‘ the august rock of Capreæ with a Chaldean band ’ to consult the stars.”

A night should be spent at Capri ; and in the morning the traveller should visit the Blue Grotto. It is alone worth the journey to the island ; but it can only be entered when the sea is calm, and even then the adventurer must lie flat down in the boat or he will get the worst of it as the low rocky arch is entered. When he rises from his humbled position he is in the

midst of fairyland—not the cheap and gaudy affair as depicted in transformation-scenes in the pantomime, but the genuine fairyland of Eastern dreams. The walls and the roof are all radiant with precious stones of a clear rich blue, not seen to perfection until nearly half an hour has passed, but every moment becoming more radiant. He drops a pebble in the water or places his hand therein, and it is turned to silver; a boat comes to the mouth of the grotto, but instead of shutting out the light it does but cause a richer glow to pass over this strange scene of enchantment, whose light seems in itself. Seeing is believing; but the visitor as a rule does not believe his eyes, when the boatman, who for a consideration has declared his readiness to plunge in the water and swim, suddenly assumes a supernatural appearance; his body small and turned to silver, his head above the water dripping with silver and amethysts.

From Capri to Naples is 15 miles; with a fair wind it is only three hours' sail; the panorama is exquisite; and any traveller who follows out the little itinerary given in this paper, will look back upon the time spent in the environs of Naples as amongst the brightest of his red-letter days.

“The real use of travelling to distant countries, and of studying the annals of past times, is to preserve men from the contraction of mind which those can hardly fail to escape whose whole communion is with one generation and one neighbourhood. . . . In short, the real use of travelling and of studying history is to keep men from being what Tom Dawson was in fiction, and Samuel Johnson in reality.”—MACAULAY (Essay on “Boswell’s Life of Johnson”).

ON THE BANKS OF THE GANGES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "XAVIER AND I."

ALLAHABAD, *Jan.*, 1875.



IF the eye be the window of the soul, it must be admitted that the elephant looks forth on the universe from a very narrow peep-hole. This no doubt accounts for the cautious slowness with which he proceeds through life; it takes him a century or two to reach the end of it; so that Lord Northbrook might enter Agra the other day borne by the same venerable monster who had also carried Clive and Warren Hastings, and many another Governor-general, now departed; our veteran elephant showing no further sign of decrepitude than one tooth supplied him by a skilful dentist. But one might applaud his slowness upon the life-journey, and yet desire a pace a little more resembling swiftness, a little less the shuffling flat-footed tread of a gouty old gentleman, sadly down at heel as to slippers, when the question is to traverse a bare, dry, cracking plain, speckled with singed remnants of grass; the now fully awakened sun striking down his fiery splendour upon one's defenceless head.

But remonstrance is vain, vain also when at starting we hold back the cruel looking prong with which the Hati-wallah strikes into that magnificent brow, which any philosopher or philanthropist might envy: our elephant, like Thor's giant, appears to imagine a fly has tickled him, and with a slight motion of his benevolent head continues his measured pace. Sprawling lanky-legged camels straddle by us, their riders swaying from side to side; ridiculous little native vehicles tied by ropes to rough-coated ponies, with necklaces of bells and gay ribbons, notwithstanding that these steeds are somewhat

under the size of an average Newfoundland dog, rattle merrily onwards, leaving us far behind ; even the pilgrims upon foot move at a swifter pace than we do, and trooping by us become soon a many tinted cloud, white, and soft blues, and pinks and yellows mingling, as they only do in an Eastern sky and an Eastern crowd.

These pilgrims, men and women, have come from all parts of India, some on foot for many a long and weary mile ; for these two months of January and December are sacred ones, and during them every faithful Hindoo must, at least once in his life, journey to Allahabad, and bathe at the spot where the two sacred rivers—Ganga and Jumna—unite their waters. Faith is still alive here, not merely a form of words not to be questioned, but the primary and most vital fact of life, so that here we have under our very eyes that state of things which so many philosophers and poets regret has for ever become impossible for sceptical Europe : a belief in the unseen world, and in the life beyond the grave so certain and assured that, in very fact, this life is counted as nothing in comparison, and men are not only found willing to mortify their bodies with frightful pains that their spirits may hereafter taste celestial joys, but all the precautions taken by the English authorities cannot prevent a certain number of suicides every year of enthusiasts, who, eager to assure themselves of Paradise, choose to quit life at this moment, when by the cleansing baptism they are purified from all sin. But already the doubt has suggested itself, whether in actual sunlight this Age of Faith is so beautiful and exalted, as it appears when looked at through the softening mists of distance. For now we have come upon the Fakirs—the holy beggars, who, like mediæval ascetics, espouse poverty and self-mortification as their rule of life. And no sham penances have we here—no boiling of the peas—no

sparing of the lash. This first miserable creature, with his bones breaking through his skin, and his skeleton arms held above his head, the joints, as one can see, being able to bend no longer, and the long crooked nails of the bony hands like birds' talons, has kept this attitude for ten or perhaps twenty years. Here is another with his head twisted under one arm, and the chest grown into a frightful curve; next to him a hideous wretch, with matted rusty hair hanging over a face like a grinning skull, has his head down between his knees, and can only push himself about in a little cart.

All these distortions are self-inflicted; but the worst sight is yet to come. A circle of priests with cymbals and tomtoms surround what looks like a dead man's head, the face painted saffron colour; the jaw has fallen, and the closed eyelids are a leaden tint; but presently we see them move slightly. The man is not dead as yet, but he is buried in the sand up to his neck; for one night and one day he has remained thus, unprotected from the sun as now, and tasting neither food nor drink. We may admire St. Simon Stylites—in poetry, but the healthy instincts of nature would allow no right minded man or woman in view of this spectacle to regard it as other than repulsive and inhuman. Of the utter perversion of this sentiment we can have no better proof than that it leads to a worship of physical deformity. We soon come upon groups of priests, with wild chants and the music of tomtoms, surrounding sacred bulls, the marks of sanctity being some natural defect, such as a withered limb or a horn too many.

And now we enter the fair itself, straw booths forming a sort of street, and by way of wares, idols and rosaries, and false jewellery, and bright drinking vessels—in fact, any amount of pretty glittering trash such as the native delights in. Under one of these booths we come upon a missionary, trousers, coat

and hymn-book too ; a stout man to boot, and with a flushed face, and much energy of gesture. He has not a very large audience ; one old woman, an all but naked coolie, and a placid old fellow, whose white hair fringes his dark face, and who squats on the ground, composedly smoking a hubble-bubble.

On the banks of the river the sight is really a pretty one. Here we have again the fluttering many-hued clouds of the picturesque garments. We have too the dark skinned bathers standing up to their knees in the river, pouring over their heads, from bright copper vessels, the water which gleams and glistens in the sunlight ; and then, overhanging the beautiful blue Jumna, we have Akbar's Fort, and the ruins of this old town long since destroyed.

Returning homewards through the double line of booths we encounter the most purely pathetic sight we have as yet seen—a dying man upon an open stretcher ; the pallor of death whitening his dark skin, and turning his lips ashen. He is being borne down to the river's brink, that he may taste the sacred waters, and be purified from sin ere he dies. In the olden days his salvation would have been made all the more secure, and he would have quitted life in the holy arms of Ganga herself ; but here we English, with the, perhaps, inconsistent common sense which distinguishes us, have interfered, and our poor fellow-mortal's earthly career will terminate beside, not as of yore in, the hallowed river.

THROUGH ALGERIA TO TUNIS.

BY EDWARD HENRY VIZETELLY.

I.

“Know'st thou the land where the lemon trees bloom,
Where the gold orange glows in the deep thicket's gloom,
Where a wind ever soft from the blue heaven blows,
And the groves are of laurel, and myrtle, and rose?”—GOETHE.



ORAN has too little of the Oriental, and a great deal too much of the Maltese and Spanish element about it to please a tourist in search of Eastern life. It can boast of very few of those quaint old native streets that are so common in Algiers and Constantine, and the surrounding country is not nearly as interesting as the environs of those places. Its history, however, is curious; and on that account many people will take an interest in the relics of other days that abound there. This class of tourist will find ample amusement in examining the citadels, forts, and fortifications erected at different periods by the Spaniards and Turks, as well as in deciphering the old inscriptions that are to be met with in various parts of the town, and in visiting the mosques that have been alternately used for Mahommedan and Christian worship, accordingly as the place happened to be in the hands of Mussulman or European rulers. The same kind of people will, no doubt, be tempted to toil along the dusty road to Mers-el-Kebir, to see its celebrated Kasbah. Those amongst them who take an interest in feats of engineering, will be able to feast their eyes on the road itself, which in one part is hewn out of the massive rock for a distance of three or four miles, while in another it runs through a tunnel a hundred and sixty feet in length. There are some hot vapour baths near this old pirate

seaport, which are said to be very efficacious in cases of rheumatism; and on the road to Mascara will be found a curious little town called "The Negroes' Village," or *Djalis*, which is peopled by three or four thousand negroes.

In Oran, of an evening, you may go to the theatre or the Café Chantant, or lounge away your time in an ordinary café; or, what is greatly preferable to any of these amusements, you may pay a visit to the Promenade de l'Etang. Seated in a fragile arm-chair, outside the Café Restaurant, with a cigarette of fine Moorish tobacco between the lips, and an iced mazagran on a little round table at your elbow, you can pass a very enjoyable evening. Backwards and forwards among the trees, promenade the motley crowd; meeting, bowing, chatting, laughing, gesticulating, and haranguing each other, while the notes of the most fashionable dance-music burst forth from a Zouave band, amid the laughter of half a hundred merry children, and the rustle of the leaves.

I must say, however, that I am not fond of Oran. Indeed, I should never have gone there at all had it not been that I wanted to see Tlemcen, Mostaganem, and Mascara, places that still retain a good deal of local colouring about them, and are well worth a visit. So I was not at all sorry when one morning a pair of very lean knee-bent Arab horses dashed through the gardens of Oran, just outside the Porte Napoléon, or Nationale, and the suburb of Kerguentah, bearing me to the railway station where I booked myself to Blidah on my way to the extreme east of the colony.

Now railway travelling in Algeria is certainly not the most agreeable pastime a man might indulge in. First of all, the trains always start late; and, as a natural consequence, they invariably arrive at their destination long after the advertised time. I once lived for some months at Blidah, and I perfectly

remember that the mail train from Oran never by any chance reached that town without being two hours late. Friends bound for Algiers would never think of even going down to the railway station until it had been due for over an hour. The speed, too, is very slow, and as the line is a single one, with shuntings at the different stations, you are sometimes kept waiting for a long time on a shunting to allow another train to pass. Accidents, however, with loss of life, or even injury to the human frame, are extremely rare; although, owing to the negligence of a pointsman, the train sometimes runs off the line and sticks in the sand, causing considerable delay and annoyance to the people in it. One more observation about Algerian railways, and I shall then have done with them. Never travel in a first-class carriage; firstly, because there is but little difference between the two classes in so far as ordinary comfort is concerned; and secondly, because there are certain annoyances connected with the "quality carriage" which rarely occur in that which is generally patronised in Europe by the *bourgeoisie*. It is customary to join so few third-class carriages to the train that when it has proceeded about twenty miles on its journey they are usually full, and the consequence is that if at one of the stations ten or fifteen Arabs, in filthy dirty burnouses and greasy *chachias*, happen to be waiting to take the train, as is frequently the case, they are bundled pell-mell into the first-class vehicles, in spite of the remonstrances of the few unfortunate individuals who happen to have purchased the highest priced tickets with a view to being in select society. Second-class passengers generally escape this annoyance, as their carriages are always tolerably full.

I will not dwell upon the two hundred and thirty miles and more of railroad that have to be got over before reaching Blidah. A journey of that length in a railway carriage is always fatiguing,

and this was no exception to the rule. Of course we passed through a good deal of flat, sandy, and at times barren country, half covered with tufts of dwarf palms and Esparto grass, besides a good deal that was exceedingly picturesque. Of course, from the window we caught glimpses of eagles hovering high above us in the air, and half-naked Arab urchins tending flocks of goats and sheep; while every now and then we came upon a few gourbis and tents, or a group of poverty-stricken Arabs, clothed in dirty burnouses, lying fast asleep on their faces beneath a cluster of fig or olive trees. We crossed the plain of the Chelif, in parts fertile enough, but in others desolately barren; with the broad river from which it takes its name coursing through it, and the little town of Orléansville standing alone in its centre, surrounded by bastioned walls. Occasionally we came upon an Arab village, or a few heaps of rock and stone, half overgrown with long grass, which a fellow-traveller informed us were Roman ruins, and then, drifting on to fresh sights and scenes, we eventually reached El-Affroun, where diligences for Marengo, Zurich, and Cherchell—the ancient Jol, and afterwards Cæsarea—were in attendance, and at last steamed into Blidah—the Rose of the plain.

An omnibus was waiting at the station to take us to the town, which lies some distance off at the foot of the lesser Atlas Mountains, and, in the course of half-an-hour or so, we reached the Hotel d'Orient—just in time for dinner. This hotel is a very good one; the charges are reasonable, and the rooms are clean and comfortably furnished. Everyone knows that Blidah is half surrounded by a belt of orange and lemon groves, occupying some hundreds of acres of land, which produce several millions of excellent fruit every year, besides some hundreds of bushels of blossoms that are exported annually to the South of France. Everyone knows, too, that the town was

almost completely destroyed by earthquake some years back, so that there is no need for me to do more than record the fact.

Blidah and the surrounding country are exceedingly interesting. In the town itself there is the Rue Koulougliis, with its curious little Arab stores, and the motley multitude of pur-

chasers that swarm in front of them in early morning; and the Arab market, which is held three times a-week, in one of the spacious squares. In the Rue Koulougliis you may purchase as much tobacco as you can hold in both your hands for twopence, and, for a shilling, you may become the owner of a long-pointed Arab knife, sliding into a roughly constructed sheath bound round with small

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tin bands; for something under a franc you can get an embroidered leather pouch or a mighty briar-root pipe-head, inlaid with twisted brass wire and beads; while for a couple of sous you can purchase a palm-leaf fly-flapper or a measure of *couscousou*. Many a curious sight may be seen in

the market place. There, during the spring and summer months, you find in profusion all the vegetables and fruits in season, and an abundance of eggs and poultry, but in the autumn, when the cold northern winds whistle through the mountains and the Arabs wrap themselves in dark-coloured burnouses, you see little else than firewood, baskets of golden oranges, a few scraggy hens, and some negro bread. It is an interesting study, however, at all times. The beggars covered with sores and dirt, and clothed in filthy rags, who stand at the corners of the square clutching long staffs in their thin bony hands and imploring, amidst a string of mumbled prayers, charity of

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the passers-by; the ruddy glare of the blacksmiths' shops, bordering the open space, where half-naked, big-boned Kabyles are beating red-hot plough-shares with mighty hammers; the Jewish and Arab cobblers, hard at work on their little stools or old packing-cases, surrounded by a quantity of leather and half-tanned hides; the old clo' man, stalking

through the crowd loaded with all manner of second-hand native garments, and declaiming on their merits in loud and persuasive language; the vendor of Barbary figs, the negresses with their piles of negro bread, the Moorish hags making their purchases, the groups of indolent Arabs assembled in different parts of the square and squatted in the dust outside the native café, form together a picture that cannot fail to interest a man who wishes to learn something of Arab life.

Blidah and its environs possess many attractions besides those to which I have already referred. At the Gate of Algiers is a kind of Tea-Garden, kept by a Jew, which is much in request for native fêtes, such as those that attend a marriage or the circumcision of a child. The Slave market used to be held on the spot now occupied by the Tea-Garden, and to this day people point out to you the tree beneath which the Medical Commission sat on market days. A little further on along the road is the property of M. Gonin, an orange plantation that formerly belonged to the Bach-Agha of the Mitidja. Here, shortly before the fall of Algiers, the last functionary invested with that title was strangled by orders of the Dey, a Jew butcher being requisitioned as executioner. In front of the house formerly the Agha's residence, stands a tall cedar tree, called the "Tree of Justice," from the branches of which notorious criminals used to be strung up and left hanging there in order to satisfy the people that they were really dead.

On the opposite side of the town is the "Holy Wood," and the tomb of a marabout, and on the Grande Place, located in what was once the Mosque of Sidi-Ahmed-el-Kebir, are the Government Schools. These Schools are well worth a visit to those who take an interest in architecture, for the building is said to have been originally erected by Andalusian Moors, and although it has been knocked about a good deal by Europeans

since the invasion, it still contains some very curious specimens of old Moorish work.

A long excursion may be made from Blidah to Koléah, and along the Sahel hills to what is vulgarly termed "The Christian's Tomb," where it is said the ashes of Juba II. and those of his Queen are deposited. Near here is Lake Halloula, which was partially drained by convicts some years ago. There is capital wild fowl and partridge shooting in its vicinity. Following the coast in a westerly direction we come to Tipaza, formerly a colony of Roman veterans, but now only a little hamlet standing amidst a mass of Roman ruins; further on still we reach Cherchell, the ancient Julia Cæsarea, where there are more Roman remains. Taking now the high road to Blidah, we ride through the little colonist village of Zurich, which was seriously besieged by Kabyles during the last insurrection, and across a broad uncultivated plain to Marengo passing from time to time an Arab *gourbi*, or a large tumble-down tent guarded by a band of ferocious dogs, which, however, are easily kept in subjection by a naked Arab urchin of four. A diligence runs between Cherchell and Blidah, but in travelling along the coast it will be necessary to hire mules. These can be engaged with a guide for about four shillings a mule per day.

Another excursion may be made to the ice pits of Blidah, on the summit of the lesser Atlas. Near here stand two solitary cedar trees called "The Two Brothers," from beneath which one gets a magnificent view of the plain of Mitidja and the wilderness towards the south. The Saint's Village, too, in the ravine of Sidi-Ahmed-el-Kebir, and the Koubba and burial-ground of Sidi-Ali-Gayour on the road to it, are well worth a visit. Had I more space I could relate a curious legend concerning that hoary-headed Mussulman Saint, who wandered

into this ravine nearly four hundred years ago, and devoted the remainder of his days to preaching the Koran to the neighbouring tribes, who at that time were anything but devout observers of the precepts of the Prophet. According to the legend it was there that at his command the earth swallowed up an avaricious unbeliever; it was there that he struck the rock with his staff, and lo, the sparkling stream that waters Blidah at the present day dashed out of it and went rippling along the bed of the ravine; it was there that he fed a whole tribe with a single dish of *couscoussou*, and there, too, Kheïr-ed-Din, the pirate and second Barbarossa, came to seek him previous to his departure for Constantinople to assume command of the Sultan's fleet.

Everyone who visits Blidah is bound to see the "Monkey's Brook," which is situated on the road to Medeah, in what is called the Gorge of the Chiffa, at a distance of nearly nine miles from the town. A carriage and pair there and back costs twenty francs, and it is well worth it, for the scenery in the Pass is magnificent. I shall never forget the exquisite *déjeuner* I had at the little restaurant beside the brook, with Girardin's grotesque monkey figures, drawn in black chalk on the walls, making most hideous grimaces at me. The landlord, a fat old boy in shirt-sleeves, was seated on the opposite side of the table with a large napkin tucked into the collar of his shirt. Every now and then he would lay down his fork, and exclaim:—
"*Allons comment trouvez vous ça? L'aimez-vous? Est ce bon? Allons! Allons! tant mieux; tant mieux!*"

Then after a pause, during which we both went hard to work with our knives and forks, he would look up from his plate and continue—" *Mais vous ne mangez pas mon cher! Tiens, laissez moi vous donner cette aile?*"

Pardon for all this French.

INTERIOR OF HOUSE IN ALGERIA.

After breakfast I ascended the "Monkey's Brook," to see if I could meet with any of the animals from which the stream takes its name. After proceeding a short distance I had to climb the rocks that form the bed of the torrent, for the under-wood on either side of it had become so thick that it would have been madness to have attempted to push through it. I had not got far before a fine specimen of the monkey tribe, which was prowling among the bushes, took it into his head to pelt me with stones. He stood on all fours, with his back towards me, and amused himself by sending down bushels of stones and dirt on my head with his fore-paws. I nevertheless persevered in my journey; but a little way further up stream, coming upon a regular herd of monkeys, who systematically pelted me with the objects nearest at hand, consisting principally of hard substances, I considered it prudent to retreat.

Along the road to Medeah is the "Rotten Rock," so called because huge lumps of it often give way, and fall on to the road that passes at its base. Near here cascades and springs burst from the rocks at almost every step. I traced one, I remember, on the opposite side of the gorge, dashing down amidst the green stunted trees from a height of something like 1300 feet. It was sunset, the time at which the monkeys come to drink at the river, and sporting among the rocks and bushes on either side of it were hundreds and hundreds of these tailless gentlemen, who as soon as they perceived me, made off, amid screeches, and grimaces, and chattering—springing from branch to branch, and leaping from rock to rock with marvellous agility, the females carrying their young on their backs. Riding back to Blidah I met numbers of them on the road, but as soon as they caught sight of me they made a rush for the bushes, and sat there grinning and screeching until I had left them far in the rear.

I have no space to dawdle over the journey from Algiers to

Constantine. Of course the most interesting route is by land, but the quickest and most practicable is by sea to Philippeville. Algiers itself was so admirably sketched by Mr. Dibdin in the last number of this magazine, that there will be no need for me to say anything more about it.

Steaming out of the bay of Algiers, we pass Cape Matifou, and the battle-field where three Spanish armies were cut to pieces by Mussulman scimitars; then we make the little sea-side town of Dellys—it cannot be called a port—where two or three small sailing craft are taking in oil at the end of the wooden jetty. Dellys, from the sea, looks very picturesque, standing, as it does, on the slope of the hill, with its little white wall running up to the fort on the high

ground. Beyond in the distance tower up the snow-capped peaks of Djurjura, a mountain chain that forms an almost impenetrable boundary to Great-kabylia on the southern side; and to the west of the town, the broad shallow Lebaon bursts through the hills, and discharges itself into the sea, after coursing through a hundred miles of some of the finest country in Algeria. Further along the coast we pass near Cape Corbelin—the boundary of the province of Algiers, and rounding Cape

Carbon, a rocky promontory standing more than two thousand feet above the level of the sea, and surmounted by the koubba of a marabout, enter the Gulf of Bougie, after a voyage of ten hours from Dellys. At Bougie, the Salda of the Romans, the steamer stays for several hours to discharge and take in cargo. Djidjelli, the ancient Roman colony of Igilgilis, some forty miles and more along the coast, is famous in history as a pirate stronghold. More than once the Barbarrossas, and Ben - Arach the Moor, made it their headquarters, and darting out in their long galleys from the shelter of its rocks, scoured the Mediterranean of European shipping. Here, as at Bougie, and other places along the coast, are numerous Roman remains. Rounding Cape Bougiazone, the most northerly point of Algeria, which rises to a height of 3600 feet above the level of the sea, and, passing by some masses of rock and low cliffs, we reach Collo, the Roman Minervia Chullu, standing at the foot of the Seba Rous mountain behind the peninsula El-Djerda, and three hours afterwards enter the port of Stora. From here we can either go on by boat, or, disembarking, drive along a road hewn out of the rock through some of the most lovely scenery imaginable to Philippeville, which is connected with Constantine by a railroad.

(To be continued.)

THE TOURIST IN CEYLON.

BY J. CAPPER, AUTHOR OF "THREE PRESIDENTS OF INDIA,"
"PICTURES FROM THE EAST," ETC.

CHAPTER II.



NEUARA ELIYA, the sanatorium of Ceylon, is situated in a plain some miles in extent, surrounded by lofty hills, covered by the dark-leaved stunted vegetation peculiar to this altitude, wearing as it does an almost Alpine appearance. Prominent amongst the dark green foliage of the plains are the scarlet flowers of the rhododendrons to be seen in great abundance; whilst still more beautiful is the foliage of the lofty and elegant tree-ferns peculiar to this locality. The altitude of the road by which the plains are reached from Dimboola is nearly 7,000 feet; but that of the settlement itself is said to be not more than 6,200 feet. The temperature during the winter or north-east monsoon, viz., from December to April, ranges between 32° and 70° ; frost, and occasionally thin ice, making their appearance during the nights of December and January. In March and April, the days are sometimes unpleasantly warm, but the nights are then extremely mild and enjoyable; and to the invalid or the pleasure-seeker from the low country, invigorating without being felt too great a change, as is sometimes the case earlier in the year. But for the frequency of showers and the general dampness of the atmosphere, the most delightful period of the year, as regards equable temperature, would be the south-west monsoon, extending from May to October.

The establishment of this place as a sanatorium took place in the year 1827 ; the first visit to it by Europeans having been made in the previous season by a few English officers who had been attracted to it in the pursuit of game. Struck with admiration by the beauty of the spot and the mildness of the climate, they reported their discovery to the Governor, who forthwith resolved upon constructing a road to it, with a view of making it a station for military invalids. In 1830, the road was finished, and a number of buildings were erected, including officers' quarters, barracks, hospital, commissariat store, a few native huts, and eventually a commodious dwelling for the Governor, Sir Edward Barnes. Civilians soon followed the example of the military ; small lots of land were purchased by civil servants and merchants ; and in the course of a few years, the plains were dotted about with cottages, the curling smoke from which reminds the spectator of an English village scene. A church, and a rest-house for travellers, were next erected ; and about the year 1841 farming and stock-keeping on a large scale, as well as brewing, were commenced by Mr.—now Sir Samuel—Baker, at that time known in Ceylon only as a keen sportsman and a rather visionary agricultural experimentalist. The ruins of what was once Baker's farm are still to be seen ; and the spot, at the most remote end of the plain, is now the frequent resort of pic-nic parties.

A few days may be spent here with advantage, resting after the fatigue of a journey from the low country, and in the enjoyment of a restored appetite and pleasant walks round the plain or up the hill-sides. Gem-hunting in the beds of some of the streams is a favourite amusement for visitors, who occasionally find a moonstone, or a ruby, or topaz, to requite them for their search. In the bazaars, and in a well-stocked European store, may be found almost every article needed by English

residents; whilst the tables of the boarding-house and rest house are well supplied with excellent meat and vegetables.

From One-Tree Hill, on the south side of the plain, a splendid view of the low country may be obtained, as well as glimpses of many of the distant hill-ranges stretching away on the one side to what was once the principality of Oovah, and in another direction to the former kingdom of Kandy. Here it is said a refugee monarch once sought shelter from the relentless attacks of the Portuguese invaders, who feared to follow him in his flight into these wild and cheerless solitudes; and, amidst these jungles and the neighbouring hills of Oovah, he lay concealed for some years.

The most frequented spot in this vicinity is Pedrotallagalla, a lofty eminence rising immediately from the plain in the rear of the government buildings, for more than 2,000 feet, and whose summit is 8,280 feet above sea-level. This is the loftiest peak in the island, and from its crown, whereon stands a solitary tree, may be obtained a magnificent view of hill and plain, forest and prairie-land, stretching far away until lost in the distant haze, where a dim silvery streak of light indicates the union of land with the ocean. A good bridle path has been cleared from the base to nearly the summit, so that, by the aid of a stout pony, a traveller may be carried safely and easily to the highest spot within the island. From the end of the year to the first weeks in May this pleasant sanatorium is much frequented by Europeans from Colombo, who find it more calculated to keep them in health than to restore them after the attacks of disease. During this period every cottage will be tenanted, the Governor being amongst the visitors; there is generally a great deal of sport and pastime going on; races are held, balls and pic-nics are frequent, and, now that a lake has

been formed at one end of the plain, aquatic sports will be a feature in the amusements of the day.

From Neuara Eliya the road to Oovah lies past the ruins of Baker's farm, at the south end of the great plain, a pretty, secluded nook, past which the road winds amongst hills and ravines, gradually falling for a few miles, until it becomes exceedingly steep, with a gradient in some places of one in ten or twelve. A rushing torrent, clear as crystal, falls over many a boulder and deep cliff by the road side, until, leaping away in the distance, it becomes lost to sight, feeding a water-course that is led round distant hills to irrigate the rice lands of the villages below.

Two miles and a half below the exit from the plains are the Hakgalla Cinchona gardens, situated a short distance to the right of the road, where the Government maintain an establishment, in charge of an European, for the rearing of cinchona plants for distribution to planters and others desirous of undertaking the cultivation of these valuable medicinal trees. The gardens are prettily laid out, and have been most useful in rearing some hundreds of thousands of plants during the few years of its existence. A mile and a half beyond, a minor road to the right leads to a few coffee estates, situated on the face of the Wilson's plain ridge, and five miles beyond is the rest-house, known as "Wilson's Bungalow," * where it is usual for travellers to make a halt, before proceeding onwards to Badulla or Happotella. The view from this spot is peculiarly striking, differing entirely from the scenery hitherto met with; far as the eye can reach, until the landscape is bounded by lofty ridges of bold patena and jungle in the distance, nothing is visible but interminable plains

* So called from a Major-General of that name, Commander of the Forces, who selected the site.

of grass land, interspersed here and there by valleys, in which lie, half hidden, the villages of the Oovah cultivators, and their small patches of rice lands and coffee gardens. Far away to the left, across a long stretch of low undulating patenas, are the hills of Ooda Puselson, a fine coffee district, containing twenty estates, aggregating about four thousand five hundred acres of cultivated land, most of which is exceedingly fertile, yielding annually abundant crops without the aid of manures. To the right of these hills, at some considerable distance, is the lofty peak of Namena Koolie Kande, beyond which rise the Hewa Eliya, Badulla, and Madoolosema ranges, and, to the extreme right of all, the Happotella range, extending for many miles beyond the top of the Happotella Pass, dipping down towards the low Bintenne country, until it is lost to sight in precipitous declivities, forming what are known as the Kandepolla Hills.

From Wilson's Bungalow, the road descends to Badulla, a distance of twenty-five miles, through a country in every respect similar to that just described, and devoid of any special features of attraction. Half way, at Attampitiya, there is another rest-house pleasantly enough situated on the brow of a lofty hill; but there is no inducement for the traveller to linger on the road; and giving his steed the rein, he is only too glad to make his way as rapidly as may be towards his destination, the town of Badulla; which, however, owing to the steepness of the road, cannot be accomplished with rapidity.

The town of Badulla contains 584 houses, and a population of 3390. It is the seat of a Government Agent; there is also a district judge and police magistrate, a post-office, bank, hospital, church, telegraph station, and rest-house, besides European stores and a rather extensive native bazaar. A few miles from the town, the first of the Badulla coffee estates may be seen, gradually rising until they attain an altitude of 5,000 feet, where

the trees thrive as freely and bear as heavily as lower on the range, though on the Kandy side of the island. Coffee will not bear freely higher than 3,800 feet. Apart from this circumstance and the extreme richness of the soil, there is nothing to call for special notice in this district, which contains fifty-two estates, with an aggregate of cultivated coffee amounting to 11,000 acres. The chief feature here is the magnificent view to be had from the gorge at the summit of the Ella Pass, where the road descending from Oovah to Hambantotte, suddenly opens out through a gap in the ridge, displaying a most gorgeous panorama of the low country as far as the line of sea coast.

Retracing the way for a few miles out of Badulla, the road turns to the left by the little station of Dikwella, and leads up a rather steep road for above eighteen miles, where the rest-house of Banderawella is reached; and thence by an excellent cart road, to Happutelle, is a distance of six miles, running through and past some of the finest coffee in the island, planted thirty-eight years ago, and at the present time yielding crops as large as in their early days, without the least aid from manure. From the summit of the Happatelle Pass the view over the low country towards the east coast of Ceylon, is, in fine weather, indescribably fine and extensive. The climate in this district is beyond all comparison the finest in the island, far superior to that of Neuara Eliya in softness and equability; but the locality is little known, and rather remote for visitors from Colombo, so that it is rarely visited but by those having an interest in the plantations. There are fifty-four coffee estates in this district, aggregating above 14,000 acres of cultivated land of the finest quality. It was on the summit of this pass, now covered by coffee, but then in jungle, that, thirty years ago, Major Rogers, the Government Agent of Badulla, met with his death from a flash of lightning. The Major, a crack elephant shot, who had

bagged upwards of a thousand in his time, and had had many narrow escapes from death by wild animals, had taken shelter in a wayside hut during a violent thunder-storm ; when, on his venturing out to ascertain if the weather was clearing up, a sudden thunder peal burst over the spot, and the Major fell to the ground a corpse.

From this point, the cart-road leads for six miles down the Pass, mostly at a steep incline, through coffee land the entire distance, and offering many splendid glimpses of scenery in the Bintenne country beneath ; but in order to obtain the grandest view in this part of the island, the tourist must strike off at a bridle path in the bazaars, and make for the Idulgashiena Pass, a gap at the summit of the mountain ridge which extends from the Happotella Pass as far as the Horton Plains. There, at an elevation of fully 6,000 feet, may be seen, without doubt, the grandest panorama to be met with in the island. The vast sea of forest stretching far away at foot, is interspersed by low hill-ranges and a few rivers ; but otherwise it shows no break until the white line glittering in the sun, tells of the sea-coast and the salt-pans at Hambantotte. The martello tower at this station is plainly visible ; and, on a clear day, ships and steamers may be distinctly seen passing the island to the eastward. The Pass of Idulgashiena consists of a gap in the range of that name, dividing the Oovah country from the low lands of Bintenne and Saffragam. From this gap there used to be in the olden time a precipitous and rocky pathway, then the only means of access to the upper country, under the sway of the kings of Kandy ; and here a toll used to be levied from all comers who took their way up that steep ladder of stone for purposes of trade and barter.

The descent by that pass is fully two thousand feet to the high road below, whilst descending from that to the Bintenne

flats another thousand feet must be passed. The toilsome ladder path has now disappeared, and the descent is made by a longer, and pleasanter, but circuitous bridle road through thriving coffee land, and, once on the broad roadway below, a carriage may bear the traveller, without let or hindrance, to Colombo. The coffee estates on the way down this pass are now about seven years old; they were planted in land, the trees on which, when felled, could not have been less than two hundred years old; whilst the holes for planting the coffee were being dug, the coolies employed turned up large quantities of brass utensils, and figures of Buddha, iron weapons, and remains of earthen chatties, highly ornamented, indicating the spot as once thickly peopled by a race well advanced in civilization. There are also spots in this district where numbers of weapons, both native and European, have been dug up during excavations, indicating the scenes of encounters in former times, doubtless during the Portuguese rule in Ceylon, when those restless aggressors were in a state of constant warfare with the Kandyans in many parts of the island.

The ride from the foot of the Idulgashiena Pass downwards is by an excellent road, with good rest-houses at convenient distances. The country is picturesque in the extreme, especially after passing into the Saffragam district at Ballangode, where the roadway lies through prettily wooded dells and along picturesque hill-sides, crossing many a brawling stream, swelling into foaming torrents during the monsoon rains.

Ratuapooru, the centre of the local government of the Saffragam district, is a neat little town of 3,571 inhabitants, engaged in trade, river traffic, and gemming. The locality is famed for its sapphires and amethysts, and the numerous gem pits in the neighbourhood show with what industry the calling of gem finder is pursued. It is not often, however, that a

sapphire of extraordinary beauty is found; when such is the case, it is occasionally valued at some hundreds of pounds, according to the richness of colour and purity of the stone. There is a brisk trade carried on here in coffee, cardamams, rice, plumbago, and timber, with the Colombo market, aided by the river, by which the downward passage is very rapid during some months of the year; the traveller and his horse can be conveyed by this means, or he may proceed to Colombo by the mail-coach which plies thrice weekly each way.

At Ratuapoorra the Bhuddist festival of the Perrahara is held yearly in the month of August, on which occasion large numbers of the people flock in from all parts of the district. This holiday differs from the festival at Kandz, inasmuch as it partakes more of the trading and less of the religious character. It is, in fact, a fair on a large scale, at which frequenters are enabled to purchase almost every description of European and native commodity, though of inferior quality and dear in price. Liquors form an essential part of the great Ratuapoorra fair, and it is remarkable to what an extent a taste for champagne, spirits, and beer has spread amongst the upper and lower classes of the people. Precious stones of doubtful value may be purchased there in abundance.

A passage to Colombo by one of the large trading boats plying on this river, the Kalu-gango, is a most pleasant excursion, and an agreeable change after a long ride of many days. It usually occupies two days and a night; there is always a pleasant refreshing breeze on the water, and the picturesque scenery along the river banks is varied by the excitement of passing the rapids, a performance, at times, fraught with some little risk, by reason of the awkward position of some sharp boulders in the water way.

OUR TRAVELLERS' CLUB.

Answers to Questions in March Number.

1. NORWAY.—I can inform L. D. that it is difficult for a party of six to travel together in Norway, on account of the limited accommodation at the stations, and the difficulty in procuring so many carriages. I travelled in the Tellemark last summer with a party of that number, including two ladies. At several of the country stations, we had to sleep on the floor along with many others, the ladies managing to obtain a room with considerable difficulty. At such places the morning toilet has generally to be performed by the side of a lake or river. I may mention that even in Christiania, after our party was reduced to four, we went to four hotels before we got a room for the ladies, sleeping ourselves in the dining-room. The best route to the Romsdal, and perhaps the grandest in Norway, is over the Fille Fjeld to Lærdalsören, down the Sogne Fjord to Vadheim, then by way of the Jölster vand and the Bredheim vand to Faleidet, a capital station on the Nord Fjord, in the midst of grand scenery. From there it is a day's journey to Hellesylt, at the head of the Stor Fjord, where steamers call three or four times a week for Aalesund and Molde. A month would be amply sufficient. When at Hellesylt, the Geiranger branch of the Stor Fjord must not be neglected ; there is nothing like it in Norway. The waterfalls are magnificent. An interesting excursion can be made from Lærdalsören, up the Aardal Fjord, to the Thörk Fos, one of the least known of all the Norwegian falls. J. T.

2. LUXEMBOURG RAILWAY.—Mr. Crofton was by no means an exceptional victim. The matter was well ventilated in English and Continental journals, and alterations and improvements have since been made. Moreover, the ambiguous wording of the French and German notices has been also altered, and the wayfaring man cannot now mistake the plain notice, "Neither return nor second-class tickets are issued for this Through Express Service."

ED. BARCLAY.

3. BLACK FOREST.—4. BOATING ABROAD.—No replies received.

Questions.

5. ALGIERS.—Would it be possible, in the course of a month's holiday, to obtain any good shooting in the neighbourhood of Algiers? If a traveller decided on spending his time in the country in preference to the towns, would he find any decent accommodation?
W. A. R.

6. ZURICH.—Is the projected railway to the Uetliberg completed yet? and if not, when is it likely it will be? Can any of your readers refer me to any good published account of the progress of the work?
G. B.

7. LUCERNE.—I was much interested in a visit to the Glacier Garden, but failed to obtain any detailed information about it when at Lucerne. I should be very much obliged if any traveller would tell me of a good paper on the subject.
EDWARD ROE.

8. NEW ZEALAND.—Sir, I am a civil servant, with a poor income and poorer prospects, and propose to emigrate and try my luck elsewhere. I am good at roughing it, understand horses, can plane a board, and I dare say build a hut to live in. Do you think there is scope for a fellow in any of the Southern provinces of New Zealand, and if so, which would you recommend? I should have no capital worth naming when I landed, perhaps £5. Is there any chance of a fellow starving if he is willing to work?
C. R.

9. PALESTINE.—I am told that a party of Germans have settled on the plain of Sharon, and are making the wilderness blossom as the rose through their industry, and also that an English gentleman has a flourishing estate near the Pools of Solomon. Is this correct? Will any of your readers inform me if there is much difficulty in obtaining the purchase of land in Palestine, and if he would consider it safe for a Christian to settle in any one of the beaten tracks at no great distance from Jerusalem?
J. FEARNLEY.

NOTICES OF BOOKS OF TRAVEL.

Here and There among the Alps. By the Hon. Frederica Plunket.
London : Longmans, Green, and Co.

Although this very pleasant volume purports to contain principally advice to ladies on mountaineering, it is a good readable book for all who are interested in Swiss travelling. Miss Plunket has not scaled the highest peaks, nor has she explored regions with which Alpine climbers are wholly unfamiliar, but she has written some capital chapters on places not generally known, and has shown how the ordinary routine of a Swiss summer tour may be varied by some delightful excursions beyond the snow-marked boundaries. Her descriptions of scenery are not overdone with sentiment, but are clear, bright, and sensible. She does not fall into the error of praising this place or that because everybody else praises it, but she draws a faithful, unprejudiced picture. She tells of her experience as a pedestrian in a very entertaining manner, and every page speaks of good health, good spirits, and a genuine love for Alpine scenery.

The last two chapters of the book are specially good ; one is entitled, "Hints to Lady Pedestrians," which will be eagerly read by many who have longed to do as Miss Plunket has done, but did not know how ; and the other treats of the general advantages of climbing, and other practical matters. We heartily recommend the volume.

Wonders of the Yellowstone Region. Edited by James Richardson
London : Blackie and Son.

In reading this book one is apt to think of Gulliver's Travels, Jules Verne's marvellous stories, and other similar works. And yet it is a plain, straightforward account of a region discovered in the Rocky Mountains in 1870—71, and the book abounds with figures and facts, reports and papers, which remove it from the realm of fiction.

The Yellowstone Region is full of "wonders." It has hot springs and geysirs which dwarf those of Iceland into insignificance; it has waterfalls which it would seem are far more beautiful, if not quite so grand, as the Falls of Niagara; it is hemmed in by the loftiest peaks of the Rocky Mountains; it has a lake which occupies an area of 15 by 22 miles; it has gorges and ravines; canyons carried into the very heart of the mountains; it is, in fact, a mighty museum of Nature's most singular phenomena. The tract is 55 by 65 miles in extent, and the Senate and House of Representatives in March, 1872, passed an Act withdrawing the tract of land described, "which territory is dedicated apart as a great national park or pleasure-ground for the use and enjoyment of the people."

The book is full of novelty, and the exciting narrative of adventures and sufferings of Mr. Evert, one of the explorers, is told with great spirit. Twenty-two good wood engravings and two maps adorn the volume.

Two Years in Peru, with Explorations of its Antiquities.

Thomas J. Hutchinson, F.R.G.S. London: Sampson, Low, and Co.

Although this work bears the date 1873 in the imprint, it is as useful to-day as it was then, and we have pleasure, therefore, in directing attention to it. The author gives a graphic account of the Peruvian Republic, past and present. Every page of these goodly volumes is full of information, and whether he speaks of matters antiquarian, political, or commercial; of architectural history, or modern progress,—it is always with the author's own words, one who is a perfect master of his subject. The work is enriched with 114 admirable illustrations, and a good map by Don J. Barrera.

Much interest attaches to Peru, and many speculations are entertained as to its future prospects. We do not know of a more recent work on Peru as it was, is, and may be, than the one before us.



BIRDS OF PASSAGE;

OR, A SIX WEEKS' ROMANCE.

BY T. AMBROSE HEATH.

CHAPTER VII.

EN AVANT.



THOUGH, in a sense, many hundred years may be said to lie between Nuremberg and Munich, the distance is but 120 miles, or from four to five hours by train. Our tourist heroines, having been rapidly whirled from the perfect mediævalism of the first to the raw modernism of the second, are already on the wing. This day's journey is to take them back to the past, to the past as still present at Ober Ammergau. But the charm and antique air of Nuremberg are due to its architecture alone; Ober Ammergau attracts and interests by its primeval people and their fossil play. During the week spent by Theresa and Rosalind at Munich, Salis had completely dropped out of their path. Fascinating fellow-travellers almost always do, just as we are learning to enjoy and depend upon their society. "He has the way of all pleasant casual acquaintances," thought Rosalind, mournfully. When lo, among the jostling, scuffling crowd at the Munich station, she caught a glimpse of the said expected casual acquaintance, arm-in-arm with her cousin—neither jostling nor scuffling, but placidly overtopping the average mob—having evidently thought better of it, and decided on making his pilgrimage to Ober Ammergau with the

It is seldom that the attraction of female society prevails

against that of the Rauch Coupé. But to-day, whether owing to the extraordinary charms of the ladies or the extraordinary gallantry of the gentlemen, Percy and Von Salis with one accord flung down their cigars, and followed Miss Locke and Miss Anson into their carriage.

Leaving Munich, the railway leads away through woods and grassy flats that are the images of many like scenes in old England, until, in about an hour's time, it begins to skirt the lovely Staremberger See, with its flowery banks, green, encircling hills, and distant background of Tyrolese mountains. There is an Italian touch about this calmest, bluest, laziest, ~~stillest~~ ^{stillest} of lakes. It is the favourite holiday resort, the Richmond or Rosherville, of the Müncheners, and has doubtless seen many a "happy day." Long ago, when fine shows, regardless of expense, were in vogue, and when lords and ladies didn't go about in cheap clothes, with cotton umbrellas, the Court would flit hither for pleasure parties and hunting trips which seem to have been carried out on a grand scale. History tells especially of a famous ship, an exact copy of the "Bucentaur," built in Italy, and brought over and launched on the Staremberger See, for the good pleasure of Ferdinand Maria, the Duke. But pageants are out of date, and the lake is now given over to schools, picnickers, Sunday outers, and cheap excursionists.

Neither society in the carriage nor the scenery out of the window, however, can make up for the shortcomings of the train. A quarter of an hour's halt at each petty station is a little too much, for even German patience. So an uproar arises, and the train shakes from end to end (like a theatre gallery when the gods get excited) with the stamping of exasperated passengers. But what can shake the dead calm of a German official?

Weilheim, the terminus, is reached at last, and with the

greatest alacrity every one rushes out of the frying-pan into the fire—out of a Bavarian *Zug* into a Bavarian *Stellwagen*, where the cargo are as tightly packed as biscuits in a tin. It was hard, even for Rosalind, to feel much enthusiasm now, and as for the beauty of the country, it had to be taken for granted. Four hours' jogging, half an hour's halt at Murnau, and a scramble, helter-skelter, for lunch on bread, bones, and beer; four hours' jogging more, and timely release at Oberau. The *Stellwagen* rattles on to Partenkirchen, leaving our party at the disposal of providence and the postmaster for the last three miles of their pilgrimage.

"Take my advice, and let us walk," said Von Salis, looking at the small and springless post cart, which was all that the village of Oberau could offer. "It will not be too hard or too far, even for the ladies."

"*Even!*" echoed Percy. "Is anything too hard for the ladies—the ladies of 1871?"

Certainly, Theresa and Rosalind are not the kind of spirits likely to be daunted by a mere steep hill such as the Ettaler Berg, now before them. The road here becomes wildly picturesque. We are among the mountains indeed, in a grand country, full of rocks, hills, streams, black firs, and greenery—scarcely a cottage or a trace of life about. On one side of the way rises a wooded height; on the other, we look down a deep, magnificent ravine, and hear the torrent plashing over the stones and fallen pines below.

Excelsior, Excelsior! On reaching the summit, the party suddenly catch sight of the dome of the Benedictine convent lying planted against the hill. Ober Ammergau is still hidden by a bend in the road.

"'Former monastery of Ettal,'" began Percy, reading aloud from his guide book; "'suppressed 1803. Fine building—

pictures—painted ceiling by Knoller—curious image of the Virgin in white stone, presented, says the legend, by an angel to the Emperor Lewis, who founded the convent, 1331.' But Bædeker doesn't give the story. I suppose it's below the notice of a guide book."

"I often think," sighed Rosalind, "that a taste of fiction here and there would make the quantity of facts he doses us with so much easier to digest."

"If you have any curiosity about the legend, I can satisfy you," said Von Salis. "Once upon a time (five hundred and forty years ago!), his Imperial Majesty found himself in Italy, and, for an Emperor, in a very sad plight. He had gone over there to be crowned, and the coronation expenses had proved too heavy. Now that he wished to return to Germany, he was obliged to leave two or three of his chief nobles behind, in pawn as it were—a sort of security for the payment of his bills; and even then he was himself absolutely without ready cash to take him home. Not a friend volunteered to help him. But one day it happened that, as he was performing his devotions in a certain church, he heard behind him a voice, saying, 'Be advised by me.' Looking round, the Emperor beheld a Benedictine monk. 'With all my heart,' he replies, 'except to anything that may go against my conscience.' 'Quite the contrary. I ask you to swear to me that you will build a convent at Ampferung.' So Lewis swears, readily; 'although,' he adds, 'I never so much as heard of the place before.' 'A stranger,' resumes the friar, 'will come to you, and offer you, in return for his freedom and other feudal privileges, as much money as you need. Take this,' presenting him with a small alabaster statue of the Virgin, 'and go in peace.' So Lewis went in peace; and, sure enough, he met the stranger, who bargained with him for 100,000 florins. No sooner was he back in

Bavaria than Lewis conscientiously started a search for Ampferung. What and where was it? A remote, inaccessible spot, lying far in the wilds of the woods, unheard of except by huntsmen, one of whom guided the Emperor to the spot. Lewis cleared out the forest, built there a convent with accommodation for twenty monks, and presented them with the statue.

“As for the mysterious friar, tradition has decided that he was no less a personage than St. Benedict, incog. His gift has this miraculous property—no man, woman, or child, with mortal sin on his or her conscience, can, they say, lift that statue. Being heretics, all of us, perhaps we had better not try!”

CHAPTER VIII.

IN ARCADIA.

PASSING the monastery (late, now brewery) our travellers came suddenly in sight of the village.

Ober Ammergau is a rural gem, set in the hills, at the mouth of a mountain gorge, opening into a valley. High peaks enclose it on one side, on the other a plain, sheltered by green hills, stretches into the far distance. The scenery speaks to us of peace and simplicity, idylls and pastorals, shepherds and shepherdesses—of anything, in short, rather than of a great theatrical exhibition.

Guilt and grief must of course have found their way to Ober Ammergau, as to everywhere else. Yet, it is as hard to believe they are lurking in those neat white, *châlets* scattered down the road or clustered by the river side, as that bliss and innocence can exist in some of the London slums.

But the villagers are not all shepherds and farmers, or they would scarcely have given us the "Passions-Spiel"—such a "Passions-Spiel." Glancing through the cottage windows the traveller is struck at once by a display of exquisitely carved wood and ivory ornaments. Many of the inhabitants excel in this delicate handicraft, which must have a certain effect in refining and cultivating the artistic taste of the workers. This may account in part for a dramatic and scenic skill which has so astonished the nations.

The cloud of visitors inundating the street slowly evaporated. Theresa and Rosalind found themselves billeted on one of the angels, the gentleman on the impenitent thief. The stranger-guests were all received with that natural, perfect courtesy which seems to belong to the two opposite extremes of civilization—a sort of primitive quality, which, once lost, cannot be recovered without a world of trouble.

So pleased were our travellers with their welcome that they agreed to overlook all the little discomforts to the flesh. The party proceeded to dine together at the tiny rustic inn, eating those things which were set before them, asking no question, for prudence' sake, and perhaps it was as well.

The scene out of doors was amusing and incongruous enough; peasants in swallow-tailed coats, young officers, London lions, peasantesses in wonderful caps, American girls in Parisian toilettes, majestic dowagers, Tyrolese youths—the strangest medley of rustics and roués, courtiers and cottagers—with just one common point of interest: the Miracle Play.

"So it must have been in the old times," remarked Von Salis, "when everybody, from the king and queen downwards, came to look on. For these Miracle Plays were grand and serious affairs then, and critical ones, sometimes; the players were so desperately in earnest, clergymen 'used

often to take the chief parts; and, at a performance of a Passion Play at Valenciennes in 1437, a couple of divines endangered and all but lost their lives through their over zeal in the two chief rôles. Sometimes the audience were the sufferers. A "Mystery" on the history of the Ten Virgins is said to have proved fatal to one Friedrich, Landgraf of Meissen. The sad and untimely fate of the foolish five, thus vividly brought before his mind, gave it a shock, and induced a stroke of apoplexy, from the effects of which he never recovered."

"Theresa looks nervous," said Percy. "Do we run any risk of the kind to-morrow?"

"Scarcely," said Von Sahis, laughing. "Recollect we are not going to see an exact and faithful reproduction of an ancient mystery. That, indeed, might be mortal to some of us—mortally tedious, I mean. There was an ancient sacred drama called 'The History of the World,' and which lasted eight days (not to speak of an old Passion Play that took five and twenty). The patience of a nineteenth century audience would come to an end before they had got as far as the Deluge. But the Ober Ammergau play has been much altered at different times from its original form. Thus the old book was all in doggerel rhyme; and interludes, enacted by symbolical personages, were introduced between the scenes of the play proper. The opening scene represented the Devil holding a council. He and his fellows plot to bring about the ruin of mankind. Judas is to be seduced and made the instrument of general perdition; and in the old play, Judas, at his death, is carried off by a party of exulting fiends, like Don Juan in the opera. But in 1810 the composition was cut and cleverly adapted by one of the Benedictines of the suppressed Ettaler monastery. At that time the Ober Ammergauers had another play in their repertoire. It was called the 'Kreuzschule,' and the acted scenes in it were

taken from the Old Testament, the *tableaux vivants* from the New. The reverse is the case with the 'Passions Spiel.' This 'Kreuzschule' was last played in 1825—in which year the 'Passions-Spiel' was acted for the last time in the churchyard, according to the old custom."

"How did they manage when it rained?" asked Theresa.

"Smiled and bore it, I suppose. Even now, only part of the stage is roofed over; and in 1850, in the middle of the performance, there came on such an obstinate shower that the players, for love of their costumes, sung and acted out the remaining scenes under their red umbrellas."

"Primeval art and faith and virtues, are all highly delightful things," observed Percy, as they left the inn. "Pity that they should always go along with primeval cookery, furniture, and washing apparatus. Apropos of the latter, it is represented at my lodgings by a pump."

They strolled on to the theatre, which lies at the extreme end of the village. The area is simply boarded round, and the curious are free to peep in. Their first impression is a strong doubt whether a performance on that stage can possibly be thoroughly effective over so vast a space—either from a musical, a scenic, or a dramatic point of view.

"The music *must* lose, of course, in the open air," observed Von Salis, "and I am inclined to regret the change from the organ to an orchestra for the accompaniments. The scenery appears to have always been an important and successful part of these Miracle Plays. We read of a representation of 'Paradise' that was specially admired. The painter, when complimented, observed '*C'est bien le plus beau Paradis que vous vîtes jamais, ne que vous verrez !*' And, on the other hand, we are told, '*et était la bouche d'enfer très bien faite car elle ouvrait et closait quand les diables voulaient entrer et sortir.*'"

It was early evening, only seven o'clock, yet in the village nearly everything seemed at rest. It was hard to realize that a grand festival was at hand. Let those who can, forget it, that they may feel the peculiar charm that place can exercise, apart from the Miracle Play.

These Bavarian villages have a stamp of their own. Ober Ammergau is not in the least like a Swiss, a Dutch, an Italian, an English, or even a Rhine village—less prim and monotonous than the Swiss, less quaint, and more refined than the Flemish, cleaner than the Italian, more rural and primitive than the North German, it rejoices in a far more intellectual and artistic population than would be found in any British hamlet equally remote. There is something classic in that rare union of perfect placidity, contentment and simplicity, with high artistic skill, something that reminds us of the Greeks. Flurry, heat, and impatience are here conspicuous by their absence.

Slowly our travellers sauntered homewards. The thousands of visitors had all been stowed away somehow, and the roads were hushed and empty. Here and there a peasant was driving cattle to the shed, and the chimes of their bells broke the silence. There, by the river a fair-haired girl was bending down washing clothes in the stream, *jodling* as she worked—a bird-like song—telling, like all those mountain songs, of swallows, and chamois, and hills, and fresh mornings, and the love of the Wildschütz for the Sennerin.

A wanderer fresh from dizzy London looks on for a moment with a kind of yearning, at this phase of life. Here are no great struggles, no tempting unattainable prizes ever in view—these men have never been maddened by keen desire or disappointment, never known the wear and tear, pressure and passion others must pass through in the scrimmage of modern life, and in its race for the impossible. Happiness is denied to

all who enter those lists. Yet how many insist on fasting and starving to death in a life-long search for ambrosia and nectar, while they will not so much as look at their bread and cheese,

CHAPTER IX.

IN ROSALIND'S JOURNAL.

[Which any reader who is tired of reading about the impressions made on his fellow-creatures by the Passion Play, is earnestly requested to skip.]

At seven o'clock this morning I entered the Ober Ammergau theatre, feeling, strange to say, just as if I had never heard of the Passions-Spiel till now.

I had got it up well beforehand, from books and newspapers, sketches and photographs—too well, I feared. But no. Nothing, it seems, can take the edge off the startling, singular impression of novelty the sight itself is to create.

The early hour, the fresh breeze, the morning light, the open-air theatre, with its frame and background of "real mountains;" the vast audience, three times as large as a "full house" at Covent Garden: all this excites at once a new sensation—the first of a series.

The immense number of the spectators has one blessed effect—namely, that the audience itself intrudes the less on our attention. Every separate face is lost in that dense mass. All eyes and minds, therefore, turn only to the stage.

A stage with two wings, side scenes (set) representing streets in Jerusalem, and, in front of the curtain, a wide proscenium, on which the chorus advance to sing their interludes.

There are about thirty singers—men and women dressed all

in the same Greek fashion, with long togas and mantles of different colours, their faces wearing all the same calm expression, rather serious than rapt, attentive than devout. The villagers call them "Guardian spirits" (Schützgeister). Standing there, in a semicircle, they strike up the quaint and simple Hymn Prologue.

The village band are in Tyrolese costume, and sit below. They play fairly, but from beginning to end the musical part of the drama is weak and beggarly, compared with the rest.

Still, that sober, unexciting, occasionally dull chorus answers its purpose. A little breathing time here and there is really needed when eyes and ears and brain have to be on the stretch for eight hours. The plain monotony of the music comes as a welcome relief.

The play itself begins with Christ's entry into Jerusalem, but a series of *tableaux vivants* from Old Testament history alternate with the acted, spoken scenes, of which they are emblematical. Joseph with his brethren—his adventures afterwards in Egypt—the wanderings of the Israelites in the wilderness—the spies bringing the grapes of Eshcol—the manna—the brazen serpent—Joab and Amasa—Ahasuerus, Vashti, and Esther: how wonderfully picturesque those old Bible stories are. There is something in them that appeals straight to fancy, and for that reason will they always have a special charm for children and artists—that is, for imaginative humanity.

There are four or five-and-twenty of these scenes, and, with a few exceptions, they are admirable—the plan, grouping, attitudes, excellent. It is as if some fine "old masters" had come to life. Each lasts for only a few minutes, the chorus singing the while; then the curtain falls, and an acted, recited scene follows.

What shall I say of these? While the play was proceed-

ing I never thought of admiring Mair, Lechner, and the rest, *as actors*, simply because I involuntarily identified them with their parts. Neither is it possible to class them for a moment with actors such as we are accustomed to see, their rules, aims, motives, ideas, having nothing in common with those, no more than their performance, which is perfect as it is unique.

“What did you think of it?” “What idea did it give you?” “Were you shocked?” “Were you impressed?” Everybody is asking these questions. How should I answer them for myself?

Shocked—no. Impressed—yes. But how? Not with the horror, the dread, or the pity that some people describe the drama as inspiring.

The effect of it is not merely to give the *facts* of that history a new reality; their *meaning* strikes us afresh, and with startling vividness.

From the moment that the figure of Christ first appeared on the stage, surrounded by the crowd of carping doctors, vulgar idlers, and well-meaning but uneducated disciples, one idea dawned; it rose, ruled, and eclipsed or merged in itself all other minor impressions.

What is the keynote, the essence of the story, the truth that it so forcibly, so relentlessly portrays? What but the eternal struggle going on, all the world over, of good against evil?

Good. Love, purity, courage, generosity, nobility, independence, integrity, and truth, at war to the death with all that is selfish, mercenary, weak, servile, underhand, malignant, corrupt, and grovelling in the spirit of man—misrepresented and maligned by evil minds, only half prized by the best.

The various types of character are all true to life, and quite familiar. First, the apostles—earnest, well-meaning men, with

little to lose here below, and clinging long to a forlorn hope of worldly advancement; really desirous of truth and goodness, but wavering and backing directly it becomes a question of making any material sacrifice. Next, the rich—mostly men of half-measures, an indolent, good-natured set, wishing everybody's well-being in the second place, their own in the first—"Live," and then, "let live." There are the religionists—terrified lest this new leader of hearts should unmask their ostentatious piety, show it up as it is—a sanctimonious sham; forced into the hatred and fear of the impostor for him whom he would supplant. So these bigots and tyrants, seeing truth, know it at once for their arch-enemy, something to be hunted down and stamped out, or they are lost. Never count the cost, never mind the means!

Good, bad, indifferent—they all act up to nature. The good demur and vacillate; they are lukewarm, uncertain allies. The bad plot and persecute under the flag of virtuous zeal. The indifferent look on, and do nothing; neutrals these, prepared to applaud and advocate the winning party, as such.

Pharisees, scribes, lawyers, soldiers, fools, cynics—He, single-handed, has challenged you all! He, your sworn enemy, will challenge hypocrisy, falsehood, ignorance, avarice, brutality, and corruption, wherever and whenever they are to be found!

So from that story, two thousand years old, comes a shaft to strike us, the spectators—a voice that says: "It is you whom He challenges to-day. The platitudes, the low worldly wisdom, the shuffling tricks, the blunders, the unscrupulous lies of dishonest men, when brought thus vividly before you on a stage, may fill you with contempt, indignation, and disgust. But the spirit of intolerance, egotism, chicanery, fraud, littleness, and scepticism is rampant among you, as among them; and He is at war with it and with you! Yes! and the world would be a

hell but for the deathless force of that divine spirit, fighting still with the evil that works to destroy it; as in the story, fighting a good fight, and overcoming."

The drama itself serves but to show how the highest heroism is ever fated to be hooted down, ridiculed, shamed, persecuted to death by the general public till it be stifled—annihilated. Yet it is two thousand years since that tragedy occurred on which the drama is founded, and hundreds and hundreds of the *élite* of the most cultivated and highly-civilized nations in the world—from the most enlightened philosophers, learned divines, and the greatest artists down to such waifs and strays as myself—are all flocking to see a dramatic version of this story well known to them all from their childhood.

Take the play alone. It is a terrible and a true picture of the reception and fate which sincerity and self-devotion have to expect in this world—namely, defamation and utter defeat.

Look deeper, look beyond! and find another eternal truth—namely, that they *cannot* fail. They are imperishable. Nothing—no, not the gates of hell!—has prevailed, or can ever prevail against them to destroy them.



NORWAY'S ANCIENT CAPITAL.

BY GEORGE GLADSTONE, F.R.G.S.



THE present seat of the Norwegian Government is Christiania, but the King does not receive his coronation there. For that purpose he must repair to the old city of Trondhjem, away over the mountains, or far up the coast.

Let us go and see what the place is like ; it may serve to remind us of events that took place in by-gone centuries, in some of which our own country was not a little interested. Norway has, in fact, exercised an amount of influence over Europe of which many people little dream, and this city was the centre from which it principally emanated.

Roads being few and far between in this part of Norway, the principal means of travel is by water ; and the mail steamers which run along the whole extent of the west coast at weekly intervals, are large, fast, and well-managed. On our way northward, we entered the Trondhjem fjord about 9 o'clock in the evening, but at midsummer it is then full daylight, and the 45 miles or so up to the moorings off the city were accomplished without darkness overtaking us. Of this, indeed, there is no fear for weeks to come, for we are now within three degrees of the Arctic Circle, and the sun only dips under the horizon for a short time, though we lost sight of it about ten o'clock being hidden behind the low hills to the north-west.

The entrance of the fjord is very lovely, the hill sides only moderately steep and better clothed with vegetation than most parts of the coast, as the channel is tortuous and more sheltered

therefore, than usual, from the prevailing winds. As the city is approached, but before it comes within sight, the fjord opens out into a broad expanse of water, which then stretches away in a north-easterly direction far beyond the range of our vision, an inland sea. It is altogether upwards of 100 miles in length.

Presently we see before us the little island fortress of Munkholm, and then on the mainland which it is supposed to guard, is the city itself. Munkholm is to Trondhjem, what the Tower of London is to our Metropolis—a fortified place of no defensive value, except as the safe custodian of the armoury and the regalia. It has, too, a history as a State prison in former days.

A fleet of large, clinker-built boats came alongside our steamer as soon as she had dropped her anchor, and the passengers, who are usually pretty numerous, soon found their way with all their impedimenta to the landing-place. In addition to a goodly number of companions in the cabin, we had about 150 deck passengers, whom we had picked up at the different towns and villages along the coast, as there was a fair about to be held; we promised ourselves therefore a favourable opportunity of seeing Norwegian life, but, even with this addition to its ordinary population, we cannot say the city presented a very animated appearance.

It covers a large space of ground in proportion to its population, for it is subject to the ravages of fire on account of all the old houses being of wood. To render them as little destructive as possible, houses were not allowed to be constructed in large blocks without a break, and the streets are laid out of unusual width. The people are consequently nearly lost in them, and four-wheeled vehicles are so remarkably scarce, that you will with difficulty find one, if you should wish to take a drive into

TRONDHJEM CATHEDRAL.

the country. The national conveyance is the *carriole*, a small gig, only carrying one person. Some *carrioles* are made with a seat just large enough for two people to squeeze into, but this is a modern innovation which is scarcely orthodox. The seat is put upon a low frame, without springs, to which the shafts for the pony are attached, and the traveller's legs as he drives along, dangle in mid air on either side in rather too close proximity to the wheels.

The modern houses are built of brick or stone, but these are still the exception to the rule, and the architects, we presume, have not yet freed themselves from the conventional styles appropriate to wooden structures, as they do not show any great aptitude in dealing with the newly-introduced building materials. Good, or even interesting specimens of street architecture are therefore entirely wanting. The town has, however, this prime recommendation, that it is clean and orderly; and on the low hills which rise behind it, there are many really pretty villas, the residences of the upper classes.

Conspicuous amongst all the public edifices stands the venerable Cathedral, the one object which pre-eminently links the present to the past. The site is well chosen, being in the upper part of the town, approached by a wide street, and standing in a spacious graveyard. It is partly a ruin, while in the other portion public worship is held on Sundays and high days; interments continue to take place in the yard around. The principal entrance is by the north door, the western end having been destroyed, but the eastern portion terminating with an octagonal choir has fortunately been preserved. The building is not the outcome of an original plan, but has grown up at different times, and therefore does not present any unity of idea, rendering an intelligible description a matter of some difficulty.

For want of a better term we must call it Norman Gothic

in style. There are alternations of round and pointed arches, the zig-zag, grotesque and floral ornaments; combinations that are often to be seen in buildings which grew up at different periods during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. Neither externally nor internally does it leave the impression of grandeur or beauty; the modern roofing and the truncated tower mar its exterior effect, while its adaptation to the requirements of the worshippers spoils the inside; but there are many portions which possess beauty in themselves and are of deep interest to the student of architecture.

How a doorway here, a window or two there, and that row of little arches in a third place, all with their appropriate ornamentations, remind us of coeval structures in our own country, in France, Italy, and even as far south as Sicily. And it is no fancied or accidental resemblance. They are standing illustrations of the history of Europe; proofs of the influence exerted by these Norsemen, from the North Cape to the Islands of the Mediterranean Sea. Our historians have generally called them Danes; in France and countries further south they were known as Normans; in truth they were none other than the hardy adventurers who issued forth from the fjords of the Scandinavian peninsula. They appear suddenly on the page of history, first as a terror to their neighbours, a pagan race, soon to become the rulers of the richest and most powerful kingdoms in Europe, the champions of Christendom in its struggles with the Saracens. All the way from Trondhjem to Palermo we see the same ideas in the ecclesiastical architecture of the period constantly presenting themselves, though of course greatly varied by surrounding circumstances. In one sense it is hard to imagine a greater contrast than exists between the coldness of the northern cathedral and the warmth of the Norman churches of Sicily, rich in all the gorgeousness of decoration that Byzan-

tine and Saracenic art could devise ; but for all that there is the same style pervading both—they are one in origin.

The Icelandic millenary festival held last year reminds us of the union of all the Norwegian tribes under the rule of Harald Haarfagr—that is, of all those who consented to his supremacy. We know that those who followed the leadership of Ingolf did not, for he and his company sailed away just 1001 years ago to Iceland and colonized that country. At the same time another adventurous spirit started off with his followers in a southerly direction ; this man was Gangr Rolf ; he invaded France and carried the name of his northmen into the plains of Normandy. This was an event of prime importance to Europe, for he thus became the father of many nations. Their geographical limits may be traced with tolerable accuracy by the prevalence of those types of architecture which we find in Trondhjem Cathedral.

The building which has thus led us into a historical digression was not, however, in existence when these events took place. The Scandinavians were yet pagans, and the city had not yet received the name which literally means “ the throne’s home.” It was Hakon (the son of the Harald above named) who first introduced Christianity into Norway. He had learnt the truth in England, having been brought up at the court of our King Athelstane. In Nidaros, the precursor of Trondhjem, temples dedicated to the worship of Thor and Odin stood till the end of the tenth century, for the people would not willingly give up their heathen rites. What Hakon only imperfectly succeeded in effecting, his successor Olaf carried through at the edge of the sword. To him was due the foundation of the Christian city of Trondhjem, and to the second of that name the church which is the original of the present cathedral.

There are some circumstances connected with Hakon and

the two Olafs which should not be passed over. The first is, that the old Norsemen had a highly developed political organization, even in pagan times. There is the Storting or Parliament of Norway, which, at the present day, votes the supplies, levies the taxes and makes the laws; but even before the time of Harald Haarfagr each independent state was governed by its Thing, and when he united them under his supreme rule he was obliged to have its concurrence. The yeomen were virtually masters of the situation, and if their ruler did not consent to be ruled, or discharged the office of executive in a way which was not satisfactory, they found no difficulty in sending the king about his business and appointing a successor.

The religious difficulty arose between Hakon and his parliament. On the Thing being assembled in A.D. 956, one of the deputies arose, and laying it down that they had elected Hakon to be their king, upon the condition that freedom of religion and conscience should be guaranteed to every man, and then declaring that if the king persisted in his attempt to suppress their ancient faith they would put another in his place, turned to the king, and called upon him then and there to make his choice. Hakon bowed submission, and they compelled him to attend the banquet in honour of Odin and drink the broth made of horseflesh, as related in the Saga—this being the test commonly applied to those who were suspected of an inclination to abandon the customs of their forefathers.

Olaf I. was a regular Mohammed in his way, and success was the reward of his boldness. He fought his way to the crown, and he carried all his purposes at the edge of the sword. To his marriage with an Irish princess, and his residence in the sister isle, his zeal for the cause of Christianity may probably be due.

The second of that name, who is more particularly asso

ciated with the Cathedral, was a man of the same stamp, though he is known to posterity as a saint, and has churches even in London dedicated to him—Olave being merely the English form of the same name. Perhaps why we hold him now in such affectionate remembrance is that our own King Canute was the cause of his death. The severities which he had practised in compelling his people to embrace the new faith had alienated their affections, and forced him to fly the country, thus affording Canute a favourable opportunity of adding Norway to his other dominions; and it was in endeavouring to win it back that Olaf lost his life. The scene of the fatal battle was not far distant—only a few miles from the head of the fjord; and the day was also memorable for an ominous sign—the total eclipse of the sun. He was buried on the spot where the high altar of the Cathedral now stands. The magnificent and costly shrine which used to mark the spot disappeared at the time of the Reformation; and beyond what is purely architectural, the interior possesses little that is ornamental, except a series of statues representing our Lord and his apostles around the high altar; the principal figure is very impressive, and is a copy of Thorwaldsen's great work.

The Norwegians are Old Lutherans, and the ritual has not suffered any modern innovations; the altar, therefore, has little to distinguish it from that of a Roman Catholic church, but the clergyman preaches in a black gown, with a broad ruff of white muslin round his neck—precisely similar to what is seen in portraits of Protestant divines of 300 years ago.

The graves in the churchyard are in most instances marked by a wooden cross, on which the names and dates are inscribed. The relatives of the dead do not indulge in much that is superfluous in this respect, and the cemetery would present a rather forlorn appearance were it not that the graves are decorated with

flowers and hung with immortelles. The custom is to replenish the vases of cut flowers with fresh bouquets on the Saturday evening, ready for the following day. Many of them are thus ornamented with great taste, and even the humblest are not forgotten. The impression which the scene left upon our minds was all the deeper because it was the first thing we saw in Trondhjem. Having arrived after midnight of Saturday, we did not go ashore until after breakfast on the Sunday morning, and spent a quiet half-hour on this hallowed spot while waiting the commencement of divine service. The rest and calm were wonderfully refreshing after the constant noise and bustle of the steamers which had been our moving home for the previous five days.

Before taking leave of the Cathedral, let us not forget that in pre-Reformation times it was the seat of a bishopric which included in its jurisdiction the modern diocese of Sodor and Man—another point of union between us and this enterprising northern race.

The town itself need not detain us long. The only other relic of antiquity is some remains of the Palace, now converted into the Royal Arsenal. There is one other spot, however (though there is nothing to indicate it exactly), which old Bernadotte could not pass except with uncovered head—the open space where the Thing used in olden time to be held, and where each new king was proclaimed. Trondhjem is now only the chief town of the department of the same name, a place of quiet respectability, without any special trade to foster its growth. Even the fair, though it brought an influx of people, hardly succeeded in making the streets lively except at just one or two points. The upper part of the broad street leading to the Cathedral was lined on either side of the roadway with stalls, on which wares were exposed for sale, and a good part of

the pavement, too, was covered with merchandise, while many of the vendors walked in and out amongst the people carrying the whole of their stock-in-trade under their arm. The principal articles were home-made linens and woollens, the work of countrywomen during the past winter; hats, boots, common earthenware, sheep bells, spinning-wheels, and baskets. There was also corn, hay and straw, cows, sheep, and ponies. Several of the stalls, too, were devoted to refreshments. The sheep and cows were not numerous, and almost every one of them seemed to have a separate owner, who led it about the street until he found a purchaser. The market for the ponies was in a remote part of the town, on a spacious common; and here a considerable trade was being done, and the scene sufficiently lively. A pony is as indispensable to a Norwegian landsman as a boat is to the inhabitant of the Coast region; and the sprightly little animals had to be harnessed to the carriages, and trotted out on the green in order to show off their merits; the reckless way in which the lads galloped them about in all directions put the bystanders in momentary jeopardy of being run over.

Some pleasant excursions may be made from this centre. The banks of the Nid, a river which sweeps round the back of the town before discharging itself into the fjord, are very pretty; and about three miles up its course the river makes two grand leaps, known as the Lierfoss. The lower fall, which is the most imposing, though not the largest, is eighty feet high, the river at this point being 120 feet in width. The mass of water is undisturbed by any obstruction, and makes an unbroken leap into the pool below, the water being so clear as it sweeps over the reef, that the form of the rocks below can be distinctly seen from the gallery above. Just below the falls are some saw mills and smelting works; the ores which we saw lying in the yard of the latter, consisted of sulphide of

copper and chromate of iron, minerals which are rather abundant in this part of Norway. As we drove up the valley we could not help remarking the raised beaches or terraces, doubtless analogous in character to those of Glen Roy, which have been such a bone of contention amongst geologists. The fundamental rock is a chlorite slate, but the terraces consist of a bluish marl very rounded in outline, until the level of the beach is attained. The one on the south-west side of the valley was particularly well defined.

Trondhjem boasts of the only railway on the west side of the mountains. It is 33 miles in length; a single line of three and a-half feet gauge, evidently not made for express travelling, as the gradients are very steep and the curves sharp. The line crosses the ridge which separates the valley of the Nid from that of the Gula, and then follows up the latter stream to Stören, where is the terminus. We were rather more than two and a-half hours making this short railway journey, but the time passed pleasantly enough, as the scenery through which the line runs is good. Here again we noticed the occurrence of raised terraces, and in the upper part of the valley the river frequently breaks into rapids. The Gula is a salmon river (though the best fishing is further north), and accordingly we met here an English family, who had hired a cottage for the season on its banks, coupled with the exclusive water-rights for a length of so many miles. John-Bull-like, the gentleman was grumbling that the fishing was poor, but he had not been at work long before we saw him land a fine salmon.

The solitary inn was of course constructed of wood, and was rather of a primitive order; in fact, it was a post-house, and not much more. The landlord's one idea was to supply ponies and carriages. The furniture of the house was scanty enough, and so was the larder. We went up a party

of five from Trondhjem and wanted four bed-rooms, and as we were the only customers there were rooms enough to be had, but that was not the fashion of doing things at Stören; people might come in presently from the interior, and they must reserve accommodation for them, besides there was no reason why the two ladies should not take one room, and the three gentlemen share another between them; and so it had to be. With bare boards for the floor, and bare boards for the walls, and the smallest possible amount of furniture, they were not the most cosy quarters we have met with even in out of the way parts. In respect of food, salmon was our main stay; of meat there was not more to be had than would suffice for one hungry man, and flad-bröd is not very satisfying. This last article is made of rye meal, spread out as thin as a wafer, and baked on a girdle.

The scenery about Stören is sub-Alpine in character; the valleys cultivated, and the hills, or rather mountains, well clothed with pine of a good growth. Although midsummer was already past, the hay harvest was not yet gathered in, and we noticed here a novel plan of hay-making: the grass when cut is not left on the ground, but is piled up between two rows of hurdles which are fixed in a long row within about a foot of one another, and it is there left for the wind to blow through it until sufficiently dry. This is the common practice throughout the country. Those who are interested in glacial geology should not omit to study the surface of the rocks which are exposed to view by the road side just above the inn, where the characteristic polishing and grooving of the surface due to the grinding action of a glacier may be seen to advantage.

To return to Trondhjem:—let us recommend every one to climb one of the hills overlooking the city and fjord, so as to arrive on the height just before sunset. We are supposing, of course, that the weather is suitable; it should be a sunny

evening with a few light clouds about, and sufficient moisture in the air to refract the sun's rays well. These conditions will most likely present themselves if the day has been bright, as a great deal of evaporation takes place during the long, hot summer days of these high latitudes. As the sun drops towards the horizon there will be one of the most gorgeous scenes that it is possible to conceive. In all our wanderings we have never seen such sunsets, the rosy glows of which are prolonged into the morning dawn. From our standing point we see the shades of evening pass upon the city and fjord below us, while the crimson of the sky, beyond the dark hills which separate it from the open sea, increases in intensity, until the whole heavens are aglow, and the placid waters are re-illuminated with their light. It is a series of wonderful transformations, ever beautiful, which do not lead to night, but usher in the new day.

INTO THE FAR NORTH;

OR, A GLANCE AT HECLA AND THE GEYSIRS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ON THE ROAD TO KHIVA," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

THE WATER OF DEATH.



YOU'LL have a long day of it to the Geysirs," says Gudmundr, as we sit over our coffee and salmon in the trim little parlour, whose clean plank floor and well-papered walls contrast favourably with the average Icelandic room of the provinces. "You had better break the journey at Hrúni; there's a very good man there, and

very learned, who will be glad to see you—only you must talk Latin, for he knows neither English nor German.”

“And is there any farm near the Geysirs?”

“Yes, there’s one within a quarter of an hour’s ride; and if you stop at Hrúni to-night, you’ll get there to-morrow afternoon. And now come and see our house.”

We follow him accordingly—first, into the low, dark cells on either side, filled with boxes, casks, farming tools, dried provisions, and harness, including several Icelandic side-saddles, shaped like a low-backed arm-chair with a footboard. Then up a steep, narrow stair, into a long, low room with heavy rafters, like the kitchen of an old English farm-house, where sit three strapping servant wenches, while in a corner stands the primitive loom whose whirring and thumping was our *réveille* three hours ago. Out of this room opens a smaller one, almost filled up by four substantial box-beds, two on each side.

“Here sleep the servants and my brother,” says Gudmundr; “and here, in this smaller room, the rest of us—my father and mother in this bed, I in that, my elder sister here, and my younger yonder.”

Close packing, certainly, in such a space; but this is a trifle compared with some of the remoter districts, where one may occasionally see fifteen or twenty stowed like sardines into one room, two and even three in one bed, head and feet alternate.

It is now nearly time for us to start; but there is still another treat in store for us. Miss Helga, the elder of the two young ladies, has been induced to put on her Icelandic gala-dress, and now appears in all her bravery. A close-fitting black jacket, embroidered round the neck and down the front; a full black skirt, flowered with green along the lower edge; a white helmet-shaped cap (with a row of gilt stars along the rim), from which depends a flowing white veil; a girdle embroidered with

gold, and a very pretty pair of bracelets—all which, joined to the tall, well-developed figure and sweet, unruffled face of the wearer, make as goodly a picture as any painter can wish.

We take leave of our kind entertainers with a handshake and a kiss all round, after the hearty old Icelandic fashion, and plunge into the storm. For now the whole sky is black with deep-edged clouds, and the rain and wind go tearing and raving over the bare moorland, scourging the soft earth into bubbling mire, and blinding both horse and rider. Our poor beasts hang their heads piteously as the merciless wind and stinging rain come lashing in their faces; and what with stumbling over slippery tussocks, and picking our way along miry ruts, and going astray in the mist a hundred yards at a time, our progress is slow enough. Indeed, we are so long in reaching the Thiorsa, that it begins to seem as if we had lost our way altogether, when suddenly the wide sheet of dull grey water outspreads itself before us, now leaping and tumbling like a sea in the might of its swollen current. The same ferryboat carries us across, rowed by the handsome giantess and the broad-shouldered pilot; but this time the crossing is a far more serious affair, and our horses, instead of swimming right across, halt on a low islet some way from the farther shore, so that our boatman is at length forced to jump overboard, and wade up the stream to drive them over.

But at last our boat “strikes gravel,” and we are off again—up and down countless green hills; past numerous farm-houses, larger and better-looking than any that we have hitherto seen; through a host of little gravelly streams, with here and there an actual river. After the Thiorsa comes the Kalfa; after it, the Laxa, which, though now puny compared with its mighty rush in the spring, suffices to give us a pretty good ducking, though, after the morning’s rain, this is merely “bringing coals to New-

castle.” At this point the whole scene has a marked look of the Caucasus—the deep, narrow river brawling amid a wilderness of pebbles ; the lonely gorge walled in by great masses of crumbling rock ; the dead silence ; the absence of every living thing ; the deep blue sky over all.

This, however, is our last crossing to-day ; for, half an hour later, we crown a rugged ridge, and look down upon a quiet little valley lost among overlapping hills—the very place in which to find Rip Van Winkle playing bowls with Hudson and his ghostly crew, or Friedrich Rothbart lying in his enchanted slumber, with the mystic ravens circling slowly overhead.

It is hardly necessary to enter into the particulars of our halt at Hruni, which, like Stori-Vellum, consists merely of a church and its parsonage. The time-honoured custom which has impelled so many worthy travellers to hand down to an admiring posterity every biscuit that they ate, and every cup of tea that they drank, is happily almost played out ; and, therefore, the minutiae of our reception—the substantial evening meal, the improvised “shake-down,” the splendid salmon at breakfast, the peep into the primitive little church, the Latin “conversation under difficulties” with our learned host—may be safely left to the reader’s imagination. After all these wettings and re-wettings, a hot supper and a dry bed are great luxuries ; but the only “sight” worth chronicling is a rock on the crown of the nearest ridge, bearing a startling resemblance to a *retroussé* human profile surmounted by a crop of short, thick hair—the exact reproduction, in fact, of Mick Hoggarty’s head in the “Great Hoggarty Diamond.”

The next day is Sunday ; and the quiet chime of distant bells comes pleasantly to our ears as we ride forth in the bright morning sunshine over the green sloping hills and wide grassy valleys ; while every now and then we are met by little groups

of country-folk, plodding along on their untiring little ponies (some of them from a distance of many miles) to the tiny wooden shed, thickly tarred against the weather, which is their only place of worship. Just so have I seen, in the wilder parts of Scotland, whole families come trooping barefoot "owre the muir amang the heather," and sitting down to put on their shoes when they approached the church.

Our first sight of the Hvita, entombed in a deep narrow gorge between two great slabs of rock, is picturesque enough. The cliffs rise sheer up on either side, like a wall; and our descent to the water's edge is like coming down the companion ladder of a steamer, though our sure-footed little beasts make nothing of it. A few miles beyond the river, our route degenerates (as usual in these parts) into an abyss of bog worse than any that we have yet met with; and a weary struggle we have of it over the treacherous green soil, gaping under us at every step into deep pits of thick brown mud. Very welcome indeed is the sight, far away in front, of a cloud of steam curling lazily upwards, which, even before our guide has time to shout an introduction, announce to us "The Geysirs!"

There they are, sure enough, those curious steam-pipes of Nature's making, through which the hidden powers below "blow off their steam" every now and then. From the utmost distance, they are plainly discernible by the broad patch of bare red clay that stands like a raw wound amid the richness of the surrounding vegetation. As we approach, the wonderful truth of Lord Dufferin's comparison of the place to "a spot honey-combed by disease into numerous sores and ulcers," becomes fully apparent. Above that unquenchable heat, neither grass nor moss will grow; and upon the hot inflamed surface the great blisters of the Geysirs crop out on every side (twenty-two in all), while from their edges boiling streams trickle lazily over

the scaly rock, overhung by floating mists of steam. First comes the turbulent Strokr, raging in his narrow prison with a deep rumbling roar; then the smaller Geysirs, bubbling and steaming like toy volcanoes; and then, higher up the slope, the Blue Ponds, a remarkable duplicate spring, shaped exactly like an opera-glass, both tubes being filled to the brim with clear water, and slightly connected by a thin stream that trickles over the rock-partition in the centre; and this, if not the grandest sight of all, is certainly the most beautiful. Far down in the blue transparent depths appear smooth pillars, and shadowy recesses, and fretted traceries of rockwork—a grotto fit for Circe or Calypso, could one but forget the hideous death masked by its quiet beauty. What a place, in the rough old heathen days, to have arraigned a Christian convert, and giving him his choice of sacrificing to Odin or being hurled into the fatal chaldron! Cannot one fancy the scene—the bearded deathsmen in rusty armour, with their great axes over their shoulders, standing round in sullen ring; the stern grey eye of the presiding chief turning from the face of his victim to the still treacherous beauty of the deadly pool; the doomed man alone in the midst, taking his last look of earth and sky before plunging into the water of death.

And now for the great king himself, whom we have purposely kept to the last, to heighten his superiority over his diminutive courtiers. A little below the Blue Ponds, the rocky plateau rises gradually in a low, far-extending mound, shaped like a reversed saucer, and covered with scales of brittle crust, over which trickle every here and there little rills of scalding water. The top of the mound is formed by a vast, shallow, circular basin, brimful of boiling water, so clear and unruffled that the minutest patch of colour on the rocky bottom can be plainly seen; while in the centre lies a ring of deep shadowy

blue, marking the mouth of the great funnel. But to-day the giant is placid and inactive ; for his outbreaks are waxing rarer and rarer, and one may at times camp beside him for a week together without seeing him put forth his strength. We walk round and admire him, and then bid him farewell till to-morrow morning, when we shall visit him again on our way to Thingvellir.

We halt for the night at the little church of Hankadalr, which is about twenty minutes' ride from the Geysirs ; but by nine the next morning we are in the field again, bent upon seeing the action of the Strokr, the only Geysir which can be artificially set a-going. The Strokr (so called from its ceaseless roar, which is thought to resemble the rumble of a churn) has no basin, but only a perpendicular funnel, about seven feet across, and filled with water to within a short distance of the top. Around its gaping mouth we pile several armfuls of turf, dug from the neighbouring bog ; and then tumbling them in, *en masse*, sit down at a safe distance to await the result.

Then the deep roar ceases all at once, and there is a grim, ominous silence. Evidently the insult has gone home, and the giant is brooding vengeance. Presently the first mutterings of his wrath are heard far down below ; and then comes a lashing and a surging, and a fierce grinding roar, and up into the air bursts a great spout of thick brown water, and then another and another, as if it would never end. As each jet falls back, the water below rushes up to meet it, till the whole mouth of the funnel is one foaming, lashing whirlpool ; and more than once, when all seems over, the stream spouts up again with redoubled fury, scattering hot spray on every side, till we are fain to make a hasty retreat. But at last its strength is exhausted ; the clouds of spray and steam melt away ; the huge jet ebbs sullenly back into its narrow fountain ; the spectacle is over.

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GEYSIR AT REST.

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THROUGH ALGERIA TO TUNIS.

BY EDWARD HENRY VIZETELLY.

II.

“ Here woman's voice is never heard : apart,
And scarce permitted, guarded, veil'd, to move,
She yields to one her person and her heart,
Tamed to her cage, nor feels a wish to rove.”—BYRON.



PHILIPPEVILLE, which is built on the remains of Rusicada, a Roman city dedicated to the goddess Venus, has quite a European aspect. Its existence only dates back as far as the autumn of 1838. French writers tell us, with ludicrous gravity, that at that period Marshal Valée, with four thousand men at his back, purchased of some Kabyles a plot of ground near the ruins for the very moderate sum of £6, and proceeded to lay the foundations of the Fort de France. In the vicinity of this fort a few French emigrants soon began to build a village, which has gradually developed into the little town of Philippeville. There is nothing of any particular interest to be seen there, with the exception of the Archæological Museum, which is located in the old Roman theatre, and contains a number of statuettes, busts, fragments of architectural ornaments, inscribed tablets, specimens of Roman pottery, and a quantity of mutilated odds and ends. Old Roman cisterns are met with in various parts of the town, the most noteworthy being those of the Fort d'Orleans, and those which serve as foundations to the Porte de Stora and the little European theatre. There are also some curious mosaics in a tolerably good state of preservation. Among these is one representing the perjured Amphitrite, or some other maritime

goddess, surrounded by brilliantly-coloured fish. On the Place Corneille stands a group of enormous columns, capitals, and friezes, supposed to have once formed part of the temple of the goddess Bellona.

There are two ways of getting from Philippeville to Constantine—by diligence or by rail. The distance and cost are about the same either way, and the routes are equally interesting; but whether you select the iron road or the macadamized highway, you must resign yourself to being smothered in dust and half baked by heat. If the tourist decides in favour of the diligence, he will pass through some very grand, and at times very fertile, country, dotted by a number of small modern villages, inhabited, for the most part, by colonists engaged in cultivating the neighbouring land. Between St. Charles, which is about ten miles from Philippeville, and El-Harrouch, six or seven miles further on, there are a quantity of Roman remains; and in the environs of Robertville, which lies at a distance of two or three miles to the west of Gastonville, several Roman cisterns, remnants of architectural ornaments, and some mosaics in a good state of preservation, have been discovered at different times. From El-Kantours and the Col des Oliviers, the highest points between Philippeville and Constantine, we get magnificent views of the country through which we have just passed, with the hills of Toumiet and the village El-Harrouch towering above a fertile valley, abundantly watered by the rivers Saf-Saf and Entsa, and a chain of wooded heights far away on the horizon, sparkling like a forest of bayonets in the rays of the morning sun. Continuing our journey through the hills, we come to Swendon or Condé, standing in the centre of a broad expanse of highly productive land, and passing through the little hamlets Aïoun-Saad and Bizot, at last reach Le Hamma, the garden of Constantine. Le Hamma is only a small village,

but it is a deliciously pretty one. It is a favourite place of resort for the people of Constantine, and is celebrated for its hot springs. It lies in a beautiful valley laid out in orchards and gardens, where lemon, orange, pomegranate, fig, olive, almond, eucalyptus, aloes, and palm trees flourish side by side with the hardy poplar of Northern Europe.

The same journey by rail takes about three hours. The line, which is a marvellous example of engineering skill, goes winding zig-zag fashion up and down the sides of the hills, and in and out of the mountain passes, amidst some of the grandest scenery imaginable. The view from the Col des Oliviers, where the rails pass at a height of over two thousand feet above the level of the sea, is particularly fine.

Constantine, the ancient Cirta, is built on a jagged rock in the midst of a chain of lofty hills. This rock is connected with the heights on its western side by a neck of land, but it is separated from them on the three others by a deep ravine from two hundred to four hundred feet broad, at the bottom of which runs the river Roumel, sporting here and there down sparkling cascades, some forty or fifty feet high, or disappearing at intervals under rocky arches, and then popping out again after traversing natural tunnels averaging from a hundred and fifty to three hundred and fifty feet in length. From the Kasbah, on the northern side of the rock, to Sidi Rached, on the southern side, the ravine is a hundred and sixty feet deep. It was from Sidi Rached, in the days when the followers of the Prophet ruled supreme in this quaint old Arab city, that faithless Musulman spouses were cast into the stream below, only reaching it, with broken limbs and bodies bruised and lacerated by wounds, to be devoured by vultures and hyenas while still in a state of semi-consciousness. It sometimes happened that the dresses of these unhappy creatures, or the sacks in which they

were tied, caught in a branch of a tree that grew there as if by a freak of nature, or in a piece of projecting rock. On occasions like these, the victims frequently succeeded in reaching the bottom of the ravine with only a dislocated joint or a fractured limb, but that availed them nothing, for they were invariably recaptured and ruthlessly put to death.

The curious old gates of the city, where the gory heads of individuals who had unhappily offended its despotic ruler were exposed to the public gaze on great iron hooks, have been blocked up or altered so as to suit modern ideas of fortification; the Palace of Hadj Ahmed, the Kabyle, who was the last Bey, and for seven years Pacha of Constantine, has often been compared by French writers to the fairy-like dwellings described in the tales of the "Arabian Nights' Entertainment;" it has been subjected to European improvements in accordance with the taste of the government officials, by whom it has been inhabited since the conquest; Dar-el-Bey, or the Bey's House, built by Hussein-ben-bou-Hanek towards the end of the last century, has been turned into a stable, the *deriba*, or harem, adjoining it, where some hundreds of captive beauties have passed away their monotonous existence amid idleness and ennui, is now used as a military store-house, and a ladies' school is located in the harem of Salah-Bey. The thirty or forty mosques—there were as many as seventy for a population of twenty-five thousand Mussulmans at the time of the French invasion—that are still devoted to the worship of the Almighty according to the precepts of Mahomet, are in much the same state as they were in the days when the crescented banner floated from the walls of the Moslem city. They present, however, a much less imposing appearance, and are not nearly so rich in carved woods, curious marbles, onyx and terra-cotta ornaments, mosaics, beautiful encaustic tiles, arabesques, costly

Oriental carpets, and elaborate cedar-wood chandeliers as those at Tlemcen, where all these artistic gems are scattered in profusion about the Mohammedan houses of prayer.

The very limited space that I have at my disposal, will not permit of my describing the many attractions that Constantine offers to a traveller, so I must content myself with enumerating the most noteworthy of them in the briefest possible manner. These are the bridge, El-Kantara, the Roman aqueducts and cisterns that supply the city with water, the fortifications, the Kasbah, which after having belonged alternately to the Romans, the Berbers, and the Arabs, was abandoned during the Turkish domination, and finally rebuilt and turned into barracks by the French; the corn, oil, vegetable and leather markets; the burnous, *haïk*, and carpet bazaars, the Jewish and Mohammedan cemeteries, the views from the heights of Sidi-Mecid and Mansoura, the inscription cut in the rock near the little bridge at the foot of Sidi-Rachel, which sets forth that the Saints Marius and Jacques with nine of their companions, gardeners of the environs like themselves, suffered martyrdom in the cause of the Christian faith in the year 259; and the tomb of Præcilius, a worthy goldsmith and jeweller of Cirta, who lived there for more than a century in prosperity and happiness. The European portion of the city—with its squares, its narrow courts and arcades, and streets of clay houses, its public buildings, hotels, cafés, theatre and music hall—is thoroughly French, although it, of course, has a slight touch of Orientalism about it. Our business, however, is not with the conquerors of modern Cirta. Leaving these hot-headed enthusiasts to argue themselves red in the face about that everlasting Algerian hobby, the future prospects of the colony, let us for a while, turn our backs on civilization, and penetrate within the Moorish town.

There we find narrow, crooked streets, like those at Algiers,

bordered by white windowless houses, with low, arched door-

A MOHAMMEDAN CEMETERY.

ways fitted with solid oak doors which are often studded on

the outside with great iron nails. Let us suppose that we are fortunate enough to gain admission into one of these silent dwellings, and that we are able to look over it at our leisure, a favour that is hardly ever accorded to a man. After passing through the low archway we find ourselves in a small vestibule, where the master of the house transacts business and receives visits. No male, not even a near relative, is allowed to penetrate further into the building except under very extraordinary circumstances. Beyond the vestibule is a court paved with marble or commoner materials according to the worldly position of the owner of the house. It is there, on a fête day, when a marriage is to be cele-

INTERIOR OF A MOORISH HOUSE.

brated, or a child to be circumcised, that the guests assemble. On these occasions the pavement is covered with mats and carpets, and an immense cloth is suspended overhead, by means of ropes stretchd efrom one parapet to the other, to shelter the

visitors from the heat of the sun or the inclemency of the weather. Facing the court, on the ground floor, are the kitchen, the bath-room, and the cistern. In the better class of houses, the court is surrounded by arcades, above which are as many wooden galleries of open woodwork as the building is stories high. The ornamental marble or stone pillars that support the arcades, often reach to the top of the house, and are generally connected by massive beams of carved wood, on which *but-nouses* and *haïks* hang pell mell with cages of canaries and nightingales. The upper rooms are reached by wooden staircases communicating with the galleries, and are entered through folding doors. In summer the doors are usually left open, and are replaced by curtains hung across the entrance. Sometimes the walls are whitewashed or covered with encaustic tiles, and the ceilings are formed either of cedar beams or of carved wood, representing ornaments or flowers, fruit and fish, painted in brilliant colours and gilded. The floors and stairs are either of slate, marble or encaustic tiles, or of slate and tiles, and marble and tiles combined.

Furniture, as a rule, occupies very little space in a Moorish house. In the principal apartment one generally finds three cushions covered with rugs and carpets placed on the floor in an alcove, so as to form three sides of a square, in the centre of which stands a hookah or a nargheel, or an elegant vase filled either with pomegranates or a bouquet of choice flowers. The room, according to its size, has one or two very narrow windows crossed with iron bars, so that the little daylight that penetrates within enters at the doorway. Scattered over the floor are a few cushions and divans, and a quantity of mats and carpets. Some ornamental stands, looking-glasses in curiously shaped frames, and one or two stout-bodied guitars, called *Konitra*, hang against the wall, while lamps of different coloured glass dangle from

the ceiling. In the sleeping apartments of the women a white muslin curtain often fringed with gold lace is attached to a loose cord across the entrance to an alcove, and half conceals a small iron bedstead or a low couch. Here the floors are partly covered with carpets and mats, sometimes two or three inches deep, as in the ordinary living room; coloured glass lamps, too, hang suspended from the ceiling, and perforated wooden shelves, mirrors, and mandolines rest against the walls. Here and there are large Turkish coffers, painted in many colours, containing the Moorish beauty's wardrobe. Some of them may be open, for the lady has, perhaps, just completed her toilette. Peering into them we find they contain various articles of feminine attire thrown pell-mell together as if they had been tried on and rejected by their capricious mistress. There are little jackets covered with small gold and silver ornaments, cloth and silk caftans, trousers of almost every size and material, from those of ordinary long cloth or muslin to those of satin and brocaded silk elaborately embroidered with gold and silver thread; there are a vast number of *foutas*, too, for fastening round the waist, beautiful cambric chemisettes, silk handkerchiefs and Tunisian tissues of almost every imaginable shade and colour. In another part of the room we find one or two ornamental whatnots painted like the trunks and shelves I have already mentioned, and crowded with scent bottles, little gold and silver caskets, ostrich eggs, rosaries, silk mufflers, long strings of amber beads, flag-shaped fly-flappers, and fans made of ostrich feathers with small mirrors in the centre; then there are a few vials and various toilette necessities, such as *koheul* for the eyes, *henna* for staining the hands and feet, different sorts of *cosmétiques* and pastes for removing hair from the body. On the top of one of these pieces of furniture is a large silk handkerchief containing the lady's jewellery. There are massive gold rings for

the ankles, bracelets, brooches for fastening the *haïk*, large earrings, ornaments for the hair, rings for the fingers, and necklaces composed of gold coins of almost every country in the world, strung upon long ribbons. On a painted wooden stool stands the bronze bowl in which the beauty washed herself, and beside it is the artistically fashioned vase that contained the water for her toilette, while soft Turkish towels, pretty Moorish slippers, and a few long strings of orange blossoms or jasmine lie scattered about the floor.

I have been attempting to convey some idea of the interior of a Moorish house, into which European civilization has not yet penetrated, for European ideas of comfort have become rather fashionable among the Moors since the French conquest. Thus in some houses you will not unfrequently see in the same room, an Aubusson carpet, a hideous iron bedstead, a mahogany wardrobe, a trumpery clock surmounted by an imitation bronze musketeer, standing beside handsome rose-scented Turkish coffers, cushions of embossed leather from Morocco, shelves of painted wood, beautiful Tunisian divans, and pentagonal tables made of tortoise-shell and mother of pearl.

Many a pleasant hour may be spent sauntering through the narrow, crooked streets in the native part of the city. There in the early morning you find beggars clothed in rags and afflicted with terrible diseases, crouched in the dust at the entrances to narrow lanes; old negress hags are squatted against the white walls of the houses with little piles of negro bread on planks beside them, which they invite you to purchase amidst horrible grins; there are Moors, Arabs, Kabyles, Jews, Biskris, Mozabites, and negroes, with a few Koulougli^{*} and old Turks going leisurely about their business, and little groups of Arab and negro children playing together by the wayside;

* "Koulougli," the offspring of a Turk and a Moorish woman.

there are old Moorish *moukhers*, too, making their purchases; pretty Jewesses shuffling along with pitchers of water or planks of bread on their heads; and baby Moorish wives of fourteen hurrying to and from the baths, followed by their negresses.

In the middle of the day the streets are silent, and the native population is hard at work, for, at Constantine, the natives *do* work notwithstanding what superficial observers of their habits and customs may advance to the contrary. In the time of Hadj Ahmed, the Kabyle, they made as many as sixty thousand *haïks* there annually, and although that number has naturally decreased since the French conquest, they still turn out a very considerable quantity in the course of the year. Even at the present day £25,000 worth of saddles, harness, leather pouches, belts, revolver cases, etc., are manufactured every year by the saddlers. There are more than five hundred native shoemakers, masters and workmen combined, in the city, and some of its streets are composed entirely of shoemakers' shops. These five hundred shoemakers form two corporations—one of which comprises those engaged in making men's shoes, and the other, those who make women's shoes, each corporation having an *Amin*, or Syndic, at its head. Some idea may be formed of the importance of this industry at Constantine, from the fact that a couple of shoemakers can easily make four pairs of shoes, worth about three francs a pair, in a day, which, in round figures, makes from a hundred and seventy to a hundred and seventy-five pounds worth of merchandise that two workmen produce annually, or over £40,000 worth for the whole shoemaking community.

The native women weave in their homes, in the course of the year, twenty-five thousand burnouses, worth, on an average, from fifteen to thirty francs a-piece, besides a considerable number of *gandouras*, which are similar to burnouses, only

made of a mixture of wool and silk; large travelling sacks called *tellis*, and a few carpets in imitation of those of the Levant. Then there are native butchers, greengrocers, grocers, tobacconists, dealers in pots and pans, dyers, basket-makers,

drapers, lock-smiths, barbers, and a host of other tradesmen in a small way of business. The native shops, as a rule, are merely small rooms almost entirely devoid of fittings, so that the goods are piled up on the floor, or hung round the walls upon nails. In some of the old parts of the city these shops have the appearance of being nothing more than large excavations made in very thick walls, and are entered by

AN OLD KOULOGLIS.

the aid of a stone, which, jutting out from the masonry, serves as a step. There are no doorways, but customers stand bargaining outside just as if they were in front of an open window, and the seller, who is squatted in the midst of his goods, has

only to stretch out his hand to reach the objects he may be asked for. His friends frequently visit him there, and seating themselves beside him on the mat, often remain chatting for hours. At times they sit as motionless as wax figures, while at others they smoke their pipes or cigarettes and sip coffee that is brought from a neighbouring café, until the hour comes for closing, when the master lets down a wooden shutter hung upon hinges, and, securing it with a padlock, sets out for his home, which is situated, perhaps, in some distant quarter of the city.

I must not conclude this brief notice of Constantine without mentioning what is called the Hameau of Salah Bey, which will be found at a distance of about a mile from the city on the road to Milah, the ancient Mileum of the Romans. Hundreds of years ago, a citizen of Cirta erected

A YOUNG NEGRO.

a villa in this delightful retreat, which is quite a little oasis in the midst of a wild and savage-looking country. This worthy man, who must have been a bit of a poet, was so enchanted with the beauty of his gardens, that he caused a rather pretentious poem, recounting their many charms, to be cut in marble and affixed to the walls of his dwelling. A fragment of this marble, bearing a portion of the inscription, was dis-

covered by the French shortly after the conquest, and has been duly preserved; and this, and a few stones gnawed by the tooth of time, are all that remain of the Roman villa. Towards the end of the last century, Salah, who was then Bey of Constantine, took it into his head to build a palace on this pleasing site; and the ruins of the Roman villa, which for years had stood unnoticed in the centre of a field of beans and maize, soon took the form of a princely dwelling. Salah Bey seems to have done a great deal of good in the province which he governed, but he nevertheless found a bitter political antagonist in the person of an influential and venerated Marabout of the name of Sidi Mohammed. At last, the Marabout was arrested by the Bey's orders, and in spite of his popularity was condemned to death. On the day appointed for his execution, a crowd of his admirers assembled in the public square, and with loud murmurs protested against the sentence being carried out. The Bey's headsman, however, did his duty, and the head of Sidi Mohammed rolled bleeding on the ground. It is said that at the very moment the Marabout was beheaded, his body took the form of a raven, and that the bird of ill-omen, after giving vent to a series of melancholy croakings, flew towards the Bey's summer retreat. There it delivered itself of a hearty curse, and then disappeared for ever. The Bey, however, was not to be beaten, so, in order to appease the *manes* of his slaughtered enemy, and at the same time to annul the curse, he caused a koubba to be erected on the spot where the raven disappeared, and called it the Koubba of Sidi Mohammed-el-R'orab, or the Tomb of My Lord Mohammed the Raven. Salah, nevertheless, came to an untimely end, for he was strangled by order of his master, the Pacha-Dey of Algiers, in 1775. The residence that he built on the site of the old Roman villa has now fallen to decay, but the Koubba of My Lord the Raven seems to bid defiance to the incursions of time.

THE INDUSTRY OF COMACCHIO.

BY JAMES G. BERTRAM,

AUTHOR OF "THE HARVEST OF THE SEA," ETC.



HE industry of Comacchio is as nearly as possible unique. It consists of the fattening and cooking, or otherwise preserving, immense quantities of eels, which are sold throughout Italy and in many other parts of Continental Europe. Before describing the peculiar industry of Comacchio, we think it desirable to say a few words about the fish which yields a living to a community of 7,000 persons.

There is no marine animal about which there has been so much controversy as "the slippery eel." The most curious theories have been advanced regarding its birth and mode of life, as well as the way in which it reproduces its kind. That old, old story which tells us that eels can be grown from hairs plucked from the tail of a horse, has been again and again revived. About a year ago, a violent controversy broke out on this subject in an Edinburgh newspaper, in which several correspondents asserted that they had actually *witnessed*, day by day, the transformation of horse-hairs into eels. The letters now alluded to were not written by ignorant persons, but by men of apparent intelligence—men quite sane on any other topic than the breeding and growth of eels. These persons, however, only followed in the footsteps of greater persons who preceded them, and who in their time gave publicity to theories which were quite as curious, if not more so, than any which they enunciated. Aristotle, for instance, believed that eels sprang from the mud. Pliny, again, asserted that they multiplied them-

selves by rubbing a portion of their bodies against very sharp or angular stones, and so throwing off fragments that in their turn did the same thing. Another naturalist, of a far back date, recorded it as his opinion that eels were bred from the decaying carcasses of animals. Helmont's idea was that these fish were procreated by the May-dew, and were found to spring in great plenty from the turf. Many of these myths had more philosophy in them than all at once met the eye. It is quite possible that a carcase might give birth to a lot of eels, if some of their kind had spawned in it; or, if just previous to its death, the animal had received into its body a quantity of spawn, perhaps, whilst it was drinking, in the same way that the turf alluded to by Helmont might contain eggs of these fish. A still more curious example of the vulgar errors which prevail as to the birth and breeding of eels has been published, to the effect that this fish is one of the products of a blackbeetle! In a narrative of great simplicity, the author of this theory narrates that he has many times seen the eel escaping from the body of a water-beetle which died in the act of giving birth to the fish! The beetle also reproduces its kind in the usual way. Nature is certainly the mistress of many wonderful secrets—we know that the crab undergoes some curious transformations, we can all watch the tadpole as it is transformed into a frog, and we may see on any summer day how a worm becomes a butterfly; but an eel born as a matter of right by a beetle is undoubtedly the newest wonder in the great repertory of natural history.

In Scotland, many persons, more especially in rural districts, have such a horror of eels that they decline to eat them. This aversion, it is supposed, arises from their serpentine form—

“ They fancy in the little Eel some power
Of Demon huge and terrible.”

Some ancient nations also held them in abhorrence, particularly

the Egyptians, by whom they were consecrated to the deity of the Nile.

Even without the attributes conferred upon it by ignorant authors, the eel is a sufficiently wonderful animal. At one time it was asserted by some naturalists that it was viviparous, bringing forth its young ones alive, and the animal being often the victim of a mass of parasites, great colour was given to the statement. What is known with exactitude of the natural history of this curious fish does not amount to very much. When that "mighty traveller," Spallanzani, visited the lagoons of Comacchio to study its natural history, he failed to obtain much about it that was novel; his excuse being that as these fish went down to the sea to spawn, they were then beyond the reach of any observation that he could make. The going down of these fish to the sea was, however, a kind of discovery of itself, giving, as it did, a clue to the naturalist which has been industriously followed up. Moreover, it shows us that the chief facts in the natural history of the animal had been known at a very early period to the toilers of Comacchio—namely, that the eel was not a viviparous animal, but yielded its young in the way which, as a general rule (there are one or two exceptions), is common to all fishes. The eel is such a prolific animal that it would be impossible to accept as a fact the statement of its being viviparous, for its young, at certain seasons of the year, come up from the sea, or, at any rate, from the brackish waters of harbours and rivers, in such vast quantities as to be far beyond the power of any person to number. This migration begins early in the year, and the ascent of the young eels is the *raison d'être* of the industry of Comacchio. It is the *montée* of these fish that confers a portion of his wealth upon the Pope, and yields a frugal subsistence to those engaged in the work of the fishery. Spallanzani has described the ascent

of the young fish from the Adriatic to the lagoons. Myriads of young eels, almost transparent, and of about the size of a large needle, may be taken during the month of February, while ascending the canals in more or less compact bodies—sometimes in columns, extending in unbroken quantities for a hundred yards, and containing many millions of individual fish! A similar emigration takes place on many of our British rivers. The ascent used to be a great feature in the Thames; it was called “eelfare.”

The great lagoon of Comacchio is eminently suited for the breeding, or rather the fattening of eels. Some centuries ago it was a wide waste of unproductive waters, about one hundred and forty miles in circumference, and ranging in depth from a few inches to a few feet. The lagoon is scarcely known except to a few merchants who occasionally visit it to do business; indeed, till about thirty years ago, it was scarcely accessible, except by means of the trading ships which went to the place for cargoes of fish. Comacchio is situated on the shores of the Adriatic Sea, between the mouth of the river Po and the territory of Ravenna, and is about twenty-five miles from Ferrara. As has been indicated, the place occupied by the eel farms is a great swamp, embraced between the rivers Reno and Volano, which were formerly branches of the Po, somewhat like the shallows of Camargue on the Rhone. The great eel farm is now an appanage of the papal throne, and has been so since the period at which Pope Clement VIII. seized Ferrara after the death of Duke Alphonso the Second, before which time they formed an integral part of the dominions of the house of Este. The town of Comacchio contains at present a population of nearly 7000 inhabitants; it is built on a long island of narrow dimensions, situated about the middle of the lagoon, and contains a cathedral, a monastery, the great kitchen,

and the offices of the administration, with a residence for the farmer general, as well as barracks for a portion of the labourers employed in the business. The town was at one time protected by a fortress which, however, was destroyed during the revolution of 1848.

Although the lagoon offered in the olden times the most favourable conditions for fish breeding, in consequence of its being occasionally flooded by the waters of the sea, its scientific formation as an eel farm is comparatively modern. In ancient times there was very little commerce at Comacchio, the inhabitants being quite content to live in obscurity, and to gain their subsistence from the fishes of its waters. Ultimately, however, so far as we can trace its history from the observations of Spallanzani and other historians, it became celebrated for those ingenious hydraulic contrivances which have transformed the mighty series of swamps into productive fields of labour founded on the migratory instinct of the fish which we have already described. Comacchio is not only celebrated for its canals, sluices and labyrinths, but it is also notable for the discipline under which it is conducted, and for the simple and patriarchal style of life observed by all engaged in the peculiar industry of the place, which is conducted by distinct bodies of the people.

To describe the whole of the ingenious apparatus incidental to eel feeding would take up too much of our space, and besides, would be too technical to suit the taste of the general reader. There are one or two points, however, which it is most desirable to make plain. The lagoon, when it dawned upon the primitive inhabitants that the fish which visited them in such myriads might be turned to advantage commercially, had to be adapted to the purpose, seeing that at certain seasons it was so flooded that all the fish which had entered it might be swept away. The problem that presented itself for solution was, how to keep

the shoals of young eels in the place till they had grown to such a size as to become important for food uses. At first, the lagoon was open on all sides both to the rivers and the sea, although not wholly to the latter, being shut out by a narrow delta of sand in which, however, there were one or two breaks as well as an entrance to a canal, the Grand Pallota Canal, which extends from Magnavacca on the Adriatic, right away through the lagoon, having branches extending to the various fishing stations. By means of sluices, currents of fresh water are admitted on either side of the lagoon from the dyked-out waters of the Reno and Volano, and these fresh-water rushes or "spates" (there are twenty of them) perform an important part in the economy of the place. Each division of the lagoon contains a facsimile of the original labyrinth which was celebrated by Tasso. The sluices and bridges built in the dykes, which keep out the waters of the two rivers till the flood is required, are of great strength, and have been constructed at a heavy expense by the various Popes, or by means of subsidies from the Apostolic chamber. These combined bridges and sluices are frequently named after the Pope who held sway at the period when they were built, and not unfrequently they contain an inscription which sets forth the cause of their construction. No labour was spared to obtain entire control over the waters of the lagoon so as to render them suitable for the industry of which they were to be the theatre as well as subservient to the will of the eel farmers. The place is now an independent inland sea, having, moreover, the advantage of being so divided that each compartment may act on its own separate authority, and yet command at will that mixture of fresh and salt waters which is so essentially necessary for the purposes of cultivation.

The fishing stations are situated on the various islands of

the lagoon, each station being a farm, acting on its own behalf, but conducted on the plan which is general to all, and having, as all have, its chief cultivator, its farm-servants, its instruments of labour, its house of habitation, and its "granary," in which to contain the eel harvest. Throughout the lagoon the similitudes of land farming are used, a series of comparisons which came quite naturally to the inhabitants of Comacchio who, struck with the analogy of their industry to the agricultural art, have, from the earliest times designated their basins *campi*, or fields, just as if they were devoted to the culture of the earth; and in the eyes of those people the *montée* becomes the seed of the fields, of which there are in all about 400. The greater number of these and the most important, belong to the papal government, the others are common or private property.

The seeding of the lagoon begins on the second of February in each year, when all the passages that lead from the sea or from either of the two rivers are opened, and remain so till the end of April. During this period, the newly-hatched eels, acting on the instinct already described, begin their ascent, which is watched with nervous anxiety by those interested. Outside of the lagoon, in both river and sea, during the period at which the *montée* is going on, trawl-fishing with small meshed nets is imperatively forbidden, so that the eels are undisturbed, and allowed to pass into the various entrances of the lagoon in unbroken columns. When the *avant-couriers* of these great armies arrive at the flood-gates, the utmost pains are taken by the *Vallanti* (superintendents of the industry) to facilitate their entrance. Obstacles of every kind are hurried out of the way, only a sufficient number of boats being left in the canals to facilitate work. An ingenious way of finding out whether the *montée* is above or below the average is adopted. As the strings of fish ascending are extremely difficult to discover,

bunches of thin wood, formed into fascines, are sunk in the water by means of weights; and these, after being allowed to remain for a day and a night, are then taken up, and by shaking them over a clean part of the ground, those interested are able to judge from the number of eels obtained whether the seeding is as abundant as usual. After a period of about three months has elapsed, the *montée* is found to have ceased for the season, the Adriatic having given its contribution for that year. The energy of all concerned is immediately directed to secure the immense body of eels which has entered the lagoon, and which is destined to provide a portion of the future harvests which will in due season be gathered from the waters. At the end of April the whole of the flood-gates are lowered, and the lagoon is again converted into a basin hermetically sealed. The fish are thus constrained to live and fatten in the watery prisons which they have been cunningly led to inhabit; and there they must remain till the farmer-general, who has the supreme direction of the state fields, judges them fit for the purposes of the market. The lagoon contains several other fishes besides eels. There is a plentiful supply of some flat fishes, notably one called there the sole, but not the sole as known here. It reposes upon the mud, where it finds a supply of food in the worms and insects which inhabit the bottom. Then there are the mullets, which prey on all the animals that are more feeble than they are. As will be imagined, the eels must be fed, and well fed too, before they can be considered large enough to be taken to market. For their delectation another fish is supplied in great quantities—or, rather, it is not supplied, but is an inhabitant of the lagoon. It is the *aquadelle*, a species of the atherine, which multiplies so enormously in the waters of Comacchio as not only to supply food for the eels and other fishes, but so as to admit of large numbers being sold for manure! The eels devour enormous

numbers of these little fish. Nothing will distract their attention from their prey at the times when they come upon a shoal of these *aquadelle*. A body of eels will so interlace themselves among them that escape is quite impossible. The eels being satisfied with their banquet, wriggle back to their various hiding-places, to remain till they have recovered from their surfeit.

Some curious details of the habits of the eel have been gathered at Comacchio; on these, however, it is not our purpose to dwell at present, except in so far as what has been ascertained denotes their ratio of growth. This is a matter which it is of the greatest importance to know as regards all our food fishes; it is, in fact, the key to the proper regulation of every fishery, and yet the ratio of growth of most of our fishes (if we except the salmon) is not ascertained. Even at Comacchio, the most varied ideas prevail as to the age at which an eel becomes reproductive, or at what period of its life it is best fitted for food. This much is seen at Comacchio every year—namely, vast quantities of the fish desirous to escape from the place in order to proceed seawards, where it is known that they repeat the story of their birth, and at this time, whatever may be the age they have attained, they are large enough for food. The labourers of the lagoon are not at all learned in this part of the subject; they cannot tell with any kind of precision how old the fish are which they are daily in the habit of handling. Various conjectures are made as to when the eels attain their full size—five, six, eight, and ten years being respectively named. Curiously enough, no experiments have ever been made that could settle the question. M. Coste, who has done so much for the revival of what is called “Pisciculture” in France, and who visited and described all the technicalities of the lagoon of Comacchio, says that an eel is at its “perfection” when it

attains a weight of about five pounds, which it does in about five years. A pound weight of the thread eels of the *montée* will number 1,800 individual fish, so that in a given time—indeed, after a year in the lagoon—they begin to be valuable. Taking the weight at five pounds at the end of five years, a pound of *montée* would then weigh 9,000 lbs., which, at the rate of twopence halfpenny per pound, would represent a sum of £93. 15s.—a very handsome increase, and indicative of the total produce of the lagoon. Eels of different weights have different names given to them. Those which weigh five or six pounds are called “miglioramenti;” those of four pounds are called “roche”; those of three pounds, “angonillaci;” and common eels, those which have not attained their full development, but whose weight may be one pound, “priscetti.” These names, it is said, facilitate sales, and are otherwise useful.

In the securing of the eel harvest, and in the capture of other kinds of fish, the labyrinths we have already spoken of play an important part. The fact is, the fish may be said to capture themselves; the eels are sure to breast the currents when these are put in motion at a given time, and not only so, but each kind of fish is sure to find its own place. The art of fishing has assuredly never been carried to greater perfection than in the lagoons of Comacchio. The different species of fish cannot escape falling into their particular prison; that is accomplished much in the same manner as the mechanism of certain manufactories separate different fabrics in different employments. These labyrinths form, of course, a portion of the apparatus of each division of the lagoon. They are too intricate to be explained without the aid of a series of elaborate drawings. The eel harvest is a time of anxiety at Comacchio. The priests bless the different fields previous to beginning, and solemn religious services are held,

where prayers are offered up for the success of the fishing. The migratory instinct of the eel is excited by opening the sluices, which let in the waters of the Adriatic, and the fish anxious to reach the sea, follow into the labyrinths and are then secured at leisure. Dark and boisterous nights, which greatly agitate the surface of the water, are most favourable for the operation of taking the eels. Enormous quantities of these fish are sometimes secured. When any particular valley captures 48,000 lbs., a cannon is fired to intimate to the whole community the good tidings. We have no very recent statistics of the take of eels, but it has been estimated that the total yield, including in the calculation what are stolen, is nearly four million pounds per annum, of the value of £41,666 13s. 4d. During some seasons there has been great mortality among the fish of the lagoons, as many as a million pounds having been lost. The cause of such calamities is not quite understood, sometimes they occur through excessive heat, and at other times from very severe cold. On the occasion of great captures, feasts and fêtes are liberally indulged in, and in these all the chief personages of the place take part; the farmer-general and his family participate in the rejoicings, as do all the ecclesiastical authorities, proceeding to the particular valley or farm where the great capture has been made, to indulge in the pleasures of a fish dinner.

At Comacchio there is a great kitchen for the preparation of the fish, a large portion of the eel harvest being cooked before being sent to the market! The very large eels are cut into pieces in order to their being easily placed upon the spits. One or two assistants prepare them for roasting with great dexterity, first chopping off their heads and tails, which are given as a perquisite to the poor people of Comacchio; they then cut them into the requisite lengths. Smaller fish are roasted whole

and alive, after their endurance of a little trimming. A small canal has been provided under the battery of spits for receiving the oil which drips from the eels whilst they are being roasted. This fat is used for the frying of the miscellaneous fish, *i.e.*, mullets, dories, small soles, and little eels that are not fit for the spit. These are cooked in very large frying-pans. The fish prepared at Comacchio, before leaving the establishment, are packed in barrels of all sizes, from the huge tun down to those which contain only a few pounds. Some of the fish are sent out in a pickle, peculiar to the establishment, others are simply salted, being first piled in great heaps or stacks of alternate layers of fish and salt; another process is that of "dessication," in which the animals are immersed, while they are still alive, in a boiling pickle, and then are laid out to dry and harden in the sun. This cruel practice is *de rigueur*; the merchants who deal in these fish can at once detect those which have been prepared after death. There are other details connected with the cooking and the canning of the eels which we might describe, but we only aspire to give a general idea of what is accomplished at Comacchio; it is a busy place during the gathering of the harvest, and the great kitchen is well worth seeing whilst the fruit of the lagoon is being prepared for the market.

The government of the industry of Comacchio is left exclusively in the hands of the farmer-general, who has to keep up a household during his term of office that will probably number 500 persons, all of whom are bound to yield him the most explicit obedience. This army is composed of the persons who carry on the work, and is divided into various brigades. The first brigade is employed on the construction of the dykes, in the management of the flood-gates during the seeding of the lagoon, the organization of the labyrinths during the fishing season, the transportation of the fish in boats to the kitchen or

to reservoirs, where they can be kept alive till wanted, either for cooking or sale. This brigade is so divided and subdivided that each of the separate farms has a dozen of these men employed upon it. Every farm has a superintendent, who is absolute in his own department. His rate of pay is 4 scudi, 75 baiocchi per month, with an allowance of $2\frac{1}{2}$ pounds of fish per day, and during the summer months, when fish are scarce, he receives an addition to his wages by way of compensation; he has, moreover, as have all the employés, a small share in the produce of the lagoon, which, in a good season, may amount to as much as 12 Roman *ecus* per man. All the persons employed on a farm live *en famille*, dining and living together in peace and harmony, due precedence being, however, observed, each officer having his appointed place. The men cannot leave the farm on which they are engaged without a written permission, but they are allowed to visit Comacchio and stay with their families for a Saturday and Sunday in each fortnight. In addition to the brigade of workers, there is a brigade of watchers, numbering 120 persons, who have duties to perform which are somewhat akin to those of custom-house officers at a seaport. It would appear that there is plenty of work, there being any number of robbers constantly on the prowl to rob the waters of their piscine treasures, and, unfortunately, constant defections have to be noted among those employed in the place. The spoilation is so large as sometimes, we are told, to amount to half the produce of the place. The police form an entirely separate body, and they are paid at the rate of from 5 to $6\frac{1}{2}$ *ecus* per month, according to their rank. There is, of course, an administrative department, consisting of about twenty-five persons, who comprise a director, general secretary, head book-keeper, aided by six assistants; there are two commercial assistants, two apprentices, four copying clerks, a cashier, sub-

cashier, and three inspectors of works. Most of these officers are housed in a part of the manufactory, and are engaged in directing all the operations that are incidental to the preparation, preservation, and exportation of the fish. The health of the various communities is, as a rule, excellent; and although almost no butcher-meat is consumed, the chief diet being flour puddings, chestnuts, fruits, and fish, particularly eels, the physique of the fisher people is remarkable, indicative in a high degree of a robust constitution.

Such is a brief description of the industrial wonders of Comacchio. It is to be regretted that the technicalities incidental to the labour of eel-fattening cannot be very well understood from mere description. Professor Coste, the eminent French pisciculturist, has described all the operations which are carried on, by the aid of drawings, but a visit to the place itself presents the best means of understanding what is accomplished. Those tourists who make a pilgrimage to the shrine of Dante or the prison of Tasso, should not fail to make themselves familiar with the quaint **INDUSTRY OF COMACCHIO.**

AUTOUR DU MONDE.

BY E. HEPPLE HALL, AUTHOR OF "THE GREAT WEST," ETC.



GIVEN: a good constitution, three months' furlough, and three hundred pounds;—to see the world. Round the world in ninety days! Such is the marvel of modern locomotion! That which involved our forefathers in years of labour, fatigue, and exposure, not unfrequently accompanied by a fair share of danger to accom-

plish, may now be realized with comparative ease and comfort in three short months. How to solve the problem?

Take a ticket by the Peninsular and Oriental Steamship Company's line from Southampton, Brindisi, or Venice, or by the Messageries Line from Marseilles, to Shanghai, China, or to Yokohama, Japan. The best time to start is about the beginning of December. Note the day and hour of the steamer's departure from either of these ports, and start from Ludgate Hill or Cannon Street, full four days in advance. These you will comfortably and profitably occupy in taking a peep at Paris (one day must be the limit of your sojourn in Paris), a run through the central wine districts of France, a saunter through Dijon, Maçon, and Lyons, and a stroll through the fine sea-port city of Marseilles (view the famous Chateau d'If, the Public Garden, and the Eglise de Notre Dame de la Garde). From Marseilles eastward the route is through the blue waters of "La Belle Méditerranée," by a steamer of the "Messageries Maritimes," a French Company, past Toulon, the isles Corsica, Sardinia, Caprera, Sicily, and Malta, to Alexandria.

Ten days from Pall Mall to Alexandria! An entire change of scenery and programme. Pompey's Pillar, Cleopatra's Needle, the Pharos, Bay of Aboukir, camels, dromedaries, palm-trees, bright-eyed houris, mosques, dancing dervishes, dragomans, bazaars, beggars, donkeys, sand-fleas, and *backsheesh*. Stop at Grand Cairo, *en route* to Suez (one day), Grand Hotel and Sheppard's, the Citadel, Mosques of Kailoon, of Sultan Hassan, and Mehemed Ali, Pasha's Palace and the Baths; Pariah dogs abound. If you have two days, spend the second in visiting (on donkey-back) the Pyramids and the Sphinx. In order to avoid missing the connecting steamer at Suez, travellers must travel direct by first train from Alexandria. Spoil not any

favourable impress of Egypt which your visit to Alexandria and Cairo may have afforded you; but hasten on board ship as soon as you arrive in Suez, and endeavour to keep your head cool while passing down the Red Sea. Look out for Annesley Bay on the right on the third day from Suez. Zùlla, at the head of the bay, was the landing-place of the British expeditionary force against the Abyssinian King Theodore, and the point from which the Queen of Sheba made her ancient pilgrimage to the court of King Solomon.

The commencement of your third week from London will bring you to Aden, "the Garden of Aden," facetiously so called because nothing green grows there.

Dine on board your steamer—unless you like the mutton of fat-tailed sheep well enough to dispense with the ordinary accompaniments—see the "Tanks," the red-headed Soumalis, buy a few ostrich feathers, and leave, as soon as the boat ceases coaling, for Bombay, which will be reached soon after the beginning of the fourth week. Two days in Bombay, the commercial metropolis of British India, will suffice to see the lions of the place, including Sir Jamsitjee Cursetjee Readymoney Jehheb-hoy, N.G.H.C., K.C.B., and his interesting collection of Indian curiosities. By rail across the peninsula of India, via Nagpore, Jubbulpore, Delhi, Agra (the famous Tej or Taha Mehal), Lucknow, Benares, to Calcutta; which will be reached in five days from Bombay, and thirty from London. At Calcutta (Great Eastern and Bycullah Hotels) write up your diary, consult your cash-book, visit your banker, overhaul your linen, avoid exposure to the sun, and eschew iced drinks; visit the native town in a palanquin (pronounced "palkie"), if possible; after which a sail on the sacred Ganges will afford an agreeable relief. Visit the office of the Peninsular and Oriental Steamship Company, and get your ticket visé for Point de Galle. Taking

steamer from Calcutta about the middle of the fifth week from London, and passing Madras, famous for its hot winds and curries, a six-days' voyage will bring you to the lovely island of Ceylon. If the wind blows off shore, and then only, the cinnamon-groves and cocoa-nut palms will indicate the proximity of this lovely isle. Visit the coffee plantations (by road to Columbo and thence by rail to Kandy), the cinnamon-gardens; and, above all, if you are fond of sport, see an elephant-hunt. In short, arrange, if possible, to stay over one steamer in Ceylon. You have now half completed your *tour du monde*.

From Point de Galle, the steamer route, eastward, is across the Bay of Bengal to the Straits Settlements of Penang and Singapore. No going ashore, except at Singapore, for a few hours while the steamer coals.

From Singapore, the route is northward, along the coast of Cochin China, to the flourishing young city of Victoria on the British island of Hong Kong. Fine harbour, spacious, well-built Praya, commodious Hong, or commercial houses, good hotel and club, extensive view from Victoria Peaks, and fast American-built steamers for coast and river navigation.

Arrange your Chinese programme thus: Macao (Portuguese town, Cathedral, and Barracks) one day, and return to Victoria. Take coast steamer through Straits of Formosa, to Amoy, Foo-chow, Swatow, and Shanghae, taking care to pick up bits of China as you move along, as a three-months' tour will not permit of any stay at these points. From Shanghae two weeks additional will be required to see Pekin and the Great Wall. Leaving Shanghae, take passage in a Pacific Mail Steamer for San Francisco, via Nagasaki, Hiogo, and the Suonada, or Inland Sea of Japan. The trip from Shanghae to Yokohama usually occupies four to five days, and in fine weather, no more enjoyable trip can be found anywhere. In passing through the

Suenada, a fine view of "Fusiyama," the sacred mountain of Japan, 15,000 feet high, is obtained. Yokohama: good hotels, bazaars in native town, curio shops. Jedo, by railway from Yokohama: Palace, Castle of Taikoon, bridges, and native shops. Return to Yokohama. Sail in Pacific Mail Steamer, 4,800 miles to San Francisco; time, twenty days. Pass the Golden Gate, the entrance to the harbour of San Francisco, at the close of the eleventh week from London.

Spend two days in the metropolis of the Pacific Coast, taking care, also, if possible, to visit the Yosemite Valley, the Mammoth Trees of the Calaveras and Mariposa Groves, the Geysirs, etc., etc., which take from 10 to 14 days additional. Cross the great American Continent, 3,167 miles, in one of Pullman's palace sleeping cars, luxuriating in their unrivalled comfort, and feasting the eye with the wonders of the scenery on the road, reaching New York at the end of six days from San Francisco. A day's rest in New York, and then a ten-day's trip across the Atlantic in a Cunard, White Star, or Inman Steamer, will complete the circumnavigation of the globe. Such, in briefest possible outline, is the Tour du Monde in Ninety Days! a trip which no one who watches the migratory tendency of our race and times, can seriously doubt, will, in a short space of time, become as fashionable and popular with all who can afford it, as a trip to Paris or Baden Baden was a score of years ago.



VEVEY, AND THE LAKE OF GENEVA.

THE LAKE OF GENEVA.



THE literary souvenirs bound up with the Lake of Geneva are so many, and of such extraordinary interest, as to cast all others into the shade. Fernex, Coppet, Lausanne, Clarens, Chillon, stand first in our minds for Voltaire, Gibbon, De Stael, Rousseau, Byron ; and when we have these to think of it is as if no room were left for anything else. Yet these are not all, and, if after we have paid our tribute to Lemman, as to the favourite haunt of poets and philosophers, we cast a glance over its more ancient memories, we shall be amply repaid. Indeed, it required nothing less than such associations as those mentioned above to eclipse the charm of the romantic annals, historical and legendary, of the Lake of Geneva ; “the lake in the desert” it was called by ancient geographers, though we of the nineteenth century see there rather an oasis of peace in the world’s wilderness.

Where to take up its history ? We used to think that if we began with the Helvetians and Allobroges, we were beginning at the beginning. Recent discoveries have opened up a remote past that makes these Celts appear comparatively of yesterday. Even if we skip the fossil remains of fauna and flora of former periods, when a tropical vegetation, such as we now see in Brazil, flourished here, climbing ferns, laurels, and water-lilies ; when the rhinoceros and mastodon ranged the forests, and crocodiles and turtles swam in the waters, we are met by strange memorials of the “age of stone.” These bear witness to the existence here for centuries of tribes who built and dwelt in those lake cities of which traces are not wanting all along the lake. Near Villeneuve, Lausanne, Morges, and Geneva

have been found the stakes and piles on which rested these rude huts of wood and clay. The inhabitants lived on the chase, with stags, boars, deer, and the urus—that gigantic wild bull, according to Cæsar nearly as large as an elephant—for their game. These mysterious tribes were conquered by the Helvetians and Allobroges, of whom mementoes have come down to us in the form of weapons, relics of chariots, and the Druidical monuments which abound in these parts. Such are the *Pierres à Nilon*, two strange blocks rising out of the lake near Geneva, where the Romans set up an altar to Neptune. At the foot of Mount Salève, on a hillock, stands a curious boulder of granite, known as the *Pierre aux Dames*. Four female figures in tunics are sculptured on it in relief. There is a dolmen at Regny, a little beyond, and the neighbouring plain of Les Rocailles is studded with these enormous fantastical stones.

The Roman settlements that followed have left their mark in traces of camps along the Savoy shore of the lake, and marble relics at Geneva. An altar to Bacchus has been found at Cully, and other fragments from time to time are dug out of the foundations of houses at Vevey and in the neighbourhood. But the Romans fixed their head-quarters at Aventicum, in the Neuf-châtel region, where a single column, popularly nicknamed “the Stork,” still stands to tell the tale.

The tale was not a satisfactory one. Roman civilization in Helvetia proved a failure, and degenerated rapidly into luxury, enervation, and sceptical indifference. Let the following Latin inscription, found at Coppet, speak : “I, like thee, have lived ; thou, like me, shalt die. So rolls the world. Traveller go on thy way.”

At the fall of the Empire, the Gallo-Roman inhabitants of Switzerland, driven southward by the barbarian hordes, crowded into the Lemman region. But the Teutonic invaders followed,

and it was conquered by the Burgundians. Still, a fixed Gallo-Roman element was left to dispute predominance with the new race, and the people here remained less German than the rest of Switzerland. This was especially the case with the country on the south side of the lake, known to us as Chablais in Savoy, and in the opposite state of Vaud, where many old customs, laws, institutions, and even a certain amount of Latin culture were allowed to survive.

The Burgundians throughout were mild governors. King Gondebaud, uncle of Clotilda, famous for her hand in the conversion to Christianity of her husband the Frankish king Clovis, fixed his residence at Geneva. The country fell for awhile into the power of the Franks, but reverted after the death of Charlemagne to the Burgundians, who held it unmolested for the next two hundred years.

Under their rule it appears to have been happy and prosperous. The second king of this line, Rudolph II., was fortunate in his queen, known as *Berthe la Fileuse*, an ideal mediæval heroine who lives yet in the rural legends. She was the Duke of Suabia's daughter, and deeply beloved for her care of the poor and her admirable government. She made roads, planted vineyards, and built those old donjons of defence, Gourze Moudan, La Molière. The saddle of the horse on which she used to go about the country, spinning as she rode, is still shown at Payerne, with the hole on one side for the distaff. Once she was crossing a meadow, and saw a peasant girl keeping sheep and spinning meanwhile. Pleased at the sight of such industry the queen made her a handsome present. The court heard of this, and the next day a number of maids of honour appeared before the queen with distaffs and spindles. But *Berthe la Fileuse* shook her head. "The shepherdess came first," said she; "like Jacob, she has taken away my

blessing and left nothing for Esau." Her memory to this day is held in the profoundest veneration by the people. Tradition tells that she may still be seen, now and then, standing on the mountains with a winnowing fan in her hand, showering down gold on the poor.

During these two centuries of Burgundian rule the feudal system took deep root in the Vaud country, which stretches along the northern shore of the lake, from Villeneuve reaching almost to Geneva. The rural population was protected by the nobles who owned the land and villages, and were almost like little independent sovereigns in their castles. In the opposite district of Chablais was a somewhat similar military society of knights and commoners. But in the two largest towns, Lausanne and Geneva, things were taking a different turn. To-day, when in a few hours we are shot along by railway or steamer from Geneva to Villeneuve, we can scarcely realize the contrast offered by these two contiguous districts and their respective histories from the break up of the Burgundian kingdom in 1033, when these states reverted to the German Empire. Henceforward the annals of Geneva and Vaud present two opposite pictures, both, however, with a claim to respect and admiration. On one side Geneva and its environs, where everything was already tending slowly and surely to Democracy and Protestantism; on the other Vaud, like its *vis-à-vis* Chablais, Catholic and Monarchical in its leanings. One is the story of a stern, sober, patient, pertinacious people, who clung to their rights and the independence of their city, come death, come anything; a story full of patriotic figures of citizen champions, martyrs for just laws and liberty; of a steady, vigorous, prolonged tooth and nail resistance against fearful odds, but prevailing at last. The other is a feudal romance in its most fascinating colours, a tale of another kind of heroism,

the devotion of the knight to his liege, and of retainers to their chief. The heroes and heroines are the barons and their chate-laines, and brilliant instances of fidelity and valour occur, but inspired by other emotions than those that stirred the hearts of the burghers. The religious progress of the different states is also curious and significant. At Geneva, at Lausanne, Calvin was the apostle, and his triumph complete. But his reform spread but slowly through the Vaud country, and the rival preacher, the arch-catholic St. Francis of Sales, found ready adherents along the shores of Chablais, where all efforts of force and persuasion to establish the reformed doctrines have failed.

(To be continued.)

A WEEK IN ATHENS.

BY LANGLEY COLERIDGE.



HERE are some spots in the world, far off though they may be from that little sphere which makes up *the* world of many a life—where the traveller can never feel himself a stranger. Such a spot is Palestine to the Christian; such a spot is Athens to the student.

After long wanderings in many lands, I felt on that bright morning towards the end of April as I stood on the deck of the steamer and made out familiar objects on the classic shore, as though I came in contact with a lost part of my life; memories of school days, yearnings for the old beliefs in the dear old fables; snatches of Hellenic song—all these made me realize one of those dreams of youth which we think sometimes in manhood we are incapable of ever dreaming again.

In giving an account of a week in Athens, I see before me a splendid opportunity for airing quotations which have been locked up these many years, of indulging in sentiment, of recalling a host of pleasant legends, and stringing together a list of honoured names. But from all this I magnanimously turn aside to give merely a tourist's sketch of Athens as it may be seen to-day; to point out how it may best be seen, and when; and to call attention to the fact that Athens *is*. It is to me a marvellous thing that comparatively few people visit Athens, one of the most interesting places in the whole world, and easily accessible. Perhaps it has not struck the tourist when he has been mapping out a tour in Southern Italy, that he can get from Brindisi to the Piræus in three days, or from Messina in forty-eight hours. In eight to ten days it is possible to make the excursion from Trieste to Athens and back, passing through some of the most charming scenery imaginable; in short, any tourist who wishes to see the Attic capital has but to make up his mind to do so, and he will find he can do the journey in a very short time, if time is an object; at a very small cost, if money is an object; and without fatigue, if rest is an object.

It is marvellous, too, what confused ideas many people have of Athens, even in these days of travelling. I have repeatedly been asked such questions as these: "Is there really much to see?" "Does the present appearance of Athens justify what has been said of it by her authors?" "Are the ruins accessible, and are they sufficiently well preserved to give an idea of what the structures really were?"

In reply to such questions, it may be well to say at once that there still stands a temple by the road side, so perfect that you would not wonder to see priests and worshippers issue from it as in the days of old. In no part of the world can you in the same area find more "to see;" and scarcely anywhere else

can you find more to feel, for the very dust you tread once breathed, and every tree and valley and stream, every road and street, every mound and grotto, every broken column, has a history or a memory. Nor is it too much to say that its praises have not been over sung. "You inhabit a city, O men of Athens," Pericles is made to say in the Thucydidean page, "which has naught to envy of any other in the universe." And that was true.

I will go so far as to say that not Rome with the mighty Colosseum, nor Baalbec with its Temple of the Sun, nor Pompeii with its complete associations, nor Ephesus with its wondrous theatre, can be compared with the Acropolis at Athens. I have been to all these places, and many more; but nowhere did I find my spirit stirred within me as at Athens, where the perfection of Art is enthroned.

Well now, to dispense with anything that may be interpreted as bathos, let us stand on the deck of the steamer as we near the Piræus. At one point we gain a splendid view; Parnes and Hymettus stand as two mountain walls, and between them is the fair valley. And who shall gaze unmoved as he sees the Acropolis, rising in the centre of the view, but looks in vain for the colossal statue of Athene Promachus, whose glittering lance was once the guide of the mariner. There is the hill of the Museion, there the monument of Philopappus, and there, beyond the spic-span modern palace of the king, rises Lycabettus.

This view is as the oyster before dinner: it just whets the appetite for what is to follow. Passing the old monument called the "Tomb of Themistocles," close by the lighthouse, a short time brings us to anchor at the Piræus, the ancient and modern harbour of Athens.

This port presents but few traces of the past. All the

traveller sees is a swarm of small boats, with noisy boatmen flinging out at you words of broken English and an unknown Greek, hotel porters offering cards, and on the shore a string of carriages, with coachmen cracking their whips.

Let the tourist beware how he yields himself to the solicitations of any of these energetic people, or how he permits his few packages to be taken care of. Every man's hand seems against his brother's in the struggle to get ashore, and every man sets his own value on any services he may render. Groups will pounce upon the unwary from behind and before, and "when Greek meets Greek," the consequences are certain. There is a railway from the Piræus to Athens, but as it is some little distance from the boats on the one side, and some little distance from the hotels on the other, it may be valuable for trade purposes, but not for tourists. So we will jump into a carriage and be off. There is nothing to see at the Piræus but modern houses, commodious stores, and a sprinkling of cafés. The four and a half miles to be traversed is a dusty road, very much like dusty roads anywhere else. And yet this road was once a long street leading from the city to the port, with houses on either side, and to-day may be traced the course of the Long Walls, one built by Pericles and the other by Themistocles, 456—431 B.C. It is unfortunate that this road does not command one really startling view, such as is obtained when approaching the city from Daphne by the Sacred Way. We find it hard to realize we are only a mile or two from the fairest city in the world as we look around upon dust-laden hedges, and a few olive plantations and vineyards, and the distant views everywhere present the outlines of hills and valleys, but wearing a brown and barren look, without a tree to relieve the monotony. Nor are our dreams of

" Hymettian honey in Falernian wine "

realized as our driver draws up at a wayside inn ostensibly to water the horses, but really to quaff some vile liquor which has neither the quality of cheering nor inebriating, to judge by the quantity consumed, without producing any result. Presently, however, we come up to the Temple of Theseus, the most perfect building in Athens, perhaps the finest specimen of a Greek temple in existence. Its delicate proportions, and *sacred* solitariness (it stands on a raised plateau) are very striking; and the peculiar emotion which one always feels when first brought into contact with a glorious past, leaves a strong impression on the mind here. For this temple, if the legend be true, was built by Cimon, 470 B.C., to commemorate the memory of Theseus and his exploits at the battle of Marathon. It contains a splendid collection of antiquities; but we must not linger here now, we have to drink deeper into the spirit of the land before exploring its relics in detail, and besides, Greek drivers have no poetry. Soon we are in the modern city—a wonderful city, with handsome houses, shops fitted up as tastefully as those in Paris or Vienna, and crowded with folks in the most charming costumes of Greeks, Albanians, Turks, and nondescripts. The first thing that strikes the attention of a tourist who is in Greece for the first time is the singularity of the appearance of Greek names over the shop doors, and notices in the windows and on the walls in Greek. As a friend of mine said, with great simplicity, “It seems so appropriate to the place.” The next thing that strikes the tourist aforesaid is that every house not a tobacconist’s is a wine shop;—but this is not an exact estimate.

We drive all along the Hermes Street, by and by we find ourselves in the spacious square, where all the best hotels are grouped within a stone’s throw of the King’s Palace, and stop at the Hotel des Etrangers. The hotels at Athens are really

very excellent, and this one particularly so ; every comfort and luxury may be obtained ; the service generally, is excellent. Fond memories of the snug breakfasts with real honey from the real Hymettus, and other things not so classical, but quite as nice ; and tables d'hote bountifully supplied with every delicacy of the civilized world, only with much more of it and much better than you get, as a rule, in Switzerland or Italy.

I shall never forget my first night in Athens as long as I live. Let me try and describe it. A choice little company of five of us started out after dinner to "burn incense to the gods," to put it classically, or to do honour to the country and smoke a little *politikos*, a delicious tobacco much in vogue with the natives. It was a moonlight night, not such as we see in London, but so brilliantly bright and clear that we were able to read "Baedeker" with the greatest ease by its light. In the palace gardens and the boulevards, the nightingales were singing an Attic chorus. Never had I heard such songsters before, not even in the woods of Hertfordshire. There was a great temptation to stroll on, and on ; we had seen nothing yet of Athens, we had no fear of brigands before our eyes, and we wandered on until we came to open country, and there, in solitary grandeur, rose before us fifteen noble Corinthian columns. Each column is 57 feet high, and wrought in the marble of Pentelicus. They are dazzlingly white, and standing there in the moonlight, every line of the fluted pillars in relief from its shadowed depression, they seemed to be more spiritual than material. We stood under them, upon the site where once stood the Temple of Zeus Olympius, begun by Pisistratus, and finished by the Emperor Hadrian—a temple which was, said Livy, "the only one in all the world worthy the Olympian Jove."

I wish I could make just *one* traveller who has not been to Athens imagine the scene. A perfectly bare floor, hard and

level, a background of illimitable extent in that uncertain light, not a shadow falling anywhere save those cast by the columns, a supernatural light illuminating those vast columns with supernatural beauty. Stand still and listen. Behind, you hear the voices of the nightingales ; before, you hear the gentle ripple of the Ilissus, only a little stream (you can jump across it easily if you don't weigh sixteen stone) ; and then listen for that mysterious voice which always hovers round these relics of antiquity. A good writer has said, "There are many kinds of voices in the world, and none of them is without signification." And this voice of antiquity told us a tale which I cannot interpret into words for a printer's dark angel to set up in type. But is it not strange that sixteen columns is all that remains of a temple which was 354 feet by 171 feet ? Why is it that so little is left ? Well, I venture respectfully to advance this as a theory. It was unadapted, from its vast size, to become a temple of that Saviour whom Paul preached in this city, and *therefore* it fell. This is a bold assertion, but let the reader remember that the Parthenon, the Theseum, and others of the best-preserved temples in Athens, were used for Christian worship, and owe their preservation to that religion which was to the Greeks but "foolishness." The Temple of Zeus Olympius could not be utilized for that purpose, and so it has come to pass that only 16 out of the 124 columns which once surrounded it remain, and not a trace of the building itself is left, while the Theseum, of earlier date, is to-day a completely habitable edifice.

As we sat down on the fallen column, and looked towards the left, we beheld a sight a thousand-fold more enchanting than that I have already described. A short distance from us was the Gate of Hadrian, looking by that light as perfect as it must have looked in the days when it marked the boundary

between the Athens of Theseus and the Athens of Hadrian. Beyond this gate, and above it, rose a massive rock, 300 feet high, crowned with buildings the most wonderful the world has ever seen. There could be no doubt—it was the Acropolis! It was impossible to resist the temptation, we must go forward; and so, passing through the Gate of Hadrian, we stood under the rocky elevation, where a light was burning in the Grotto of the Virgin. Then we gazed through a gate into the Theatre of Dionysius, where still the rows above rows of marble seats remain, and the chairs of the priests who sat to hear the plays of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides. As we gazed, two armed men emerged from behind a huge block of stone hard by, and, we were attacked by brigands! At least, so thought one of the party, but the men turned out to be soldiers, perhaps doing duty; but it is hard to say when a soldier is doing duty in Greece. We thought, however, it might be as well now to return to the hotel, and were on the point of doing so, when we heard cheery voices ahead, and that determined us to go on, for the night was lovely, and the scene around us bewitchingly strange, and yet familiar and dear. There was the prison of Socrates away on the left, and there the Areopagus or Mars Hill, where Paul preached his great sermon. And as we gazed on one object after another, and lingered, and talked, and then moved forward again, we found we had been drawn up the hill of the Acropolis, and were standing before its gate. We knew it must be closed, and we had no hope of doing more than catch a glimpse of the sacred enclosure, when, lo! the gate opened, an old soldier gave us a salute, and a voice in the distance cried, in English, “Come quick to the Parthenon!” We followed on, not knowing what else might follow, and in a few minutes beheld a scene which none of us will ever forget. There was the Parthenon, the perfection of art, a deathless

poem ; there, on our left, the Erechtheum, with the life-sized Caryatides ; behind us the Propylæa and Temple of Nike Apteros, while all around were scattered treasures of art, bewildering in their profusion.

We had not stood many minutes when from the steps of the Parthenon a procession moved forth, and a company of men and women, bearing in their hands coloured lanterns, grouped themselves on headless deities or broken columns ; beside the maidens of the Erechtheum, and under the portals of the Propylæa. And then from the interior of the building there arose a great smoke, and anon every stone, and column, and statue ; every inscription, frieze, and altar, glared with a strange and supernatural light. And then a band of singers sang aloud a sweetly-harmonized strain. It was as though we dreamt, or as though we had been permitted to see a resurrection of old Athens. In the crimson fires which faded anon into softer colours, the superb marble columns of the Parthenon, which are dazzlingly white, and can be seen for miles and miles round Athens, looked as though they were not the work of man ; the figures gliding by in procession or grouping themselves in graceful attitudes, puzzled us. We were more puzzled still when one choir drew near to the huge stones where once stood the colossal statue of Athene Promachus, and sang a hymn—an unmistakeable hymn, in an unmistakeable language, to an unmistakeable tune. It was this :

“ All hail ! the power of Jesu's name !
Let angels prostrate fall.
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.”

Without being any more mysterious, I may tell the reader that we had fallen among a large party of English, Germans, and Americans, who were to leave Athens on the morrow, and

had determined to give a fête among the ruins of the Acropolis on the eve of their departure. The soldier who passed us in, supposed that we belonged to the party; and the voice calling us forward was from the master of the ceremonies, who had the arrangement of fixing the magnesium torches from whence the coloured fires came.

Such was my first night in Athens; and how the remainder of the week sped away, I will relate briefly in another chapter.

OUR TRAVELLERS' CLUB.

Answers to Questions in April Number.

5. ALGIERS.—W. A. R. had better take up his quarters at Blidah, Marengo, or Zurich, where he will be able to live cheaply and comfortably, and shoot over the plain of the Mitidja. The man who keeps the little restaurant at the “Ruisseau des Singes,” knows better than any one in the neighbourhood where to find a wild boar and start half-a-dozen hares in a morning, to say nothing of red-legged partridges, porcupines, jackals, hyenas, and foxes. The *bourgeois* of Blidah and the *colons* of Marengo and Zurich will be found hospitable and obliging. If W. A. R. can stand heat, and is not afraid of a touch of low fever, let him take the diligence from Algiers to Tizi-Ouzou. When I was there during the insurrection of 1871, the village, which had been sacked by the Kabyles, was in ruins, but I believe the worthy Thibault, who had previously kept the hotel there, intended rebuilding. In any case, W. A. R. is sure to find good accommodation, but he must not mind a few fleas and mosquitoes. There is magnificent shooting in the valley of the Sebaou, and the scenery around is magnificent. The neighbouring

population, too, will be found exceeding interesting. Low fever is the only thing to be feared. I never had it, although I camped in different parts of the valley of the Sebaou for weeks together in the months of July and August—that is to say, during the very hottest season of the year. There is no danger if you go to the coast as soon as the symptoms make their appearance. Do not drink more than a couple of bottles of wine a day. When you are out, never take water from a river, but from the springs where the Kabyle women fetch theirs, and always mix a few drops of absinthe even with that. Great Kabylia is full of game, from lions downwards.

A. J. B. (of "Land and Water.")

6. ZURICH.—No answer received.

7. LUCERNE.—No answer received.

8. NEW ZEALAND.—I have had several years' experience of life in New Zealand, and am prepared to say that no man who is steady and industrious need starve there. There is ample scope for all new comers, if they only have moderate expectations. Fortunes are almost as hard to make in New Zealand as anywhere else. *Clerks* are not wanted, nor swells, nor men who are ne'er-do-weels in general. Any handicraftsman stands a better chance than an ordinarily well-educated Government clerk, if he is only a clerk. At the same time, if he can and will turn his hand to anything, he need not fear that something will turn up before he has spent his £5. If C. R. seriously considers emigrating, he cannot do better than purchase a work recently issued under the auspices of the New Zealand Government, entitled "The Official Handbook to New Zealand," edited by Julius Vogel. The price is only 1s. 6d., and is full of recent, reliable, and useful information.

MAORI.

9. PALESTINE.—It is the fact that a party of Germans are successfully cultivating the plain of Sharon, and have a snug little colony a short distance from Jaffa. The colony was founded by some Americans, who, however, did not make the arrangement

pay, and left it some years ago. The Germans have profited by the experience of their predecessors, and their well-cultivated fields, well-stocked orchards, and neat cottages are in themselves a guarantee that they are prospering. It is also true that the gardens of Solomon have become rich and fertile under the care of a body of converted Jews, and an English gentleman resident among them. I should not, in the short space at my disposal, like to tackle the last question of Mr. Fearnley. All I can say is, that Palestine is safer now than it has been for many generations, thanks to the great impetus which has been given to travelling there under the admirable system introduced by Mr. Cook.

G. H. LINLEY.

Questions.

10. MALTA.—An invalid about to emigrate to this place for the benefit of his health would be glad of any information respecting this island with regard to climate, price of house-rent, provisions, and clothing. Also, whether there are any comfortable English boarding-houses, and if so, what would be the probable terms? Is there any good practical book published on the subject? A. S.

11. DANUBE.—Will a reader kindly tell me what is the pretty part of the Danube! There is, as I know, very little beauty between Vienna and Linz, and I am told there is very little between Linz and Passau. How far higher up is it navigable, and *for what*? And which is the prettiest part of the river?

G. B.

12. CAVES OF ADELSBERG.—I am very anxious to make a trip to these caves and to Venice. Will some one tell me the quickest and cheapest way to accomplish this? How much, in round numbers, will it cost to go there and back in three weeks, and stop at decent hotels while there?

GEO. RUFF.

BIRDS OF PASSAGE;

OR, A SIX WEEKS' ROMANCE.

BY T. AMBROSE HEATH.

CHAPTER X.

IN LUCK.



GOOD-BYE to Ober Ammergau! Good-bye to the Miracle Play for ever! Say it is repeated ten years hence, will it be in the old spirit? Good people, forgive us for having done our best to spoil it, to corrupt you, to disturb the tranquillity, naiveté, and simplicity, which make up the essence of your charm. May we not have succeeded!

Such is the valediction with which the birds of passage take leave of happy Arcadia. Already they are off in search of "fresh woods and pastures new," the same party travelling together, as before.

Theresa and Rosalind, following their original plan, were bound for Ischl and the Salzkammergut. On first hearing of this, Von Salis had expressed his own strong inclination, now that his business at Munich was concluded, to re-visit those places, which he knew well, and of which he gave most glowing descriptions to his new English chum, Mr. Darrell. Percy desired nothing better than such companionship, and his suggestion that they should join forces, to explore the Austrian Tyrol, was carried *nem. con.*

Nobody who has travelled so far eastwards from Munich ever forgets his first impression of that ancient city, the city Juvavia, *dite* Salzburg.

Five hours had our quartette party been cooped up in a German *soi-disant* express. Inside, heat and dust; outside, an extensive plain; on the horizon a shadowy range of mountains, as far out of reach, they look, as the stars themselves, and, were it not for that faint-peaked outline, one would be inclined to believe, like the old philosophers, that the earth was flat. Suddenly the railway enters the enceinte of hills, where nestles Salzburg. She can boast of the loveliest site in Germany, of little else, however, that is lovely at all.

"You would soon be disenchanted," said Von Salis to Theresa, who was going into ecstasies over the sight of a distant cupola, "Salzburg has all her best goods in the shop windows. It is not an interesting town, and the inhabitants are a remarkably unenlightened set. Now in Arcadian Ober Ammergau, or an old curiosity shop like Nuremberg, it strikes us as right and proper that the people and their customs should be behind the age. But Salzburg we cannot forgive for being dirty and dull. Its associations do not make up for its shortcomings."

"And those are legion," sighed Percy, who had just rushed back from the buffet. "The station beer is sour, they cheated me at the ticket-office, and charged ninepence for a penny roll at the bar. Those are the sort of associations that weigh with me."

"German tourists in their *Wanderungen* and *Reisebilder* seldom fail to express their disgust at the notorious stupidity, the aversion to all improvement and progress, that prevail here," said the Baron. "When the grand statue of Mozart was erected, the peasants made up their minds that Antichrist was come, and the end of the world at hand. 'For,' said they, 'has not everything come to pass as it is written?' 'Behold, they will make to themselves images, set up idols and worship them as the heathen do, and make groves and winding walks leading

to them." They may *call* it the Mozart statue, or what they please, but it's nothing on earth but an idol. Who, pray, was this Mozart?' Now it chanced that opposite stood a fountain, with a statue of St. Michael. This, when Mozart was set up, had to be transplanted to another part of the town, and the apparent slight cast upon St. Michael nearly brought about a revolution among the people. They organized a solemn procession—Michael *versus* Mozart—winding up with the coronation, illumination, and general glorification of the Archangel in effigy."

"I always heard that the Salzburgers were superstitious," said Rosalind, laughing, "and still held all kinds of fascinating false doctrines about fairies, dwarfs, and goblins. But folk-lore gets terribly snubbed now a days, especially in England."

"In England," observed Percy, "we have just three pet superstitions left. It would go against our Conservative principles to discard those. Lots of educated people believe more firmly in the ill luck that follows spilling the salt, meeting one magpie, and sitting down thirteen to dinner, than in the Apostles' Creed."

"While the very same people," observed Von Salis, "would be the first to laugh at the Salzburg folk-lore, which has at least the merit of being poetical. Every one of the surrounding mountains has its legends—the Untersberg in particular, of which, to this day, you may hear most marvellous tales. Tradition declares that it is hollow, that within lie cloisters, churches, gardens, fountains, palaces, and hills of gold and silver. These are the haunts and homes of dwarfs, gnomes, and sprites, who rarely honour the regions of men with a visit. But at certain seasons, in the dead of night, they come forth, glide in procession towards Salzburg, and hold their fairy service in the Cathedral. Then citizens, who happened to be on

the alert, have seen lights in the windows, and heard the mysterious organ peals."

The conversation now turned on the supernatural in general, Von Salis taking a philosophical, Rosalind a poetical, Percy a facetious, Theresa an uncertain, view of the subject. That they should agree upon it was not to be expected, but the discussion served to beguile the way to Lambach, whence a railway, more atrocious than anything yet described, takes an hour to convey the passengers to Gmunden, distant about fifteen miles.

Lambach, from the railway station, presents no particular attraction. It has, however, its old buildings, "and at least one very old legend," states Von Salis. Rosalind, taking up the hint, calls for the story at once, and it follows, at her command:—

"More than eight hundred years ago, the convent of Lambach was founded at Würzburg, in Bavaria. The arms of this convent are curious: a shield with two fields—one, red, with a black and white ground; device, a golden crown and an eagle (the armorial bearings of the House of Austria); the other, a red skiff, running water, and in the boat the naked figure of a girl, crowned, and with flowing hair and gold necklace: heraldic pictures which commemorate the legend in question. Ninety years A.D., near Altenau, which lies between Lambach and Gmunden, stood Castle Comma, the residence of the Knight of Austria. He had an only daughter, Flavia, whom he sent to Rome to be educated. There she fell in with some of the Christians, was converted, and baptized. On her return home her altered demeanour soon excited observation and suspicion. Her parents questioned her, and she confessed the whole truth. At this her father, in a fury, swore to put her to death unless she consented to abjure the new faith. She stood firm, and

accepted her doom. Her princely robes were taken from her, her long hair unloosed; she was bound, placed in a boat, cast adrift on the river Alter, and left to the tender mercies of the winds and waves. The skiff, torn along by the current, darted through shoals, reeds, willows, rocks, and perils innumerable, till at last it was caught by a bed of weeds, and rested there, close beside the meadows, where the rivers Traun and Alter meet. The bleating of the lambs, startled by the intruder, brought their shepherds running to the spot, where, instead of the wolf they expected, they found a maiden, fair to see, but in a pitiful plight. They set her free, took her home to their huts, sheltered her, and there she dwelt in peace and comfort for many years. But, after the death of the hard-hearted father, Flavia's mother sent soldiers to scour the country far and wide in search of her long-lost child. Flavia was discovered among the shepherd tribes; and she agreed, on condition of being allowed to retain her Christian faith, to return to her pomp and state at Castle Comma. But very often, in after years, she would steal away to revisit the pastoral scenes where she had lived so peacefully with the shepherds on the meadows of the Lammersbach, now Lambach."

So much for Lambach and its antiquities. At Gmunden begins the glorious finish to the day's journey. An hour in a steamboat on the Traunsee brings the party to Ebensee, between which and Ischl lies as lovely a drive as man can dream of. The road for miles and miles runs alongside of the Traun Mountains on the right; on the left, the dashing river, and across the river, mountains again. The road winds, and winds, and winds, every fresh turn disclosing a sweep more romantic than the last. It seems to go on thus for ever; and really the travellers are quite willing, or would be, if——

If the river-mists did not saturate so ; if the party were certain to find the rest they needed at little, overflowing Ischl ; and if, oh ! if, they were not so clamorously, so unromantically hungry !

It ends at last, at Ischl ; and they set to work to find rooms where they could, or where they couldn't. Theresa and Rosalind succeeded in fighting their way into a hotel, but the gentlemen had to content themselves with a modest temporary lodging over a tailor's shop. Having dined at a restaurant, Percy and the Baron strolled out for an evening cigar.

There is love at first sight for a place, as well as for a person. Something in the look of this sweet, secluded, little mountain-nest had taken an instant hold on Percy's fancy. The rich vegetation, the ever-sounding river and waterfalls, the picturesque hills covered with dark green pines—it is a perfect landscape, and highly finished. Von Salis took him along a road leading away from the town—a road bordered with white chalet-villas and cottage lodging-houses, each in its tiny garden of flowers and fruit-trees.

They were passing a vine-trellised gate, in front of a cottage where a bright light shone from the open windows, when from within came the sound of a voice, singing.

Percy stopped, feeling for a moment as if he had been shot. Fortunately, as an Englishman, he was so well used to repress his feelings that nothing escaped him but an inarticulate "By Jove !"

Von Salis, too, stood still to listen. The singer sang on, her voice echoing through the still night air ; every word and note was audible.

" Ici l'on passe
Des jours enchantés,
L'ennui s'efface
Aux cœurs attristés,
Comme la trace
Des flots agités.

“Heure frivole,
Et qu'il faut saisir;
Passion folle,
Qui n'est qu'un désir,
Et qui s'envole
Après le plaisir.”

It ceased, and Von Salis clapped his hands together applaudingly. A shadow crossed the blind, a hand parted the curtains, and a little head peeped cautiously out.

“Brava, brava,” he exclaimed, laughing. “What—am I dreaming, is it you? Why, what on earth brought you to Ischl, my dear Von Salis?” in a tone of intense surprise.

“An *Einspänner*,” he replied, “about an hour ago. I *am* here with some friends, one of whom you must let me introduce to you on the spot. Mr. Percy Darrell—Mademoiselle Leila Monti.”

“This is the first time I have yet had the pleasure of being introduced to a gentleman in the dark, out of a window,” said Leila, who appeared in high spirits. “Bring your friends to see me to-morrow, if they like to come, and introduce them properly. I am here with Fritz and Mélanie, you know, and want a little amusement badly. Come, then, as soon as you can, and now good-night, good-night.”

“Leila Monti,” said Von Salis, as they walked away, “you know of her, as a singer, of course.”

“Oh yes,” said Percy affectedly, “she is a great favourite.”

“Of yours?” asked his companion pointedly.

“Yes, I follow the public.”

“But then you don't admire her so much as la Varelli or Marie Marone? for instance.”

“Varelli has the advantage of her by three or four upper notes, I am told.”

"Ah, you think Mademoiselle Monti is a better artist."

"The best I have seen," said Percy grandly.

Von Salis smiled and said no more. Something had given him an inkling of his young friend's secret.

CHAPTER XI.

IN THE SHADE.

PERCY DARRELL had entered himself in the visitor's book at Nuremberg as a tramp. He would have found it difficult to specify his real vocation, or to characterize himself as a member of society. There are, on the stage of life, many such "utility gentlemen," whose business it is to play all sorts of light, small, (though indispensable) parts. They avoid sentiment as a rule, yet when called upon in an emergency, have been known to acquit themselves well as Romeos or Hamlets.

The only son of a widow, he had been brought up with that over care which seldom yields anything to anxious parents but a harvest of lamentation, mourning and woe. They would treat the mind as a German peasant woman treats her baby, keeping it as long as she can swaddled up like a mummy, unable to move hand or foot. Thus bound, neither hand nor foot, of course, can get into mischief. But, should the bandages chance to be wrongly adjusted here or there, this or that limb will grow up crooked or otherwise deformed. So with the mind that is cooped, and kept too long in cotton wool.

Percy's, by some blessed chance, had grown up straight and healthy, free from twist or taint. But there was a dash of fatuity in his composition, which, though hitherto it had done him no harm, rather materially contributing to his good nature and

general serenity of mind, was always threatening to endanger them both.

Fatuity is, at this moment, whispering welcome words in his ear. There is pleasure in listening to what he only half believes. But a really wise man, in Percy's place, would probably have packed up his portmanteau, taken the next diligence to Salzburg, and escaped thence to Verona, or Chamounix; to St. Francisco—anywhere, so long as he put sufficient distance between himself and her who has bewitched him. Is Romeo master of his part to carry it through? That is the question.

Next morning Percy, with Miss Locke and Rosalind, had gone early for a stroll; they were now returning, expatiating on the beauty of the place, dimly perceived the night before.

Ischl has been compared to a miniature painting for a large landscape. It has the charm peculiar to miniatures. The loveliness both of the whole and of the details can be seized together. Here we have picturesquely-shaped hills, covered with thick, tall grown trees, woods carpeted with cyclamens and Alpine strawberries; fern-lined lanes, rushing rivers, waterfalls, and lakes. Everything is decked in richest, ever varying hues of green—green trees, plants, rivers, hills, the sky itself catches the tint. Ischl is a symphony in green, worthy the study of curious colourists. For once, Percy and Rosalind were agreed. They decided that the place was perfection, and so indeed it is, when the sun shines.

Von Salis was waiting, looking out for them in front of the hotel. "I am commissioned," he said, "by Mademoiselle Monti, to ask you all to come and pay her a visit. She is staying at Ischl with her brother and sister-in-law. Mélanie Monti, the sister-in-law, is a great invalid, and seldom appears. She comes here for the baths."

“And the brother?” asked Percy.

“His name is Fritz,” said Von Salis, curtly, but expressively, and the others laughed. Percy inquired if “Least said, soonest mended,” was here meant.

“Well,” replied Von Salis, sententiously, shrugging his shoulders. “Why disguise it? We must take things as they are—lights with their shadows, roses with their thorns, stars, sometimes, with most unheavenly bodies for their satellites—and a *diva* with her brother, even when he is such a bear as Fritz.”

“Oh, let us go,” said Rosalind eagerly, “I am longing to renew our acquaintance. But has she not forgotten us?”

“She remembers you perfectly—Mademoiselle Monti never forgets anybody.”

“I wonder,” thought Mr. Darrell, “if she will remember me.”

To this hour Percy, when he is alone and thinks of Leila Monti, sees her as he saw her that morning as they came into the cottage garden where she was sitting in the shade. One bevy of friends had just taken leave. Fritz, the bear brother, was escorting them to the gate, and the new arrivals found her alone.

Her dress was markedly simple—perfectly fresh white muslin, without an ornament of any kind; not a ribbon, not a touch of colour, nothing to set off or characterise her beauty. But hers was of a rare type, and all the more conspicuous to-day in the absence of any startling contrasts of colour, rich textured drapery or elaborate jewellery, to divide the attention. To Percy, she looked like some creature belonging to a higher race than other women. Not angels, readers. Angels have been portrayed in various attitudes, and performing various avocations, but not yet, we believe, sitting *al fresco* with their friends, drinking champagne and soda under the trees.

Leila, like most good actresses, was mistress of the art of being fascinating at all times and seasons. Many people can be extremely attractive under favourable circumstances, that is when the situation is inspiring. But hers was that pervading perilous charm which makes itself felt no less, in common-place conversation, than in an interesting tête-à-tête. Words, manner, looks, tones, all were perfect, as she received her guests; Rosalind and Theresa cordially, Von Salis as an old friend, Percy with a queenly bow.

"She does not recognize me," he thought, relieved, and disappointed at once. But, when presently Von Salis took the others across the garden to point out to them some view of the distant Dachstein glacier, she looked up at Mr. Darrell, and said, with a merry smile,

"Am I right, Monsieur? I thought—I dreamt,—we had met before."

Percy bowed. "I trust Mademoiselle, that you succeeded in reaching home on that occasion safely, and secretly."

"*Est-il impertinent!*" said Leila to herself. But it was impossible to be angry with the imperturbable gravity of that face and those black eyes, so she began to laugh.

"You play the organ very well; that I must allow. You have a very powerful touch."

"I never expected to turn that accomplishment to so good account."

"I hope it will be a lesson to you not to forget yourself in church, or go to sleep over your prayers for the future."

"I am not likely to forget the incident; if you mean that."

"Monsieur, could you but have seen the astonished face of the old man, as he hobbled in. I nearly spoilt all by falling flat on the floor with laughing. While, as for you, you thundered so long and so loud that I made up my mind that

you and your organ were coming down with a crash on my head, so hastened out of the church and got quickly home."

"What a happy thing," he rejoined. "I should never have forgiven myself if —"

"Oh, you may do so now. Have I not forgiven you? You made amends by your ingenuity, for your"—suddenly breaking off and turning to Von Salis who, with the others, had rejoined her, she began—"And now, what can we do? It is hot, hot, hot. Oh, to be transported into a river, a lake, or a glacier, or a waterfall! I am suffocating in the crater of Ischl."

"Let us go over to Wolfgang," suggested Von Salis, "two hours' drive—dine at the village—row on the lake—talk to the Falkenstein echo, and return home in the cool of the evening; that is the programme I should propose."

"Send for a carriage at once. At least, what do the ladies say?"—to Theresa and Rosalind. The ladies said yes, of course. The programme sounded inviting to all parties.

"Then it's arranged—Fritz—Fritz. Here, Fritz. Where is that boy? I've a whistle somewhere that I always sound when I want my brother, or my little dog. One call for Fritz, two for Fanfan." The gentleman in question was lurking shyly by the gate, trying to escape the notice of the company, in order to snatch a furtive pipe and glass of beer.

"Fritz," cried Leila again, sharply, adding in an undertone, half comic, half spiteful. "He would be a master, but is a slave. Let him dog me and hector me if he must, but I'll make him work."

Fritz was an ape-faced youth, with frizzled black hair, moustache, low forehead, and coarsely cast features. Leila always said that to remind herself of their relationship she had only to look at her face in the bowl of a spoon. He seemed

surly, but submissive, and took his sister's orders without a murmur. Ere long the carriage appeared. Von Salis volunteered to drive. Fritz joined him on the box, the ladies and Percy occupied the inside, and they started off.

CHAPTER XII.

IN LOVE.

THE drive to St. Wolfgang lies through a green, fertile valley, pretty and pastoral, but decidedly monotonous, and nine miles long. In about an hour and a half the party came in sight of the village, which stands high, overlooking the lake. But Von Salis drove on down the hill to a small rustic inn on the water's brink. A flight of steps outside leads to a covered wooden platform overhanging the lake, and here travellers are invited to sit, sip coffee or lemonade or beer, sketch, smoke, dine, or go into ecstasies over the view, as fancy shall move them.

"I have engaged a boat to take us over the lake in the evening," said Von Salis; "it is too hot at present."

"Much," sighed Leila, fanning herself with her hat.

"But the village church is worth seeing. Will none of you ladies like to stroll down there?"

Theresa and Rosalind were willing; Leila declined.

"*Down* there? It's straight up hill. Not for me, thanks. Best love to Wolfgang, but I can't leave my *sorbet* for him to-day. Besides, I'm afraid of sunstrokes or mad dogs. Somebody will stay here and look after me, I daresay—Fritz," she said, glancing at Percy.

"And myself," he rejoined, "if you'll allow me."

“As you please,” she replied, smiling. “Then, Fritz, you can go to the church, if you like.”

But Fritz didn't like. He made a feint of starting with the others, and then bolted back into the inn to enjoy in secret the perennial glass of beer.

“Of course you know all about St. Wolfgang,” said Rosalind to Von Salis, as they strolled up the hill, “and why he has a church and a lake and a village all to himself?”

“He was a great man in his profession; at least, what the old monkish biographers call a man of ‘giant sanctity,’” replied Von Salis, gravely. “He held the high and important post of Bishop of Bamberg, but, like many of those old divines, soon grew wearied and disgusted with the pomp of ecclesiastical honours, just as men sicken of the luxuries of home, and rush off to the wars, or the prairies, or the sea, or a clergyman is seized with a longing for stirring missionary life. Wolfgang literally deserted—ran away from his see, and fled to the Salzburger mountains. After roving about for a time he settled here, and here remained, converting the pagan poor, and rescuing many a benighted, frozen wayfarer. A huntsman whom he had befriended brought to Bamberg the first news of the runaway bishop and his whereabouts. Wolfgang was besieged in his hermitage by a deputation of priests and officers, taken by storm, and carried off. ‘And no sooner had he started with them, writes the chronicler, ‘turning his back on the little chapel which he had erected close to his hermitage, than the said chapel started off also, and moved along in his wake, whereat the people marvelled greatly. But St. Wolfgang, turning round, addressed himself to the chapel thus—“I adjure thee to stand still, for I do perceive it is heaven's will that I should depart. But men shall seek me here. Therefore remain thou for a witness unto them.”’ So Wolfgang went his way, but

the chapel stayed on the very spot where now stands the church."

This is a picturesque little building. Quaint paintings, rude carvings, and a curious fountain outside, give it the look of an extreme antiquity to which it has no pretension. But it is particularly appropriate and characteristic as a memorial of the old anchorite, quaint and grotesque as the stories told of himself. "Here," says the legend, "it came to pass one Sunday morning that Wolfgang overslept himself, and on awaking smote the ground violently, in a fit of rage and remorse. But lo, the stony rock softened and sunk under his sainted foot, and the indenture is to be seen even unto this day."

Again, on the neighbouring mountain lies a heap of stones. Every pious passing traveller is requested to add one to the number. For when, they say, there are enough of these stones to make up a church, the building will spring forth ready built.

"It is very uncommon," observed Theresa, as they walked back to the inn, "to find a gentleman who thinks the legends of saints worthy of his notice, as you seem to do, Baron."

"They have been too long left to an ignorant and superstitious peasantry," said the Baron; "and poets and philosophers and thinkers ought not to despise them."

"But you surely do not believe in these miracles and funny anecdotes?"

"Why should you suppose that I do?"

"Because you seem so well read in them."

"I am still better read in the stories of Hercules, Orpheus, or Apollo," he said, with a smile, "and other absurd mythological tales you would never suspect me of believing. In all religious legends, Greek or German, there is a mixture of fact, fiction, and allegory. Some were written in good faith, and

are historical, some with a view to moral instruction, others to amusement. But all are valuable, if only for the light they throw on human nature, and human nature in the dark ages in particular."

Percy and Leila all this while were sitting tête-à-tête on the balcony. Fritz, who, go where he would, felt himself painfully *de trop*, beat a retreat through the window into a dreary sitting-room, where he solaced his soul by extracting unearthly sounds from a tuneless, toneless ghost of a piano. Once curiosity prompted him to peep out at those two on the balcony. They were talking very eagerly. But Leila, far from flinching under the fraternal stare, actually drew her chair a little closer to Percy's, and looked up into his face with a charming smile! Percy's black eyes sparkled with an expression there was no mistaking. So, at least, thought Fritz, for he shrugged his shoulders and reverted to his *unmusical* box, chuckling and muttering to himself. "I said so. That young Engländer is mad about her. Mélanie will not still believe it. He came every blessed night to hear her in London. It is him she is thinking of. Oh, I know these English. They will go on with what they have in their head—though they go bankrupt. He is rich, I suppose—I shall tell Mélanie that she may now be quite at ease"—and he began his chords again, muttering, "It is well; it is quite well." He would, perhaps, have been a little disconcerted, could he have *heard* the dialogue that *looked* so interesting from a distance.

"What funny studs you've got," Leila was saying. Her attention was as easily riveted as a child's by any object that caught her eye, and as easily diverted. "*Voyons*, what's the device? A flower. Why, they are ladies' studs. Look at mine, you will see something much more manly—a horse's hoof, reins, and a whip. There, suppose you change with me.'

"You would make a bad bargain—yours have real stones—mine are made of lava, or some such horrible stuff."

"That's my affair."

"As you like it, then—mine look very well on you, so becoming."

"What have you got dangling there, Monsieur? Ah, the gold locket, of course. Was there ever a gentleman without his gold locket? It looks so nice, so expressive, says so plainly, 'I contain the miniature photograph of her.' But I call it impertinent to make it so conspicuous when you are talking to a lady."

"Would you have me forget the absent?" asked Percy, bantering.

"Then you really have some pretty face in there—some goddess to look at and whisper to when nobody is by. Would it be indiscreet to ask to peep?"

He appeared to demur.

"Ah, I know who it is," she cried, clapping her hands, "the pretty cousin, of course—la belle blonde. Let me see her."

"Quite sure?" he asked. Leila looked up sharply.

"You're laughing at me. Then I begin to fear I shall find nothing inside—certainly not the queen of your heart, as I expected."

"I think you will. Try."

Leila touched the spring. What met her eye was the reflection of her own face. Percy's locket contained a tiny looking-glass.

"Bah, for shame. That is a very old trick," she said, laughing. "Take your property; it suits you well. A man's heart is very like a looking-glass: lays hold of a dozen images, and never retains one."

"It is not the glass that is unfaithful, then, but the images, or rather the objects. Having once made their impression and seen it, off they go."

"Thank you for the lesson, Monsieur. I shall remember it."

"Do you stay long at Ischl?" he asked, abruptly.

"I hardly know. Everything has happened so oddly, that my plans are all upset, and they now depend upon others."

"Why, I should have thought you were free as air," said Percy, gaily, more elated than he had any right to be, by her last speech, "able to come and go just as you pleased."

"But you were quite wrong. Think of our adventure in the A—— Kirche. Had I been Mademoiselle anything else, need I have cared whether the sacristan saw me or no? or would *he* have cared to trouble his brains about me? As it is, people will embroider a story on my plainest proceedings. If I put on a cotton dress, it is, 'Oh, Mademoiselle Monti is studying economy; they say she is in debt.' If I don't wear my diamonds—(and I hate diamonds), 'Mademoiselle Monti has had to sell her jewels.' If I cough, I am in a consumption. If a miserable man gives me some flowers, I hear that he is going to blow out his brains on a housetop for love or jealousy. Everything I do and say in small, is seen in large."

"How can we help that? What you do or say, however slight in itself, is not so to others."

"Bah, you are talking nonsense."

"I wish I were."

Leila, a born actress, was a creature of moods. She had her tragic and her comic, her rational and her crazy, her tender and her merciless moods. This afternoon she was a child, and played and prattled with a wayward merriment very charming and a little infectious.

Percy found it so, at all events. He would not have liked to hear Rosalind talk like Leila, yet neither would he have had the latter different. Fascinating as he found her on the stage, far the most enchanting of her impersonations was that of Leila Monti, the cantatrice.

Poor Fritz, poor Theresa—gooseberry pickers both, by nature and habit. When the walking party returned, and Fritz emerged from the hiding-place, his eyes and those of the spinster met, with unconscious sympathy. Ah, the soloists have the best of it in life as in the concert-room. Accompaniment and chorus singers enjoy very little of the fun. They are mere padding. Yet we couldn't do without them at all.

The sun has set. Now for the lake. The party seat themselves in a long alligator-shaped boat, and push off towards the Falkenstein rock. There is an echo here warranted to repeat noises eight or nine times over. "What delight," says the German handbook, "to hear such an admirable succession of sonorous sounds, like the detonations of a revolver!"

Above, on the rock, stood the hermitage of old Wolfgang. Even in modern times it was tenanted by a self-styled anchorite, who alleged that the mantle of his predecessor had fallen upon him, and who gave lodging to the travellers and pilgrims on whose alms he lived. But his piety and honesty proved, to say the least, questionable, and, one day, this last of the hermits was unceremoniously carried off by the Austrian police.

It was cool and pleasant now. The unbroken verdure of the banks gives to the waters a peculiar rich dark-green hue—the toy-like hamlets of St. Gilgen and St. Wolfgang at opposite ends of the lake, and the blank Falkenstein rock, add a touch or two of variety to the lonely scene. Calm as Elysium, but like

it, a little *triste*, a little same. Suddenly Leila's voice broke upon the silence, she began to sing—

“ Ici l'on passe
Des jours enchantés,
L'ennui s'efface
Aux cœurs attristés,
Comme la trace
Des flots agités.

“ Heure frivole,
Qu'il faut saisir,
Pensée folle,
Qui n'est qu'un désir.
Et qui s'envole
Après le plaisir.”

She ceased, and a burst of vociferous applause came from the bank, where a knot of German tourists had gathered to listen.

It was late before the party returned to Ischl, mutually thanking one another for a pleasant afternoon—Pleasant indeed for some—pleasures of hope, pleasures of imagination; forth they start, and readily; but they pass, and nothing remains to us but the pleasure-pains of memory.



THE ROMSDAL VALLEY, NORWAY.

THE NORWEGIAN SEABOARD.

BY GEORGE GLADSTONE, F.R.G.S.



THIRTY-FIVE years ago Dr. Latham wrote, "You may discover in Norway just as you may in the interior of Africa. . . . There are whole tracts known only to the peasants in their neighbourhood." This is no longer strictly true, for, though there are plenty of virgin mountains, the valleys have been pretty well ransacked by the disciples of Isaak Walton, so that you are generally told now that no good salmon fishing can be had unless you go to the far north. The writer does not pronounce any professional opinion on this matter. That fish, however, together with the crustacean which is generally associated with it at table, formed the staple article of food at almost every meal he partook of in the course of his excursion.

We know nothing more pleasurable for a summer trip than a cruise along the coast of Norway, and we propose in the following pages to describe what life is like on board the floating hotels of the Norwegian mail service. Our experience of them began at Bergen, for, though our coasting voyage commenced at Stavanger, the portion between these two towns was made in one of the English steamers which run regularly from Hull during the season.

Stavanger is a prosperous town of 12,000 inhabitants, almost entirely devoted to the herring fishery. The wharves are lined with great wooden storehouses, where the fish, which are caught in the immediate neighbourhood, are pickled and packed in barrels for export. The rich and pungent smell, not agreeable to all noses, but common to all such establishments, is very perceptible, even at a distance. The salt used for pickle is principally brought from Portugal and the Mediterranean, and

the cured fish are sent in return to the Roman Catholic countries in the south of Europe. The town occupies a pretty site upon a nook in the Stavanger fjord; but the hills around struck us at the time as being singularly bare of vegetation. We soon learnt not to expect much unless we had penetrated to some distance from the coast-line.

The traveller fresh from England will find plenty to admire in the scenery between this town and Bergen, though it is not to be compared with much that is to be seen further north. In going round the headland to gain the entrance to the Bommel fjord, a little open sea is encountered, but it is soon passed, and you get again under shelter of some of the rocky islands that stud the coast. This will occur several times in the course of our cruise, but the predominance of what may fairly be termed inland navigation is so great that there is scarcely an excuse for sea sickness. You have all the advantages of the sea, without the drawbacks.

Up the Bommel fjord, and thence to the Hardanger fjord, the scenery is good. On our left, sheltering us from the sea, is Sigen mountain—a fine landmark for the sailors, as it can be seen at a distance of sixty miles, and is readily distinguished by standing alone on its island. It is very barren, and the haunt of red deer.

Bergen is the commercial centre, and most important town on this coast, more than double the size of Stavanger. It is beautifully situated in a nook, backed by high mountains, with deep water close in shore. Loveliness is, however, seldom unattended altogether by drawbacks; and Bergen is no exception to the rule. The heights at the back of the town intercept all the rain-clouds as they are drifted from over the sea by the west wind, and so it has gained the reputation of being the most rainy place in Norway, the average annual rainfall being equal

to 86 inches. On the other hand, if the sky is clear in summer, you are apt to be frizzled alive during the long hours of sunshine, without a breath of air stirring to temper the heat. This want of aerial circulation doubtless contributes to the prevalence of certain unusual forms of disease. We have known Bergen both in sunshine and in rain, and can testify there is no exaggeration in the current report. On our first visit it was a hopelessly interminable downpour, and we just had to make the best of it. On the second, any physical exertion was a trouble, and the night, if night you can call it when it is nearly as light as on a dull day in London, was almost as hot as the hours of sunshine.

The town is bustling, and the narrow streets by the harbour full of people even when it is raining heavily. The costumes of the inhabitants are more gay than any to be seen further north; some, indeed, are highly picturesque, and on Sundays especially, when most of the women are in gala dress, the effect is very pleasing. We will not attempt a description, for that would tax the powers of an experienced *modiste*, and almost every village around has a style peculiar to itself. The houses and stores are mostly built of wood, but many of the public buildings are of less perishable materials. The view from the landing-place, looking down the harbour, is highly characteristic; on the right, the ranges of huge wooden storehouses entirely devoted to the fish trade, with the fortress in the distance; on the left, the principal part of the town, with the Custom house, and between the two the placid waters of the harbour, swarming with craft of all shapes and sizes. There will most probably be several large sea-going steamers, principally British and Norwegian, and sundry steam ferryboats running across the harbour or taking passengers to the neighbouring villages; ordinary merchantmen which have brought salt and other

articles of import, smart clippers from Spain and Portugal which have come for cargoes of fish, and a whole fleet of *jaegts* more like Chinese junks than any European craft. The northern fishermen are apparently so conservative that no improvements either in build or rig will be admitted by them, and the *jaegt* of the present day is the precise counterpart of what was used by their forefathers centuries ago.

In addition to herrings, which are pickled in immense quantities here, the produce of the northern fisheries is mostly brought to Bergen either for preparation or export. What is known as stockfish is cod already dried; but besides this a great deal is salted and converted into cod liver oil in the great warehouses which line the quay. We will leave the reader to judge of the all-pervading fragrance in this quarter.

The churches are not numerous, but appear to be well attended on the Sunday. We have seen fully 3,000 people congregated in the Nyekirke, and the most part remaining throughout an unusually long service, for it included the baptism of nine infants and the communion. It is true that the most popular preacher officiated on the occasion, which may perhaps account for the crowding,—those who could not get seats standing in the aisles all the time: the rapt attention and deep devotional feeling shown by the worshippers could not fail to strike us. For the last of these services the minister wore over his black gown, first a white surplice, and then a crimson velvet vestment, elaborately wrought both on the back and front with emblematic devices. The baptism was by sprinkling; and the sacrament administered in both kinds of course, but the celebrant himself did not partake.

But we must not linger at Bergen. We have yet to see what life is like on board the Norwegian mail steamers, which go at weekly intervals as far as Hammerfest, calling in at all the

HAMMERFEST, NORWAY.

towns and villages on the way. The numerous stoppages and the intricate course pursued by them render the progress somewhat slow, but this disadvantage is far more than counter-balanced by the opportunities of studying coast life in all its phases. At the small places the detention does not exceed five minutes, as the Post-office boat is out waiting the steamer's arrival, but at the principal stations the delay amounts to two or three hours, or even a day or two. Being almost the only means of conveyance, all classes avail themselves of these steamers, and they are generally well filled. It is seldom that a married couple can have a state room to themselves, the sleeping quarters being planned with reference to accommodating the greatest possible number. English ladies complain that the Norwegians have an aversion to fresh air, and that consequently at night they are nearly stifled in the ladies' cabin; but the same inconvenience does not apply to the gentlemen's quarters. The men spend nearly all the day on deck smoking, while their wives seldom even make their way as far as the saloon except at meal-time. The commissariat on board these boats is excellent. At whatever of the small hours of the morning you choose to rise, you can have a cup of the most delicious hot coffee and cream with rusks. There is a substantial *dejeuner à la fourchette*, dinner early in the afternoon, and a heavy cold supper in the course of the evening; the hours vary somewhat according to circumstances, as our steward, with commendable consideration for the passengers, was careful not to put the meals on table while we were in open sea unless such was unavoidable. No meal passed without having salmon in some form or other, and lobsters with equal regularity formed a principal dish at supper. The steward used to buy these alive at about 4d. a piece, and they were so kept in a perforated tank which was made fast to the stern of the steamer, so that we had them perfectly fresh every day.

The fore deck passengers, of whom there are frequently 100 or 200 on board at a time, are left to shift for themselves. Many of them only go a short distance, but as that will probably involve some days' absence, you never see one travel without a huge wooden chest. The bridge of the steamers, to which we used always to be admitted by the courtesy of the captains, afforded us fine opportunities of studying the character and habits of the lower orders, a nearer approach not being always desirable. They all bring their food with them, and are even independent of the cook house, for they eat it cold : access to the water-butt is all they need, and it would often be well if they used this more and the spirit-bottle less. The extent to which they indulge in raw spirits is a great pity ; and in consequence of this we had sometimes very lively scenes on board. The fore deck was piled with their great chests in wonderful confusion, the people sitting upon them by day and sleeping upon them by night. When they got hungry or thirsty a large key was produced, and the chest opened, and from our elevated position we could generally get a view of what was inside. There would probably be some articles of clothes or merchandise, but the principal contents were rye bread, cheese, butter, and strips of sun-dried fish or meat. The latter were uncooked, and by the way they hacked at them we fancy they must have been of a toughness to test the soundness of their teeth. The personal appearance of these people impressed us strongly with the idea that they have a very hard life of it on this weather-beaten coast.

For the satisfaction of English tourists, we ought to mention that all the captains and officers of these mail steamers speak English ; they are men of good position and education, many of them belonging to the naval service.

About twenty hours' steaming from Bergen will bring the

voyager to Aalesund, a neat little town also devoted to the trade in fish. It was from here that Gangr Rolf sailed to the north of Scotland in the first instance to gain allies, and then to the conquest of that portion of France which now bears the name of Normandy. The principal natural features met with in the course of this run are the rock of Hornilden and the headland of Stadt. The steamer passes under the former through a very narrow channel, and the rock rises precipitously out of the water to the height of 1200 feet. It looks very formidable, for a part of it actually overhangs considerably, involuntarily suggesting the idea that a fall is imminent. There are, indeed, some ugly fissures which render it only too probable, and the firing of guns to awaken the echoes is prohibited lest the concussion of the air should lead to such a catastrophe. This ordinance is not always strictly kept, and once we had the benefit of hearing the wonderful series of reverberations, at the risk, perhaps, of an avalanche of rock, our captain being complaisant enough to order the ship's signal gun to be fired. In rounding Stadt, which is said to be the westernmost point of the mainland of Norway, and the roughest part of the whole coast, the voyager may prepare for a rolling. It is a noble headland, and would be shorn of much of its grandeur if the waves of the Northern Ocean were not breaking in fury against it.

A short run from Aalesund brings one to Molde, prettily situated in a more fertile district. Many excursionists land here, as it is the starting point for explorers of the Romsdal valley and the Dovre Fjeld, which embrace some of the finest inland scenery in all Norway. Thence another short run, principally in open sea, brings the voyager to Christiansund, a small but prosperous town in a bleak and barren region. It is built upon three islands, which enclose a spacious, well-sheltered harbour, where a considerable trade in fish and ice is carried on,

large quantities of fresh salmon packed in ice being shipped here for England.

From about this part northwards the coast is almost everywhere fringed with small low islands and reefs of rock, inside which the steamer's course lies, so that smooth water may be enjoyed while the sea is breaking grandly against the protecting barrier and dashing high up into the air in columns of spray.

The mail packets stay at Trondhjem about three days, both in going and returning ; but we need not take our readers there, as that city has already formed the subject of a separate article.* Passing, therefore, the mouth of the fjord, and winding through many of the intricate channels between the small islands, often so narrow and land-locked that it seemed impossible to find a passage through, we come to the Namsen fjord, one of the most fertile along the whole coast, at the head of which is the comfortable, snug village of Namsos. It looked very lovely and peaceful as the sun rose over the hills at two o'clock in the morning, throwing a flood of golden light over the scene.

Passing out of this fjord by a different mouth from that by which we entered, the first novelty that attracts our attention is the island of Torghattan, in shape like a brigand hat, but it would require a formidable fellow to wear such an one, as the top of the crown rises about 1000 feet above the sea. What it is remarkable for is a natural tunnel right through the middle. By varying the vessel's course a little, you see the sky in the distance through the tunnel ; and from as careful an examination as can be made in passing, we came to the conclusion that there is a great fault through the rock, which is tilted up on edge, and that the aperture occurs upon the line of fault at that

* P. 175.

level which has at some former period been subject to the action of the waves. The lower half of the island has the polished, water-worn appearance common to all the low-lying rocks in the neighbourhood, which is constantly suggesting to the eye of a geologist an elevation of the land common in greater or less degree to the whole Scandinavian peninsula. We therefore set it down that the tunnel is due to the action of the sea upon the loosened materials along the line of fault; but this, of course, is too prosaic a story for an old Norseman. The legendary explanation is that a mighty man who lived on a neighbouring mountain had been smitten by the beauties of a young damsel who dwelt upon one of the islands of the coast. She, however, did not return his love, but contemptuously transformed all the messengers he sent into rocks, which are to be seen in abundance studding the sea all round. The suitor's patience at last became exhausted, and he snatched up his bow to shoot her; they lived eighty miles apart, but he took a strong pull, and the arrow fell only just short of its mark at the girl's feet. In its flight, however, it had gone right through the mountain mass of Torghattan, making the hole we have already described.

Near here is the village of Bjorn, a quiet enough place at ordinary times, but at certain periods a scene of considerable stir. One of the principal fairs of the Northland is held here, and we were fortunate enough to hit the right time to see it. Our captain said on the previous evening that if we chose to rise early we might have an opportunity of visiting it, as the boat would be detained an hour, having about 100 passengers, with their personal luggage and merchandise, to land here. In these regions it matters nothing whether you are about by night or day, so by 3.30 in the morning we were up and had taken our usual cup of coffee ready to go to the fair. Shortly before

reaching the anchorage the ship's gun was fired to announce our arrival, and it was promptly responded to by a number of boatmen pulling off from the beach. The captain, however, took us ashore in his own gig. Wooden huts and stalls had been run up for the accommodation of the principal traders, but many of the people had no more shelter for the night than an old sail, or their boat turned bottom upwards on the beach. The fair was exclusively devoted to trading, amusements having apparently no place in the minds of this hardworking, scattered population. There were no ponies or carriages here, for it is beyond the region of roads, and there is no means of travelling but by water; of boats there were plenty for sale, at prices varying from 35s. to 80s., according to size; they are made of fir, and very roughly put together; frail looking craft, but they were such as we had to use on ordinary occasions. The goods consisted mainly of textile fabrics, mostly home made, but some bearing the marks of English manufacturers, hardware, cutlery, furniture, spinning wheels, and such like. There were, moreover, books, and even a stall of the British and Foreign Bible Society. Lest any should run short of provisions during their stay there were places devoted to refreshments, though we cannot say they looked inviting; they rather resembled witches' caves than anything else. Imagine one of these made of a few rough boards and spars covered with a tarpaulin, the rock for a floor, some large stones piled up for a fire-place, and over this a woman stooping frying some fish or boiling eggs of the eider or other sea fowl, the smoke issuing by the open front right in your face, together with some highly fragrant cheese, rye-bread, and a piece of sun-dried mutton, ranged on a board.

But we must leave the fair to continue our excursion up the coast, some of the finest scenery being now close at hand. We are here in the midst of the cod fishery, not that it is the season

when they are chiefly caught, for at the beginning of July the drying of them is going on, and the grey water-worn rocks everywhere around us are covered with headless cod spread out to dry in the sun ; while those which are sufficiently cured are piled up in stacks, with some large stones on the top to prevent their being blown down, awaiting shipment to the southern marts. In some places the whole of the take is ready, and then the stock fish is piled up on the jaegts half-mast high, and as you meet a fleet of these antiquated craft with their great square sail, half hidden by the pile of fish, you are forcibly reminded of the sailing barges on the Thames laden with hay and straw, only that the odour if you pass to leeward of them is not so fragrant.

Within a short space we have a succession of grand objects. The mountain mass of the Seven Sisters, a row of noble snow-covered peaks ; then the pale blue of one of the largest glaciers the Høestmand Island, so called from its resemblance to a man, on horseback, which marks our passage into the Arctic zone ; and then the Island of Bodö conspicuous by its red colour, for it is really a huge boss of serpentine, streaked with veins of chromate of iron. The rock rises perpendicularly to a great height, and part of it actually overhangs ; thirteen years ago a large mass of it gave way, and it is considered dangerous to pass close under.

Bodö, at which the steamer makes a stay of some hours, has the reputation of being the smallest corporate town in Norway, the population only numbering about 400. New beauties here await the traveller ; not only in the scenery on the mainland still becoming wilder in character, but that we have before us the West Fjord, bounded on the north and north-west by the whole range of the Loffoden Islands. It is no fjord at all, the term in this instance being a misnomer, but open sea exposed to all the fury

of the south-west winds. The panorama, however, is too grand to allow any thought of discomfort. The West Fjord is not inaptly compared to the jaw of a shark, so sharp and jagged are the mountain peaks which fringe both sides of it. Striking across it in a north-westerly direction a range of fantastic rocks some eighty miles in length stretches before the view, between the smaller of which the sea often rushes with great impetuosity, forming the Maelström, and other less known but scarcely less dangerous whirlpools. By way of contrast, the narrow channels between some of the larger islands form the most perfect picture of rest and calm that can be imagined. They impressed us all the more perhaps after having passed a roughish night on deck while crossing the fjord, watching the fantastic shapes of the mountains we were approaching, and the striking effect of the midnight sun as it shone upon the snow-clad slopes from which the serrated peaks jutted upwards black and bare.

We must leave the reader in one of these sequestered spots, walled in with high mountains, their sides too steep to retain a mantle of snow which lies accumulated at the foot and in sheltered places stretches down to the sea margin; the patch of low land which comes under the genial influence of the sun's rays richly carpeted with moss and flowering plants, the resort of numerous birds and the support of a few families; the water calm as a mirror, and so clear that the innumerable medusæ which float about in it and the echini which cover the rocky bottom can be distinctly seen. Such was the spot where our voyage ended.



THE FRUITS AND FISH OF THE MALABAR COAST.

BY LIEUTENANT C. R. LOW (LATE) I.N., F.R.G.S.



IN speaking of the fruit of Western India, the connoisseur of such edibles should mention the mango with "bated breath," if not (to adopt an expressive vulgarism) with a watering mouth. It is said there are people, though of the fact of their existence we do not vouch, who do not like mangoes.

"If such there be, go, mark them well."

And though we would not visit upon their heads the punishment invoked by the poet on the man whose heart is inaccessible to the calls of patriotism, yet we would sincerely condole with them, and, were there a general distribution by Dame Nature of her gifts, would gladly relieve them of their "share," as schoolboys say.

The mango tree—*Mangifera Indicæ*, the learned call it—is not unlike an ilex in appearance, and its leaves are of the deepest green; the foliage forms a pleasing and characteristic feature of an Indian landscape. It is considered an act of charity to plant them, and the mild Hindoo, when piously inclined, performs the benevolent deed, with a view to the benefit of posterity. The delicious fruit comes into season in April, and lasts until June. As Lady Falkland says in her amusing chatty book, descriptively called "Chow-chow," "the mango is perfection; you do not wish it larger, nor smaller, nor is it too sweet, or too sour. When you have eaten one it is enough,* but a second is by no means too much. It must

* We think few Anglo-Indians will agree with her ladyship in this statement. We have a lively recollection of seeing more than one "burra Sahib" with

have been the fruit which tempted Eve, and that weak man Adam, who afterwards threw all the blame on his poor wife." The flavour is indescribable, though, as many have for that reason sought to describe it, we will also be guilty of a paradox, and say that it somewhat resembles the combined flavour of a strawberry, apricot, and plum. Dr. Borthwick Gilchrist speaks of it grandiloquently, as having "a sad terebenthine taste." The blossom is beautiful, and the rind has tints of green, red and orange.

The finest mango in India is that grown at Mazagon, in the environs of Bombay, which has a wide and general reputation for superior lusciousness and delicacy. In the reign of Shah Jehan, the Mogul Emperor of Delhi, an abundant and fresh supply of this fruit was insured for his use by couriers who were stationed between the capital and the Concan.* No less celebrity has been given to them in the West through Moore's "Lalla Rookh." All who have read that charming poem—and the number of our cultivated countrymen who have not done so must equal those who, having been in India, do not like the mango—will recall to mind the disappointments of the learned Chancellor Fadladeen, when the constant supply of mangoes for the royal table suddenly failed, for "to eat any mangoes but those of Mazagon, was, of course, impossible."

Merely mentioning the "*Palma Christi*," or "*Ricinus communis*," from which castor oil is extracted, and whose seeds are given to cows to increase their milk; also the mangosteen, and medlar, well known in England, we should notice among fruit-

sleeves tucked up, leaning over a bowl of water, half filled with mangoes, and though we did not count the number, we can vouch for the fact, that when the sleeves were turned down again nothing but the rinds and stones were to be seen.—C. R. L.

* "Elwood's Narrative of a Journey in India." J

trees, the tamarind, a beautiful tree resembling an elm, with all the elegance of a young acacia. The fruit is of a darker colour, and is drier than the West Indian tamarind, and the long pods as seen hanging from the tree, are not unlike a bean in appearance.

The plantain, or banana, which is largely consumed by the natives, is a fruit more or less known in this country, and is found on the dessert tables of the wealthy; the shrub forms a pleasing object with its broad and gracefully pendent leaves, two or three yards in length. But the arborial glory of India is without doubt the Indian fig-tree (*Ficus Indica*, or *Ficus Religiosa* of Linnæus) or sacred banyan, so called from the adoration paid to it by that caste. It extends its roots in every direction, and throwing out its branches, which fall to the ground, and then take root, may be said to form a forest in itself. The peepul, or wild fig-tree, is also remarkable, and is held in scarcely less veneration by the natives of India than the lordly banyan.

The uses of the palm-tree, from which is produced the cocoa-nut, are of so manifold a character, and there are such a great variety that it would require a separate paper to give a most cursory account of it. As the poet says—

“ The Indian's nut alone
Is clothing, meat and trencher, drink and can ;
Boat, cable, sail, and needle all in one.”

The sea-loving cocoa-nut tree (*Cocos nucifera*) forms a striking feature in the drives on the island of Bombay; there are numerous plantations of it, and as every individual plant pays a tax to Government, a considerable revenue must be thereby produced. Sailing down the Malabar coast one almost tires of the monotony of the groves of palm-trees on the shore, though

wandering under the thickly-planted stems reminds one of the pillars of a Gothic cathedral—

“Where, through the long-drawn aisle of fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the voice of praise.”

A stroll through a tope is very grateful on a sultry day, when the sea-breeze faintly rustles through the waving canopy formed overhead by its foliage.

Bombay is scarcely less famed in the East for its onions than for its mangoes. They are of great size, and of so mild a flavour that the most fastidious denizen of Belgravia need not express the disgust at their smell,—which, perhaps, is occasionally feigned,—but, without losing caste, might openly indulge a *penchant* for them.

The sweet potato and yam are too well known to need description; not so the brinjal, an egg-shaped vegetable, which some people consider a delicacy, though the writer is not of the same opinion, and the bindee, which is decidedly an acquisition to the dinner table. The dindee is a pod three or four inches in length, containing small seeds of a delicate flavour. This vegetable is often eaten spread on toast. The custard apple is a richly flavoured fruit; it is of a round shape with a green rough exterior, and contains a number of dark seeds imbedded in a cream-like substance. There are also water-melons, the enormous fruit of the jack-tree, and guavas, perhaps the most delicious fruit of the East, the mango always excepted.

Fish are abundant on the Malabar coast, and the Bombay bazaar—or market as we would say—is well supplied with some of the choicest varieties. The pomfret is unequalled by any fish in the world, and we think no one who has tasted this incomparable finny creature will deny the fact. The flavour is

marvellously delicate and fine. It is said that the great epicure Quin projected a voyage to India simply to eat the pomfret. After our encomiums it will be thought that we are indulging in hyperbole [if we extol in too warm terms the "bumbelow mutchee," so we shall forbear doing so; suffice it to say, therefore, that it is most excellent, and I believe is found nowhere but in the harbour of Bombay and its immediate neighbourhood.* The bumbelow is a sort of sand eel, which usually appears at the breakfast table with a dish of rice, butter, and split peas, called kedgiree, which, from being coloured with turmeric, is perfectly yellow. The bumbelow is also dried, and exported in large quantities to the three Presidencies; thus prepared, it is eaten with curry. Mentioning this dish naturally enough brings us to prawns, which are caught in Bombay harbour in shoals, and attain a great size. There is no curry that can excel a prawn curry, though we shall not be hypocritical enough to deny that oyster curry has its charms, and is by some thought preferable, though as this is a matter of taste, we will not discuss the question.

In conclusion, let me advise any of my readers who purpose a visit to Bombay, or who are passing through that vast city on their way to Bengal, and other parts of India, to be sure on their arrival at the hotel to call for three things—to wit, pomfret, prawn curry with dried "bumbelow mutchee," and Mazagon mangoes; and all we can say is, we heartily wish we made the second at table.

* "Elwood's Narrative of a Voyage to India."

FAIRY FOLK-LORE OF MANY LANDS.

BY WILMOT BUXTON, M.A.

(Continued from page 73.)



SKOAL, to the Northland, Skoal!" So we may say, with Longfellow's Skeleton in armour, for our next flight into Fairyland must be the wild, stormy land of Vikings, and pine woods, whence our ancestors, both Norman and Saxon, derived their origin, and whence some of our most delightful fairy tales have come down to us. In the Northland, Valhalla takes the place of mediæval Avalon, and Alf-heim, the city of the light Alfs, or Elves, claims our notice instead of the Jinnestân of the Persians. We shall pass our time pleasantly enough among Elves, and Dwarfs, Nisses, and Necks, and Mermaids, and when it thunders we shall think of Thor's hammer strokes, and of the Trolls who are forging the metals deep down in the earth. The materials from which we derive this fairy-lore of the Northland, are to be found in the Eddas and Sagas. Edda literally means a grandmother, and the old wife's tales, sometimes poetical, sometimes in prose, were told by the fire-side to the hardy Norsemen of old, and are, fortunately, preserved for us, as well as the Sagas, or histories, which bear some resemblance to the war-like ballads which inflamed the breasts of the ancient Greeks of Homer's time. In the mythology of Scandinavia we find a mixture of heathen legend, tempered by the teachings of Christianity. Thus, in the story of Gylfa, King of Sweden, who sought superior knowledge from Odin and his followers, we hear of three Potentates, seated on three thrones, and named Har (High), Jafnhar (equal High), and Thridi (Third). Here, we may imagine, is some trace of a belief in the Holy Trinity. On the other hand, the Nornir of

the Scandinavian are almost identical with the Fates of Roman mythology. Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos find their parallels in three sisters, whose names, in the original, we spare our readers, but which signify Past, Present, and Future. These Fatal Sisters lived in a city under the mysterious Ash-Tree, Yggdrasil, and besides them there were many other Nornir, or Fates, who influence the fortunes of people for good or evil. Here, again, we are reminded of the Daimon of the ancient Greeks, and of the Christian doctrine of ministering angels. It has been the universal custom of heathen nations to make into gods the powers and productions of nature. "The poor Indian's untutored mind sees God in clouds, and hears Him in the wind." As Vulcan forged the thunderbolts for Jove, and as the beautiful Apollo typified the sun in his glory ; as every tree, and rock, and stream were, in the fancy of the ancient Greeks, peopled with living beings, so, in the mythology of the North, Thor takes the place of Vulcan, or perhaps of Jove, and the Echo of the Greeks is transformed into the mocking laughter of the Trolls. One of the Eddas tells us a story of one Loki, who was daring enough to cut off the hair of Sif, the wife of Thor. To escape the punishment due to him, Loki promised to furnish the hapless lady with real golden hair.

These personages were able to produce, among other wonders, a ship which would put the *Castalia* utterly in the background. It was called "Skidbladni," it always had the wind with it, and it could be shut up and carried in a smaller space than an umbrella. The Dwarfs not only made this marvellous ship, but also supplied Loki with golden hair, and a spear, which was always certain to kill its man in battle. They also forged the well-known hammer of Thor, which never missed its mark when thrown at a Troll, and always returned of its own accord to its master's hand. This famous hammer was called "Miol-

ner," or, "the Crusher." With these gifts the wrath of Thor was to be appeased. The story is said to have a meaning, and to signify that the Earth, the wife of Thor, who typifies Heaven, was robbed of her verdure by the fierce fire-god, Loki; and that the gift of the golden hair means the fair beauty of the woods and fields which the temperate weather (the conquered fire-god) produces; whilst the gifts of the dwarfs, and the marvellous metals which came from underground, are explained to mean the power of fire working on the hidden metallic treasures of the earth.

For our own part, we like the pleasant stories far better than the dry explanations. Who, for example, likes to have one of *Æsop's* fables finished up by a prosy moral?

The Danish ballads, all of which are very ancient, none dating later than the fifteenth century, abound with pleasant pictures of the Elves. These beings are of two kinds, white and black, respectively good and bad, and dwelling in the air, and underground. The Elves had a monarchical government, whilst the Dwarfs are staunch Republicans, and they marry, and feast, and dance, like ordinary mortals. There seems to be another class of Elves called Hill-Folk, who often are heard singing sad and beautiful music; the Elf-King's tune has sometimes been learnt by mortal musicians, but it is a dangerous air to venture upon, as, unless the performer can play the tune backwards, he cannot stop, and must go on fiddling for ever, whilst all persons and things within hearing are compelled to go on dancing. Many a household in the Northland was believed to have the Elves as its occupants; they lived under the hearth-stone, or in the cellar, and were to the Norsemen what the Lares and Penates—the household gods—were to the old Romans. They seem to have been very friendly and domestic in their habits, and great lovers of cleanliness. Woe

betide the slovenly servant who left the house dirty. The Elves were sure to punish her, but a neat, tidy maid was sometimes taken into their favour. We hear of one servant girl, who was invited to an elvish wedding, but who lost the best of the sight by laughing, when the tiny bride tumbled over a straw. Dancing appears to be the favourite amusement of the Elves; and the fairy rings, as we call them, which appear in the grass, and are specially numerous on the most lonely heights of the Sussex Downs, are called in the Northland, "Elfdans," or "Elf-dance." Fortunate are those children who are born on Sunday, for they may see the Elves at their sport, and are specially favoured by them. There is a strong love of mischief among these tiny folk; if offended they will kill the cattle, or strike them with a murrain, which can only be cured by eating the leaves of St. John's Wort, gathered at twelve on St. John's Night. It is also dangerous for mere earthly cows to feed with the large blue cattle of the Elves, which exist entirely on dew.

The elf-maidens, like the sirens, who sang to the wily Ulysses of old, often exercised their dangerous arts of fascination upon inexperienced and susceptible youth.

These seductive maidens had a peculiarity in their appearance which the wary took care to observe—however beautiful their faces might be, their backs were always hollow. Sometimes they would offer a traveller a cup of wine, the contents of which must have been even worse than our cheap liquors of to-day, for when one adventurer who received the drinking-cup, [poured the fairy wine on his horse's back, it burnt off all his hair. Some kinds of Elves dwell in forests, and even at times transform themselves into trees. The Elder-tree is their favourite, and in some places, we are told, that the children when alone have seen an elder-bush moving from place to place, and visiting them at their play. Readers of Hans Chris-

tian Andersen's charming stories will remember the legend of the Elder-Mother, the "Hyldemoer," who, with her attendant spirits, dwells among the branches of the fragrant tree. So strong was this belief in the Elder-Mother among the Danish poor, that they never cut away wood from her sacred tree without asking permission, and children laid in cradles of elder-wood were sure to have a bad night's rest.

The Dwarfs, or Trolls, hold a very important place among the Scandinavian fairy-folk. They are commonly known as the Hill-people, and seem on the whole kindly and neighbourly beings. Like the bees, Trolls have a rooted dislike to noises of all kinds; their motto seems to have been, "Anything for a quiet life," and since the introduction of church bells, they have been seldom seen or heard of. We may trace in this a deeper meaning, the fact that the spread of Christian teaching has lessened, or destroyed, the superstition of the ignorant.

The Trolls—whether with or without eating fern-seed is unknown—had the power of walking invisible to eyes profane; but it was supposed that this useful gift depended on their hat, as once, when a farmer accidentally knocked off a dwarf's head-dress, he became visible, and had to make terms with the farmer, and grant him many boons before he recovered his hat.

As the Irish peasantry liked to be on friendly terms with "the Good People," as they styled the fairies, so the superstitious Norsemen of old cultivated the friendship of the Dwarfs. And certainly they were useful acquaintances, for they had endless stores of gold and silver in their hills, and were never troubled by panics on 'Change or tightness in the money-market. They were better, too, in cases of illness, than all the patent medicines which now-a-days profess to cure everything, for they could give marvellous strength to whom they would,

and, unlike the aforesaid medicines, they never failed to do what they professed. There are some good stories told of the Trolls. One relates the origin of the Tüslake, in Zealand. In the old days when there were no church bells to annoy him, a certain Troll lived in a high rocky place in the village of Kund. In time a church was built close by, and the

“Tintinnabulation that so musically swells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,”

grievously annoyed the Troll, who had no taste for campanology, and held the whole race of bell-ringers, ancient college-youths, and their triple bob-majors, in utter detestation. So the Troll quitted his quarters and settled in another part of the country. Some time after, a man travelling from Kund where he lived, met the unmusical Troll, and was requested by him to take charge of a letter, which he was on no account to look at till he came to Kund churchyard, when he was to throw it over the wall, and the person for whom it was meant would be sure to receive it. Now, as often happens, the messenger forgot all about the letter, and never thought of it till he was back in Zealand, and was resting in a meadow. Then he took out the forgotten letter, and looked at it; and presently some water began flowing from it, and before long, a whole lake, which the Troll had concealed in his letter, burst forth, and nearly drowned the unfortunate letter-carrier. However, the church which the Troll had doomed to destruction, was nowhere near, and so Tüslake was formed. This is not the only instance in which a Troll was deceived. A farmer once excited the anger of one of the Hill-people, by ploughing on the mound under which he lived. They came to terms, however, and the farmer undertook to till the soil, and he and the Dwarf were to have the crops alternately on these terms—the Dwarf was to have one year the

crop which grew over the ground, and the farmer that which grew in the ground, and the next year, *vice versâ*. The farmer was too cunning for the Troll in this case, for he sowed carrots one year, and corn the next, and so the poor Dwarf came off badly. There is another story of a Troll, which is an exact parallel to that of Wayland Smith, with which all readers of Scott's "Kenilworth," are familiar. It is a Danish legend, and it tells us that in a certain district are three hills, in one of which lives a Troll, who is also a blacksmith. You have but to leave your work by the hill, and a silver shilling, and in the morning all is done, and finished in the finest workmanship.

Closely allied to the Trolls are the Nisses, who are known in Germany as Kobolds, and in Scotland as Brownies. They are household fairies, and most domestic in their habits. In appearance they certainly disprove the proverb of "Old heads on young shoulders," for they are represented as having the body of a young child, and the face of an old man. In a household they are certainly useful. It is a pity that we cannot induce them to inhabit our modern homes. Wherever the servants are good, the Niss does their work for them, and sweeps the room, and cleans the stove before the maid is out of bed. If, however, the servants neglect their duties, the Niss is sure to punish them. In an age when churchwardens and "aggrieved parishioners" were not so common as now, the Niss took upon him ecclesiastical functions, and under the name of Kirkegrim, was a terror to all who went to sleep, or otherwise misbehaved during Divine service.

INTO THE FAR NORTH;

OR, A GLANCE AT HECLA AND THE GEYSIRS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ON THE ROAD TO KHIVA," ETC.

CHAPTER V.

LOST ON THE MOORS.



NEED not give the details of our ride from the Geysirs to Thingvellir; for, so far as the mere travelling is concerned, one day in Iceland is very much like another. You set out with a feeling of brisk confidence, gradually fading into impatience and discontent. You gallop on ahead at every likely bit of ground, and then suddenly find that you have lost sight of both guide and pack-horse, and pull up to await their arrival. You ride up to a baer, and stretch yourself on the soft grass to luxuriate in the inevitable curds and milk; and then comes a general shake-hands with the ruddy, laughing haymakers, and you are off again. You overwhelm your guide with questions as to the remaining distance, which he at first meets with daring guesses, and then parries with a confession of utter ignorance. Towards afternoon you bivouac on the bank of a stream that looks tolerably clean, and prepare your soup or tea, backed up by a few remaining fragments of biscuit, and then go forward again with a harassing feeling of having sat down to dinner and yet eaten nothing; and then it comes on to rain, and you unstrap your macintosh, and find that it has lost the best part of its buttons, and that the wind blows it open at every turn. And so morning grows into noon, and noon melts into evening, and still you go on and on, moor succeeding moor, and

ridge ridge, as if by enchantment ; but an enchantment which lends distance to the view, and certainly does not improve it.

The great sight of the day is the passage of the Bruara by a short cut which an obliging farmer goes several miles out of his way to show us. Just at the ford, the rocky bed of the river is split up the centre by a deep narrow cleft into which the stream, suddenly divided, plunges from opposite sides in two distinct waterfalls, the clashing of which in the chasm below is a spectacle worthy of Schiller. Across the cleft lies a tiny wooden bridge, itself under water, to which we pick our way with some difficulty over the slippery rock with its swirling current ; but the view from the bridge is well worth the trouble. Just where it breaks over the brink, the water is blue and bright as a summer sky ; but beneath, all is one whirl of gnashing foam, flung up by the conflicting torrents as they meet, and grapple, and dash themselves against the black unyielding walls that hem them in ; till at length, spent, and wearied, and powerless to resist, they sink helplessly into the still, dark pool below.

Towards evening, the pleasant green slopes of our earlier journey are left behind, and we enter upon another of those grim regions which almost justify the grisly old tale of Iceland's creation by the devil. Lava-boulders above, lava-dust below : a vast rampart of black barren mountain rising above us to the right, and below us, on the left, a great wilderness of dreary bog, which, as we mount higher and higher, fades into the rising mist. The bright morning sunshine has vanished behind a pall of leaden cloud, through which the light falls chill and ghostly ; and the wind moans drearily among the mouldering stones, and our very horses hang their heads as Sintram's war-horse hung his as he paced along the Dismal Valley, with Death in front of him and the Arch-Fiend behind.

But at last we crown the ridge, and see far below us, beyond a wide waste of stony moor, the glimmer of a broad lake, which hardly needs our guide's exultant shout to introduce it to us as the far-famed "Thingvalla-Vatn." Just for one moment the sun breaks through the mists, and reveals in all its beauty the grand old lake, reflecting all the splendour of the sunset in its wide smooth expanse, flecked here and there with purple shadow by the rocky islets that rise like castles out of the still water; and then the rolling waves of fog blot all out again, and we are marching through shadow-land once more, with the dull trampling of our horses for our only sound of life. And so, for another weary hour, we skirt the unseen lake; till suddenly there yawns before us a vast black chasm, like the entrance of Dante's *Inferno*, and at the same moment the fog, lifting itself like the rise of a curtain, discloses a wide stretch of grassy plain, undulating like a rolling prairie. The chasm is the Hirafna-Gja, or Raven's Rift; the green prairie is the plain of Thingvalla.

Of this famous spot little need be said here. It has been described so often and so well, with all its picturesque features—the mighty fosses that guard it on either side, the sunken plain, a hundred feet below the level of the surrounding country, the wonderful peninsula of the Hill of Laws, environed on every side but one by an impassable precipice, the dark pool into which criminals were hurled ages ago, the pebbly Oxeraa, along whose banks the booths of the sturdy Republicans of the tenth century bristled every summer, the great black wall of lava, straight and even as if ruled with a plumb-line, that bounds the plain on the west—that to attempt describing it again would be worse than bringing out a new edition of "Shakspeare," or a fresh translation of the "Iliad." But with all its grandeur, it certainly cannot be recommended as an agreeable conclusion to

a long day's ride. Mile after mile, the plain in front and the lake at the side seem to expand themselves to infinity ; and the tired horses stumble over the broken ground, and the coming storm blackens overhead with a threat of impending mischief if we do not speedily get to shelter, and the unending level multiplies itself before us, till in bitterness of heart we feel inclined to apply to it the description of a far different spot :—

“ For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on for ever.”

Not till nearly eight o'clock do we learn from the inhabitants of a small baer on the road, that Thingvalla is “ close by ; ” but in this region where roads and milestones have never existed, all measurements of distance must be taken *cum grano*. A full hour more elapses before we find ourselves under the shadow of the great lava-wall, and see Thingvalla Church like a shadow on the hillside before us. A row of horses are drawn up in front of the churchyard wall, and we find ourselves suddenly greeted by half-a-dozen familiar voices, belonging to the members of the two deputations, who have begun their sight-seeing from the opposite side. Their report, however, is anything but comforting. The parsonage itself is occupied by some ladies ; in the three or four hovels which compose the village, no quarters are to be had ; while even the church is filled to overflowing by a party of Swedish naval officers, some of whom may be seen grouped around their provision-basket in a corner of the churchyard. But *à la guerre comme à la guerre* ; and after despatching a hasty supper with the parson, the doctor takes up his quarters in the church-loft, while I ensconce myself within the altar-rails, with my head in one corner and my feet in another.

The Danish and Norwegian deputies, with a capacious tent of their own, are independent of local accommodation ; but

during the night it goes ill even with *them*. For now comes on a storm of true Icelandic quality, shaking the very church over our heads, and flooding the hill-side with rain. All night it rages with unslackening fury; and when morning comes, the prospect is anything but hopeful. The whole sky is one sheet of dull grey, crossed by lines of driving rain; and every hill within sight has a damp white cloud hanging low upon it, like a bravo with his hat slouched over his eyes. There is nothing for it but to harden our hearts and set off; but our only breakfast consists of a mouthful of milk, a neglect of the true Englishman's first duty, which gives an evil augury to our journey, and one not slow of fulfilment.

For now commences a chapter of accidents, to which even my experience of Central Asia affords no parallel. According to a new member who here joins our party (a Norwegian deputy on his way back to the coast), the ride to Reykjavik ought not to take more than seven hours; but, in Icelandic travelling, calculations of time are as risky as measurements of distance. If entered in a diary, the chronicle of the day's work would be somewhat as follows: "Raining and blowing double tides; lose guide and pack-horse at first starting; wet to the skin directly; country ridgy and broken, and mud splashing us at every step; wet to the bone; raining its hardest; pony down on its head; raining harder still; wet through skin, bone, and marrow, and out at the other side; pony down on its head again, and I on mine; lose our way, and then each other."

In short, the situation about two o'clock (as near as we can guess, for our watches have stopped as if by common consent, and there is no sun to go by) is as follows: Two of us, the Norwegian and myself, are left alone on a bare moor in the pelting rain, with a lake on one side and a mountain on the other; our horses already pumped; not a morsel of food about

us; and with the comfortable assurance that we are probably miles from any habitation, and that, in such weather, we might pass within a hundred yards of one without seeing it. Our only chance now is to light upon some human being and ask our way. So on we go through the blinding storm, now bogged up to the saddle-girths, now stumbling among rolling stones, now brought up on the edge of a deep gulley; but heading always for the lower slope of the mountain, where, if anywhere, a hut may possibly be found. At length the clouds lift, and over the shoulder of the ridge, on a little green plateau, we see cattle grazing, and to their right a dark mound. Is it a baer? We strain our eyes to the uttermost; but the rain that beats in our faces gives us no chance of a clear view, and for three minutes more we remain uncertain whether we are saved or not. At last comes a momentary lull, and then the brown front and small window of a farm-house stand out distinctly. Hurrah!

We turn our horses loose at the door, and hobble in. The interior is of the usual type, plain walls, earthen floor, box-beds along the sides, a little rough-hewn table by the small window, clothes and shoes, and cooking-pots, littered about the floor. On one of the beds sits a very old man, with a blank, vacant face, turning a stone aimlessly round and round in his hands; on the opposite one, a baby lies asleep on a pile of old clothes, the whiteness of its little face contrasting prettily with the dingy rags in which it is wrapped. Three women, and a middle-aged man, make up the party.

With some difficulty, we contrive to explain that we have lost our way, that one of our comrades is still out in the storm, and that we wish to send a man in search of him; but our messenger has barely departed, when in comes the missing Doctor himself, having ridden very pluckily up a difficult ridge to reconnoitre, and luckily descried our baer from thence. So

then there is great rejoicing; and our new friends make us a steaming cup of coffee apiece, while we empty the water out of our boots, and squeeze our clothes as dry as possible; after which, (having by this time lost all faith in our own guidance), we hire one of the household to pilot us to Reykjavik.

I will not enter into the concluding stage of our journey. The last miles are always the longest; and in our case this effect is heightened by various accidents. In many places the low grounds are so flooded by the continued rain, that we have more than once to make a long *détour*; while the sloppiness of the ground and the pumped-out condition of our horses, reduce our speed very considerably. The storm ceases at length, as if fairly worn out; but not till late in the afternoon do we at length descry, far away to the south, the clustering houses of Reykjavik leaning over the sea. And even then, for two weary hours more, we zigzag up and down ridge after ridge, through stream after stream, over moor after moor, always having our goal in sight, yet seeming never to approach it; till at length we crown the last hill-top, and goad our jaded beasts into a final trot right down into the town, where we are received at the door of our quarters, with a hearty welcome, by the comrades from whom we parted at Eyrarbakki.

And so we settle down again into the quiet everyday life of the quaint little town, where the streets have neither lamps nor pavements, and the houses neither knockers, bells, nor numbers; where tailoring is done by women, and hair-dressing not done at all; where there are no hotels, and the honest burghers go to bed at ten o'clock. Our life of riding, climbing, starving, and getting wet, melts into a placid, zoophyte existence, the great events of which are our three daily meals at ten, three, and eight, and the longest excursions of which are a stroll down to

the beach or through the churchyard, with an occasional peep at the queer little library huddled into the church-loft.

But I must not omit the sequel of our ride. The owner of the horses, a native of Reykjavik, not merely demanded a price considerably higher than the one agreed on, but clapped on thirty dollars for "injuries" done to the pack-horse, which had by far the lightest work of all; and when we sent a "vet." to examine the beast, refused him admittance! I need hardly say that he never got his demand; but it is lamentable that such rogueries, perpetrated by the only men with whom foreigners have to do, should discredit the whole of ICELAND.

THE END.

J A F F A.

EVERYBODY who has visited Jaffa has heard of the labours of Miss Arnott, who for twelve years has been struggling, amidst many difficulties, to do useful work among the Mohammedans and Jews in that old town where Dorcas dwelt, and St. Peter saw the Vision of Toleration. In March, 1863, she gathered fourteen little girls around her; in the summer of the same year, the numbers increased to fifty; in 1869, she commenced to take in boarders in order to train them as teachers. Those who have travelled in the East, and have seen the oppression and degradation of women there, will rejoice to hear that Miss Arnott's efforts have been so successful, that a piece of land has been purchased on which to erect a plain, substantial house, suitable for the requirements of her work. Already there are fifty to sixty in the day-school, fifty to sixty persons assemble every Sunday for Protestant worship, and there are thirteen boarders in training as teachers. £2000 is required for the new building. £10 per annum is the cost of maintaining and thoroughly educating a girl in the house. The new building is now in course of construction.

THE LAKE OF GENEVA.

(Continued from page 229.)



ENEVA was now a town of the German Empire, governed by a prince bishop, a member of the Germanic body. The struggle for independence soon began. Geneva rose up against its bishop, demanding certain free institutions, and obtained them too. The chief authority was given from this time to a council of four syndics, who were appointed by the people, and managed everything. Later they found it necessary to appoint a sub-council of twenty. Both these were independent of the bishop, whose power was thus reduced to a minimum, greatly to his displeasure. In justice to the purple, however, it should be stated that the first man regularly to establish these laws by enrolling them in a chart, was a patriotic prelate, Adhemar Fabri.

So far all was well, but Geneva had a dangerous neighbour in the Duke of Savoy, who took every excuse for interfering with the affairs of the town, where he had certain prerogatives. His dominions were spreading nearer and nearer to the city. Already he had made himself master of all manors and all hearts in Vaud, where the old Burgundian nobles, who hated this absorption into Germany, had taken the first opportunity of seceding. The castles of Grandson, Cossonay, Vufflers, Oron, Aubon, Blonay, and the villages attached encircled the whole country. In each reigned a little hereditary dynasty, backed by a band of inferior nobles, who followed their chief to war, and served him as squires, pages, and huntsmen in time of peace. They were always quarrelling with the German house, and here was the chance improved by Savoy. Count

Peter, a member of the ducal family, and owner of a barony in Vaud, contrived to possess himself of the greater part of the district. He afterwards succeeded to the throne of Savoy, and thenceforward Vaud became a baronial fief of the duchy, to be held by some younger branch of the reigning house. Peter's career was most adventurous from beginning to end. He was surnamed "Charlemagne the Less," and his life recalls the exploits of the old paladins.

His successors, masters now of the greater part of both shores of Lake Lemman, saw no cause why they should not master Geneva too. The obvious reason, that Vaud was willing and Geneva was not, they disregarded. In the fifteenth century the appointment to the bishopric of Geneva devolved on the Popes, hand-in-glove with Savoy. They took care to nominate a prince of the ducal house, a fatal stroke for the town. Long and fierce was the struggle that ensued, and indomitable the heroism shown by the Genevese. The first step of their oppressors was to deprive them of their annual fairs, the rendez-vous of merchants from all countries, and an immense source of opulence to the town; the next, to offer to re-establish them at the price of important civic liberties. The bribe was sternly refused. In the sixteenth century came a climax. It was reported that the reigning bishop, a son of Savoy, of course, had ceded the temporal power to Duke Charles III. It was then that the burghers of Geneva rose in open revolt, allied themselves with the Swiss states of Berne and Fribourg, and showed they were determined to live under their own laws, and that neither force nor guile should deprive them of their cherished independence.

Those were the days of the patriot Bonniyard, known to us as the prisoner of Chillon, and who, by the way, was neither Genevese, nor a commoner, nor even a civilian, but a Savoyard of noble lineage, and a high Church dignitary besides. His

dream was to see a republic in Geneva ; but in 1530 he was taken prisoner as he was riding across the Vaud, and betrayed into the hands of the Duke, who, dreading his talents and influence, put him to silence in the dungeons of Chillon, where he lay for six years. Other citizens, as heroic and still more unfortunate, were executed, and the Duke fixed his court at Geneva. Though he could not subdue the spirit of the people, he held them in thrall awhile by his tyranny, and fancied himself secure. One day, called off by other affairs, he summons a council-general. It is attended only by the members of his faction. He makes a speech enjoining them to renounce all thoughts of alliance with Berne, the forlorn hope of Genevese patriots, and then leaves the city, little dreaming that neither he nor his heirs would ever set foot there as masters again. For the burghers rose directly, allied themselves with Berne and Fribourg, and organized their republic. The Duke was incensed, and the war began fiercer than ever. The town, pertinaciously besieged, was still more pertinaciously defended. In 1536, after a series of valiant struggles, and when Savoy was on the very point of prevailing, Berne came somewhat tardily to the rescue, freed the city, assailed Chillon by land, while the Genevese sent out galleys and armed boats, and all the flower of their youth, to attack it from the lake. The garrison soon saw defence was useless, but contrived to launch their galley, in which some of them escaped to the opposite shore of Savoy. Here their commander burnt the barge, and they fled into the mountains. Great was the fear of the Swiss that the prisoner, too, had been carried off, but on breaking into the dungeons the victors had the pleasure of releasing six, Bonnivard among them. This stroke was followed by a long interval of peace. Berne had appropriated Chablais ; and Geneva, thus protected on its weak side, was allowed to breathe.

Vaud, however, remained still faithful to Savoy. The noblesse in their castles were furious from the first at the alliance of Geneva with Berne. A party of them happened to be feasting at Bursinel, on the lake, when they heard of it, and one, uplifting his spoon, cried out, "As surely as I hold this spoon, so will we swallow up Geneva." Thence arose among them a league called "The Knights of the Spoon," which they adopted for their badge. It was elaborately carved in boxwood, and they wore it suspended by a chain round their necks. The gentlemen of the spoon failed to swallow up Geneva, but they harassed it by a guerilla warfare. Thanks to their aid, Savoy was enabled to recover from Berne the lost Chablaisien shore, and to renew its attack on the little republic. From 1580 onwards, the war raged. It was the last and worst struggle. In 1602 the Duke planned to make himself master of Geneva by a stealthy manœuvre. First he sent secretly large bands of his soldiers to conceal themselves in different parts of the neighbourhood ; then he entered it himself, *incognito*, under the pretext of a hunting trip. His scheme was to surprise the city by night, scale the walls, and drop down unawares upon the sleeping citizens. Already he and his four thousand Savoyards had surrounded the town unobserved. Three hundred picked men on a dark December night stole onwards, armed with petards and hammers, set up their ladders, scaled the walls, and crouched along the ramparts. All was quiet and dark in Geneva. The Duke looked on the victory as already won, and sent out couriers to announce it. At half-past two in the morning, a Genevese sentinel fancied he saw something stir in the trench. He warns his corporal, who sends at once to reconnoitre, the enemy is detected, the alarm given ; but already the Savoyards are masters of the outer wall and enclosure. Three gates admit through the inner wall into the city, and the be-

siegers are pressing upon one of these when the portcullis falls, let down by the hand of a self-possessed soldier, and Geneva is saved. This incident is known in history as the Escalade. It was the last stroke of Savoy, who, finding Geneva resolute, backed by Berne, France (under Henry IV.), and the reformed countries, relinquished at last all designs upon her.

The Reformation was destined in the end to unite even Vaud to Switzerland. The doctrines of Calvin, triumphant at Geneva and Lausanne, spread by degrees into the country; the Savoy ducal house was growing weaker and weaker, their dominions were disorganized, demoralized, falling rapidly to ruin, and the Vaud country passed almost without a struggle into the hands of Berne. The new masters, however, proved worse than the first; their extortions and oppressive severity were highly distasteful to the joyous easy Vaudois, who fretted under the yoke. The Bernese bailiffs meanwhile had a good time of it, established themselves in the old castles of Chillon and others, mulcted the people, and gave banquets to the branches of the noblesse yet remaining. At the time of the French Revolution the Vaudois took the law into their own hands, and the bailiffs found it expedient to beat a retreat to Berne, a peaceful revolution was accomplished, the country uniting itself to Geneva. Eventually it took its separate place in the Swiss Confederation as the Canton de Vaud, with Lausanne for its capital—a city whose internal history is a repetition of that of Geneva, but which, from its more fortunate situation, has suffered less from outward attacks, and often held aloof altogether from the disturbances. The country society gradually adapted itself to the new order of things. In 1802, the peasants thought they would make away with the last relics of the old feudal rights of tenure. Armed with pitchforks, pikes, and old muskets, the grotesque band went round, making a visitation of the castles in turn, and

demanding the ancient title-deeds to be given up. When they got them they made bonfires of them, indulging in all kinds of antics and rejoicings round the pile. The new government settled the affair by voting an indemnity to the former proprietors.

CASTLE OF CHILLON.

Swiss and republican as the district has become, everywhere in Vaud we are met by ruined castles, donjon towers, and other traces of the old feudal social system. The white towers of Chillon may speak to us chiefly of Byron, but it is not without interest to recollect besides that the date of its foundation is unknown; that the earliest "prisoner of Chillon" on record was a

dangerous bishop of Corbie, shut up here by Louis le Debonnaire. Peter, Charlemagne the Less, was the first to perceive the strength of the position. He fortified, and made it the key to his dominions. It was a favourite residence of the royal family of Savoy, and also of the Bernese bailiffs, who

CASTLE OF BLONAY.

made good cheer within its walls—too good, indeed, as it fell out.

Another picturesque old stronghold, near Montreux, is the Tour de Peilz; if it has not its poetic, it has its tragic story. It was built in the fifteenth century, by Pierre de Gingins, lord of the adjoining manor of Châtelard. He was a loyal servant of

Savoy, and monarchy of course. During the wars of France with Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, Savoy took part with the latter, but the Swiss mountaineers were confederate with the French. De Gingins had gone to meet some Italian mercenaries crossing the Valais to join his ally Charles the Bold, when he heard that the Confederates had come down, sacked Montreux, and burnt Le Châtelard. He hastened back, and shut himself up with his men-at-arms in the Tour de Peilz. The Swiss besieged and took it. De Gingins and his men fell fighting, all except eight, who contrived to make their escape by the lake.

The traveller coming down from the gloomy, poverty-stricken Valais, gets the full effect of the smiling contrast offered by the Vaud. From the moment he reaches the lake at Bouveret or Villeneuve, he is met by that series of exquisite pictures to which genius has so often come, and not in vain, for inspiration. At the foot of the mountains Chillon, like one of the old lake dwellings, stretches out, floating on the water. Beyond, lies Veytaux embosomed in walnuts; Montreux with its picturesque church tower; then Clarens in its little cove. Then rises the donjon of Châtelard, above it the ancient castle of Blonay, and Vevey beyond—a happy land, whose slopes are rich with orchards, vineyards and walnut trees. At Clarens, when we have explored the so-called “Bosquet de Julie,” and paid our respects to Rousseau and his “Nouvelle Héloïse,” the romantic castle of Blonay will claim our attention. For eight centuries it was the residence of the most powerful and distinguished of the old Vaudois families. Twenty villages at one time were included in their estate, they had another manor on the opposite shore, and castles in various parts of Savoy. Mention is made of them again and again in all local chronicles, and always honourable

mention. "Pure as gold, prompt as lightning," was their beautiful motto. It was a De Blonay who led out the men-at-arms of Vevey to the crusade. Another distinguished himself in the war with Berne, when the hope of his party fell with Chillon, by jumping into the lake on horseback and in full armour, swimming across and escaping thus to the Duke of Savoy. An old fablian tells a graceful story full of the colouring of the time. Catherine de Blonay, the young wife of Baron Simon, sung the *trouvère*, sat in a meadow under the shade of her battlements, when she was surprised by the sudden appearance of the young Chevalier de Corsant, who approached and knelt at her feet, humbly entreating her pardon. He came from one of the "Courts of Love," where according to the custom of the period he had been displaying his ingenuity by pleading in a cause put up for discussion. The question to be tried was "Married Life *versus* Celibacy." Corsant stood for the champion of bachelors, his antagonist was Catherine's husband, the Baron de Blonay. The argument remained a drawn match, and had to be settled by arms. The Baron came off victorious. So the chevalier for his penance was sentenced to hie to the Castle of Blonay, and there, kneeling to its mistress, confess how he had been worsted. Right royally she received and entertained him. But he was here to experience a second defeat at her hands. For she introduced him to her cousin Yolande, who, being without fortune, was on the point of taking the veil. Yolande was beautiful, the chevalier fell in love, and when Baron Simon himself reached home, he found he had arrived just in time to assist at the wedding of this ex-advocate of single life.

The De Blonays were always the best of friends to the people, who held them in extraordinary respect, even to the last when the fortunes of the aristocracy were broken. The following

anecdote is significant. It was at the end of the last century, after the revolution, when the nobles had been exiled and their property confiscated, that a De Blonay, tired of expatriation, came back to his own country in a humble disguise. In defiance of the sentence of death proclaimed against him, he wandered

about, from one cottage to another, and undiscovered. One day he found himself face to face with an advertisement announcing a sale of his effects to take place by auction at his own castle the next day. He determined to be present, and went accordingly and mixed with the crowd. When the first lot was put up for competition, his voice was heard at the other end of the room, bidding in

CHURCH OF MONTREUX.

derision some pitiful sum. The attention of the crowd was drawn to him, and they recognized their former master. Instinctively they all took off their hats, and not a man presumed to bid against him, the auctioneer was forced to knock down the lot to the Baron—a second followed and fared likewise, and then a third. To save him from imminent danger of arrest, the

peasants then carried him off bodily to a place of concealment in the mountains, and soon he was enabled by means of a loan to buy back part of his property. The Blonays have possessions in Chablais, where the family exists to this day.

Not all these old feudal houses, however, had such a spotless reputation. The seigneur of Aigremont had so long oppressed the villagers by his extortions that, desperate at last, they rose against him in a body and burnt his castle to the ground. He and his daughter barely escaped with life through the heroic valour of two young men he was keeping prisoner in his dungeons for the sake of exacting a ransom. According to popular legends, Archibald, the last sire of Aigremont, is still sitting

LA TOUR DE PEILZ.

shut up in this subterranean vault, counting and recounting his gold for ever. An old he-goat watches by him and fairies chant mournful strains among the ruins till the dawn breaks, and they change into ravens and grasshoppers.

The peasants of Vaud and all over Savoy are naturally superstitious. Long did the old Celtic mythology linger among

them. Elf-dances by moonlight were articles of faith, and terrible stories current of La Vuivre, a malignant fairy, who is queen of snakes, and haunts the vicinity of waters. The demon-worship that prevailed during the Middle Ages took deep root here, and still survives in many a legend, wild as the scenery that inspired them. The goblins, it was said, held their sabbath in the Champ des Nornes, near Beralles. Here the fiends sat down to dinner to the sound of strange music. The tables were loaded with dainties, and a headless grey horse ran round and round the gang as they feasted. Dinner over, they all rose, joined hands, formed an immense ring round the hills, and danced and danced till they faded into thin air. Wodan, the hunting god, was supposed to hold his court of sylphs, trolls, dwarfs, and sprites in these mountain solitudes.

“ DOST thou, then, list’ning to the traveller’s tale
Of mountainous wilds, and towns of ancient fame,
And spacious bays, and streams renown’d of name
That roll their plenty through the freshen’d vale ;
Dost thou, then, long to voyage far away,
And visit other lands, that thou mayest view
These varied scenes so beautiful and new ? ”

SOUTHEY.

WHERE SHALL WE GO?

BY LANGLEY COLERIDGE.

AT this season of the year, when the summer is just bursting upon us in its beauty, when business seems less bearable than at other times ; when visions of green fields and flowing rivers, of mountain-peaks and rural valleys haunt us ; when everybody asks, "When do you go away this year?" and everything seems to speak of holiday-making ; at such a time a few practical suggestions pointing out how a tour may be made, how much it will cost, and what time it will take, will not be out of place.

It has been my good fortune to travel much, and with the first unfolding of spring-buds there commences every year from my circle of friends a continuous demand to "plan out a good tour" for them. To an old traveller, there is no great difficulty in this, especially when he knows the tastes, habits, capacities and experiences of the friends for whom he draws up such a plan. Of course the difficulty is enhanced in the present case, when I am supposing the public in general to be asking the question at the head of this paper. Nevertheless, it is possible to sketch out a good many skeleton tours, and give an idea of the probable cost, which will be valuable to many.

It is a curious fact that people who do not travel are people who have not travelled ; and people who do travel, have travelled. The untravelled person sees a variety of "lions in the path," which cause needless fear. Once let him go abroad, those lions never appear again. Ladies who have never left their native shores are often under the misapprehension that to visit even Switzerland will make a demand upon their strength, courage, time and pocket which they dare not contemplate.

Even good, loving husbands, whose greatest ambition is to please their wives, shudder at the suggestion of taking them even so far as to Paris, more especially if they are shaky in their French, consequent upon belonging to a generation which did not imbibe the language as a necessary part of education. Anxious mothers, who would delight to give their growing girls an opportunity of seeing the world; rich uncles who would like their nephews to have a "look round" before settling down to the monotonies of life; "young couples" who think of Ventnor or the Lakes for their honeymoon trip, because their parents did so before them—all these are hereby invited to take heart, when I assure them, from a long experience, that travelling in France, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland and Italy, or Norway, is now such an every-day occurrence with thousands, that it is safe, easy, pleasant, compatible with moderate means and time, and may be undertaken without a shadow of misgiving by old or young, married or single, linguist or no linguist.

It is not necessary to say a word now-a-days about the advantage of travel, everybody acknowledges it, and there are only few in the world who have not a desire to see other countries and peoples beside their own. Some desire to first explore their own country before visiting others, and this is a laudable ambition which deserves all praise. At the same time, there is not, as a rule, the same stimulus to make a *Tour* in the United Kingdom that there is to make a tour abroad. It too often happens that, after long discussions about going here, there, and everywhere in one's native isle, the result is to settle down by the seaside or elsewhere in one place, and to gain little after all save change of air.

What I feel with regard to this subject is, that whilst a trip or tour in England, Scotland, Wales or Ireland, gives me unbounded pleasure at the time, it does not effect the same amount

of good to mind and body as a tour abroad. To visit a strange country gives a fresh interest to reading; fresh thoughts, emotions, and studies are originated; there are curious manners and customs to observe, curious things in nature and art to surprise and delight; there is a more complete and perfect change of air, and what is no less valuable for health, a complete change of diet. In making a continuous tour, travelling on from day to day, from place to place, the mind is kept in continual healthy exercise, there is no time for thoughts of ledgers, or shares, or markets; no temptation to read the newspaper; no inducement whatever to indulge in occasional business correspondence; but every day has its programme, and the enjoyment of one day is but as a relish to the enjoyment of the next.

I believe that the reason why a great many who have the opportunity to travel and do not avail themselves of it is this, that when they come face to face with an atlas and look through to see which country they shall select, and having selected the country, become flabbergasted with mountains and rivers and unpronounceable towns, their hearts fail them, and they turn instinctively to their own country rather than "fly to others that they know not of." It is for the guidance therefore of beginners in the art of travel that these notes are made.

The cost of a tour of course depends much upon the tastes and means of the traveller—if he goes in for every luxury, he must pay accordingly. The hotels on the Continent are, as a rule, good, and charges much more moderate than in our own country. Living *en pension* is really cheap. Young men and students who can rough it, can always get cheap rooms at the top of an hotel, and can live out of doors all day, so as not to require much view when they go to their rooms. Teetotaller's can cut off large items usually to be found in the bills of your "moderate" drinkers. The man with a knapsack spends much

less than the man with many boxes, and so on. It may be well to state generally, that board and lodging and attendance need not cost more than ten shillings per day ; it *can* be done for six shillings.

I propose, therefore, to give a few skeleton tours with approximate costs of travelling.

NO. I.—THREE WEEKS IN HOLLAND, BELGIUM, AND THE RHINE.

A pleasant trip any time from June to September.

Leave London (Bishopsgate Station) in the evening, about six. Go on board boat at Harwich, go to sleep, and wake up in the morning in the river Maas ; note Brielle (the birth-place of Van Tromp and De Witt), with its conspicuous church, and Vlaardingen, the chief seat of the herring fishery. Land at Rotterdam in time for a good breakfast.

1st day.—At Rotterdam. Visit the church of St. Lawrence. Ascend the tower to see the panorama of the “Dutch Venice.” Go to Boyman’s Museum (collection of the works of Dutch and Flemish painters. Not to be compared with that at the Hague). In the evening stroll in the Park, or take a drive round the suburbs.

2nd day.—Rail to the Hague ; a charming place. Visit the Museum, a rich collection, including “The Dissectors,” by Rembrandt, and “The Bull,” by Paul Potter. See the Palace. Obtain permission to view some of the Private Galleries. In the evening take the tram-car to Scheveningen, on the sea-shore. the “Dutch Brighton”—a cheap and pleasant excursion. Return to Hague.

3rd day.—Enjoy an early morning stroll in the Wood as far as to the Palace. Then, train to Leyden. Visit the wonderful

Museums and the University, and proceed same day to Amsterdam.

4th and 5th days.—Amsterdam. See Hotel de Ville. Visit a diamond-cutting establishment; and some of the Philanthropic Institutions for which the city is famous; have a fish-dinner at Zaardam, where Peter the Great lived.

6th day.—Amsterdam to Cologne. By Utrecht, Emmerich, and Dusseldorf.

7th day.—Cologne. Cathedral, Bridges, Museum, Church of St. Ursula, Eau de Cologne.

8th day.—Boat up the Rhine. Stop at Königswinter, and ascend Drachenfels. Stay for the night at Coblenz.

9th day.—Proceed by boat up the Rhine to St. Goar. Then to Assmanshausen, for a lovely walk in the Niederwald. Stay a night at Bingen or Rüdesheim.

10th day.—Boat to Mayence. Bridge of Boats, Cathedral, Monument of Drusus, House and Statue of Gutenberg.

11th day.—Rail to Wiesbaden. Kursaal. Fine view from Platte. Proceed same evening to Frankfurt.

12th day.—Frankfurt. The Römer, Public Monuments, Picture Galleries, Dannecker's Ariadne; Palm Garden in evening.

13th day.—To Darmstadt and Heidelberg. Charming journey through the Odenwald.

14th day.—At Heidelberg. Castle, Königsstuhl, Wolfsbrunnen.

15th day.—At Heidelberg and neighbourhood.

16th day.—Heidelberg to Cologne by rail, breaking journey at Worms, if so minded, to visit the Cathedral, Luther's Monument, etc.

17th day.—To Brussels, breaking journey to pay a visit to Aix-la-Chapelle.

18th day.—At Brussels. Rail or drive to Field of Waterloo.

19th day.—Early train to Antwerp. Visit Cathedral, Rubens' wonderful pictures, "The Descent from the Cross," and "The Elevation of the Cross." See the Museum; remarkable collection of Paintings.

20th day.—Antwerp. Leave by night-boat for Harwich and London, arriving from eight to ten in the morning.

Cost of travelling expenses: First Class throughout, about £7 5s. Second Class, £5 4s.

Of course charges vary, but not very considerably; and this may, therefore, be taken as a reliable approximate cost.

In a month, a good tour in the Black Forest, a visit to the Falls of the Rhine, and Schaffhausen and Strassburg might be included, and the cost would only be exceeded by about £3 10s., that is, supposing the tour in the Black Forest to be done on foot.

NO II.—THREE WEEKS OR A MONTH IN SWITZERLAND, Visiting the Falls of the Rhine, the magnificent scenery of the Bernese Oberland, Chamouny, Mont Blanc, etc.

Leave London by night-train and arrive on the morning of the 1st day in Paris. Look about, rest, and

2nd day to Basle, a long railway journey.

3rd day.—Stroll through Basle. Bridge, Münster, Pfalz. Train to Lucerne—a delightful journey with Jura, Vosges, and Bernese Alps in view. Arrive at Lucerne early in the afternoon. Lion of Lucerne, Glacier Garden, Church, etc.

4th day.—At Lucerne. Ascend Rigi or Pilatus.

5th day.—Tour of the Lake to Fluelen and back.

6th day.—To Alpnacht. Over the Brunig Pass by diligence to Meyringen.

7th, 8th, and 9th days.—On foot, or if ladies, on mules

(charge for this not included in the estimate of cost), for a three days' delightful excursion in the very heart of the most perfect Alpine scenery in the world. Falls of the Reichenbach, Rosenloui Glacier, Great Scheideck, Grindelwald, Little Scheideck, Wengern Alp. Let not the traveller hurry past these places. The grandeur of the mighty mountains, Wetterhorn, Jungfrau, Mönch, Eiger, should be seen in as many lights and aspects as possible. Arrive at Lauterbrunnen in the afternoon of the third day. See Falls of the Staubbach, and then take carriage to Interlaken.

10th day.—Interlaken.

11th day.—Interlaken. In afternoon boat to Falls of the Geissbach; witness illumination of the Falls, and stay night there.

12th day.—To Interlaken, Därligen. Boat to Thun. Rail to Berne.

13th day.—At Berne. Bears, Museum, Views.

14th day.—To Fribourg. See Suspension Bridges, hear Organ in Church.

15th day.—Lausanne.

16th day.—Vevey, Montreux, Clarens, Chillon; by rail from place to place, but more enjoyable by rowing or sailing-boat from Vevey.

17th day.—To Martigny. Visit Gorge du Trient *en route*, or by carriage from Martigny. It is a wild rocky gorge, and the traveller passes along it by a wooden way over a roaring torrent and between enormous walls of rock.

18th day.—Over the Col de Balme or Tête Noire to Chamouny.

19th day.—Chamouny.

20th day.—Chamouny. Ascend to Montanvert, cross the Mer de Glace to Chapeau; descend by Mauvais Pas to Source of the Arveiron.

21st day.—Chamouny. A leisure day.

22nd day.—Diligence to Geneva.

23rd day.—Geneva.

24th day.—Geneva.

25th day.—To Paris.

26th day.—To London.

No allowance has been made in this for Sunday rest. The trip can be made in twenty-six days or less, but there is enough to occupy a full month.

Cost: First Class throughout, about £11; Second Class, £9.

III.—A RUN THROUGH NORWAY AND BACK IN A MONTH.

Christiania to Bergen by the Fille Fjeld.

Season: June, July, August. A well-beaten route, practicable for all.

Allow four clear days to get to Christiania.

1st day (Friday).—Rail to Hull. Go on board one of Wilson's boats; very comfortable, good table, generally pleasant company.

2nd day.—At sea.

3rd day.—Touch at Christiansand.

4th day.—In the Christiania Fjord, and arrive at Christiania.

5th day.—At Christiania. Visit the Storting or Parliament House, the King's Palace, and Oscar's Halle—a charming bijou palace, and grounds; some good Pictures by Tideman here. Buy in Christiania "Veikart over Norge—I Dybwads," the best road and route map to Norway.

6th day.—To Sandvigen and Sundvollen.

7th day.—Ascend Ringeriget; finest view in the south of Norway. From Sundvollen to Hønefos; go three miles to see the Høff Fos.

8th day.—To Hadelands Glassworks. Take steamer on the

Rands Fjorden to Odnæs. Stay for the night at Sköien or Tomlevold.

9th day.—To Gravdalen and Frydenlund.

10th day.—To Fargernæs, Reien, Stee.

11th day.—Oilöe (rowing boat may perhaps be found here for the Lille Mjösen), Skogstad. Begin here the ascent of the Fille Fjeld, a good pull.

12th day.—Nystuen (3200 feet), capital station. Good quarters.

13th day.—At Nystuen and Maristuen.

14th day.—Maristuen and Haag.

15th day.—Borgund Church, a great curiosity. Husum, splendid pass. The Leirdalsören is entered; scenery exquisite. Leirdalsören.

16th day.—Linger about here.

17th day.—On the Sogne Fjord, grand in the extreme, to Gudvangen. Thence to Vossevangen by the wonderful Nierödal Pass.

18th day.—A series of journeys may be made from here; notably to the Vöring Foss. A very pleasant and magnificent détour may, however, be made thus: To Ovre-Vassenden, boat to Eide; thence to Utne, a charming place on the Hardanger Fjord.

19th day.—Boat to Odde. Visit the Folge Fond Glacier, with a guide.

20th day.—To Skeggedal Fos, and back to Utne.

21st day.—To Eide, Nedre-Vassenden, and Vossevanger. Thence to Evanger.

22nd day.—A long day's journey to Bergen, by boat to Bolstadören. Thence to Dalseidet. Road to Dale. Boat to Garnæs. Road to Bergen.

23rd and 24th days.—Bergen.

25th to 30th days.—Home; either by boat to Rotterdam, or boat along the coast to Christiansand, or to Hull or London direct.

In the foregoing outline of an easy Norway trip, the stages have been so arranged that they may be done comfortably by carriage, boat, and on foot by turns.

I took this identical trip a few years ago with a friend, and we generally drove by carriage in the morning, rested and looked about leisurely in the afternoon, and walked in the evening.

Our expenses—paying for boats, guides, station and hotel accommodation, and returning by way of Rotterdam—were under £25 each for thirty days.

Travelling in Norway is now slightly dearer than it was, in consequence of the yearly increase in the number of tourists who visit this most picturesque country in the world. It is a very difficult thing to give an idea of expenses. It *can* be done at a singularly cheap rate by those who walk much; but whether the tourist walks or drives, it is even then a cheap place to visit; and I, for one, never met a person who had seen some of the striking features of the country who did not consider his money well invested.

If space permits, I shall hope in the next number of the magazine to give a few more skeleton tours, including another tour in Norway, over the Dovre Fjeld, the Romsdal Valley, etc.



CUSTOMS AND RITES OF NEW ZEALAND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AMONGST THE MAORIES."



THE religion of the Maories is entirely one of fear. They worship nothing from motives of gratitude or love, but they propitiate the powers of evil in order to avert calamity. Their mythology is very limited. They have a legend that their islands were picked out of the sea with a hook by their general Father, who was called Maui. I suppose he is their nearest idea of a God.

Such a hold the superstitions and fears of centuries have taken upon their minds, that even after they are professedly Christian they cannot divest themselves of them. Thus, the men called Tohungas, who formerly possessed almost unlimited power in the Maori pah, or settlement, as priests of religion, are, although they have lost their power to a great extent, treated with great reverence and looked upon with awe, for fear they should be provoked into cursing their former followers; indeed, a great deal of the power of the Tohungas lies in their talent for cursing. As proofs of how strong a hold the old superstitions have upon the Maories after conversion, I might cite the wearing of amulets against the evil eye (although the lower orders of the people in Italy and other Roman Catholic countries share in such a weakness as this), and the reverence for atnas, or demons, and the laws of tapu.

Lizards, which abound in the bush of New Zealand, are looked upon as the visible representatives of the atnas. No Maori would touch a lizard. Should they see a European kill a lizard by accident, and should there follow shortly any misfortune to those connected with them, the misfortune would be attributed to the death of the atna. The atnas bring sickness,

death, hunger, and every other evil ; so the atnas must be treated with careful respect.

The laws of tapu are more complicated than those of the Levitical times, with regard to uncleanness. Any person touching a tapu object, becomes tapu for a time. Any one treating tapu with disrespect is accursed. The place where a dead body is exposed to view—for the Maories surround their dead with a palisade, and leave the body to be corrupted in the open air—is tapu ground. None are permitted to approach the spot within a certain distance. If by accident any relic of the dead is touched, the person who touches it is tapu. After sickness, for a period, the individual is tapu. If a woman loses her husband, she is so sacred that she may not even touch with her hands the food she eats ; she must be fed by others, or must stoop to it and eat like a dog. This for a time ; when, her mourning being over, she may marry again. The chief or king of a settlement is a tapu personage. Everything belonging to him is sacred. Mr. Angus relates that when he drew the likeness of a Maori chief the portrait became tapu, and had to be treated with the respect shown to the original. Every man's head is sacred ; it is considered a very great insult to mention the head of a man in connection with anything eatable—for example, it would be unpardonable to tell a Maori gentleman, or Rangitna, that he had cheeks like apples or eyes like gooseberries, or that his head was as big as a pumpkin. This system of tapu must be a dreadful bore, though it may have its advantages. On one occasion, an English traveller was much annoyed by the impertinent curiosity of the village Maories, and spoke of it to the chief ; whereupon the latter pronounced the Englishman and all his property to be tapu, and no one afterwards molested him in any way.

I have alluded to the square spaces guarded by palisades,

wherein the Maories place the dead bodies of their departed friends. The heads of those enemies which the departed has killed and afterwards baked, are also enclosed in the space ; likewise his bow and arrows, his flax mat, a basket of provisions for the support of his spirit, and his canoe to carry him over the Styx. The Maories do not call it Styx, of course ; I do not know the name of their River of Death. These provisions of the dead disappear mysteriously to all but the Tohungas, or priests, who doubtless know very well what becomes of them. If any eatable animal should inadvertently stray within the area of sacred ground, that animal becomes tapu, and may by no means be killed. Tamui, a famous chief in New Zealand, once tapu'd an entire road, so that none dared travel that way for fear of incurring the wrath of the atnas.

If a chief should require to have his hair cut—and it is a pity some of them do not think it requisite to thin their superabundant locks more frequently than they do—the person who cuts the hair, having touched the sacred head, is sacred, or tapu, and the hair itself is carefully buried in the ground, lest any should desecrate it by coming in contact with it. The belief of the Maories in witchcraft is implicit. If a woman is very old and very ugly at the same time—a thing not difficult to meet with amongst the New Zealanders or any barbarous race—it is a protection to her against anything like ill-usage. No one dare strike a witch. If a woman should be accompanied by a black pig—a not uncommon occurrence where pigs are brought up tame and petted as dogs are with us—it is a pretty certain sign that she is a witch. If a gentleman suffers from ill-temper or an ill-regulated liver, and behaves himself eccentrically in any way, he is supposed to be bewitched—an easy way of excusing himself for his wickedness.

But many of the Maories have been and are being converted

to Christianity by the efforts of the missionaries; and in those pabs or villages which are under missionary influence, the change for the better is very great. The Christians call themselves "Piponari people," while the heathens contentedly speak of themselves as "Devils." Still, it is not to be expected that such superstitions as I have been speaking of, will die out rapidly. In England itself, in remote places, such as Somerset and Dorset, the people still hold the doctrine of witchcraft in all its integrity. In the missionary villages, the Maories have adopted the plan of burying their dead. Red is the colour of their mourning. They accompany the body to the grave with their heads ornamented with white flowers, or feathers.

.Tattooing, that horrid custom which at one time was so much in practice in New Zealand, is fast falling into disuse. It is the fashion of the day to follow the Europeans, or Pakeas, and the rising generation are not tattooed. Also, cannibalism has, I believe, quite come to an end, although within the memory of many now living. Another fearful custom which once existed amongst the Maories is that of infanticide. Weakly or deformed children were, as a rule, put to death, and many women made a practice of destroying all their children, immediately after their birth, simply for the sake of being rid of them. These horrible practices must give way before the advance of the blessed gospel; and as the Maories, in spite of all these things, which seem to show them in so different a light, are really a gentle, tractable, amiable race, who very readily see the impurity of the teachings of their Tohungas compared with the teaching of the missionaries, and who possess sufficient manliness of character to acknowledge that they have hitherto been in the wrong, and sufficient intelligence to be anxious to learn, we may reasonably hope, that before long they will adopt a creed which teaches only love, instead of cruelty, and gratitude, in place of fear.

OUR TRAVELLERS' CLUB.

Answers.

3. BLACK FOREST.—I passed through the Black Forest last autumn, and found a knowledge of German imperative. If C. Crofton keeps to the post-roads, a slight acquaintance will do. I know no book of *bona fide* Black Forest legends. The most likely place to obtain one would be at any large town on the borders—Freiburg or Basle.

AN ANNUAL WANDERER.

6. ZURICH.—The railway to the Uetliberg was opened for traffic on the 10th May. Single journey tickets are only issued at present, but on and from the 1st August, return tickets at about three francs will be issued. The railway will be a great boon to the neighbourhood, and particularly so to visitors who are passing through Zurich. During the height of the season, special trains will run at convenient times for visitors to see the sun set. A very admirable account of the construction of the railway has been written by Professor A. Fliegner, and may be obtained, I believe, in Zurich. It is in German.

F. WEBSTER.

7. LUCERNE.—I paid a visit last year to the Glacier Garden at Lucerne, and, like Mr. Roe, was much interested in an inspection of this unique curiosity. The only books I know on the subject I purchased at Lucerne: they are both tiny pamphlets; the fullest (translated into English by Professor X. Greber), is by Augustus Feierabend, a physician of Lucerne, and the other by Professor Alb. Heim, of Zurich. Both are printed in Lucerne by J. L. Bucher, and may be purchased, I think, in the "Garden," if not in the town. The former work also gives a very fair catalogue of the "objects found among the remains of the Lacustrine Habitations discovered in the Lake of Baldegg, Canton of Lucerne, in 1872-73, and exhibited in the Glacier Garden."

F. S. A.

10. MALTA.—The "season" for Malta is from October to May; the climate is delicious all through the winter. There is no diffi-

culty whatever in procuring cheap and comfortable lodgings. The best plan on arriving is to go straight to one of the hotels and stay there for a day or two when looking about for permanent quarters. At many of the hotels, good accommodation can be obtained at an inclusive charge of 7s. or 8s. a day. Provision of all kind is plentiful and cheap; sea-bathing excellent at Sliema and St. James Bay. Malta is a very enjoyable place; the scenery is fine; excursions can be made for a most moderate sum; boats cost only a few pence an hour; a military band plays in the open air every evening; there is a cheap and good opera; English newspapers; book-sellers, physicians; several English churches.

The only books I can remember at the moment on Malta are "Malta Past and Present," by Rev. H. Seddell; "Malta under the Phoenicians, Knights, and English," by W. Tallack.

D. DEVEREAUX

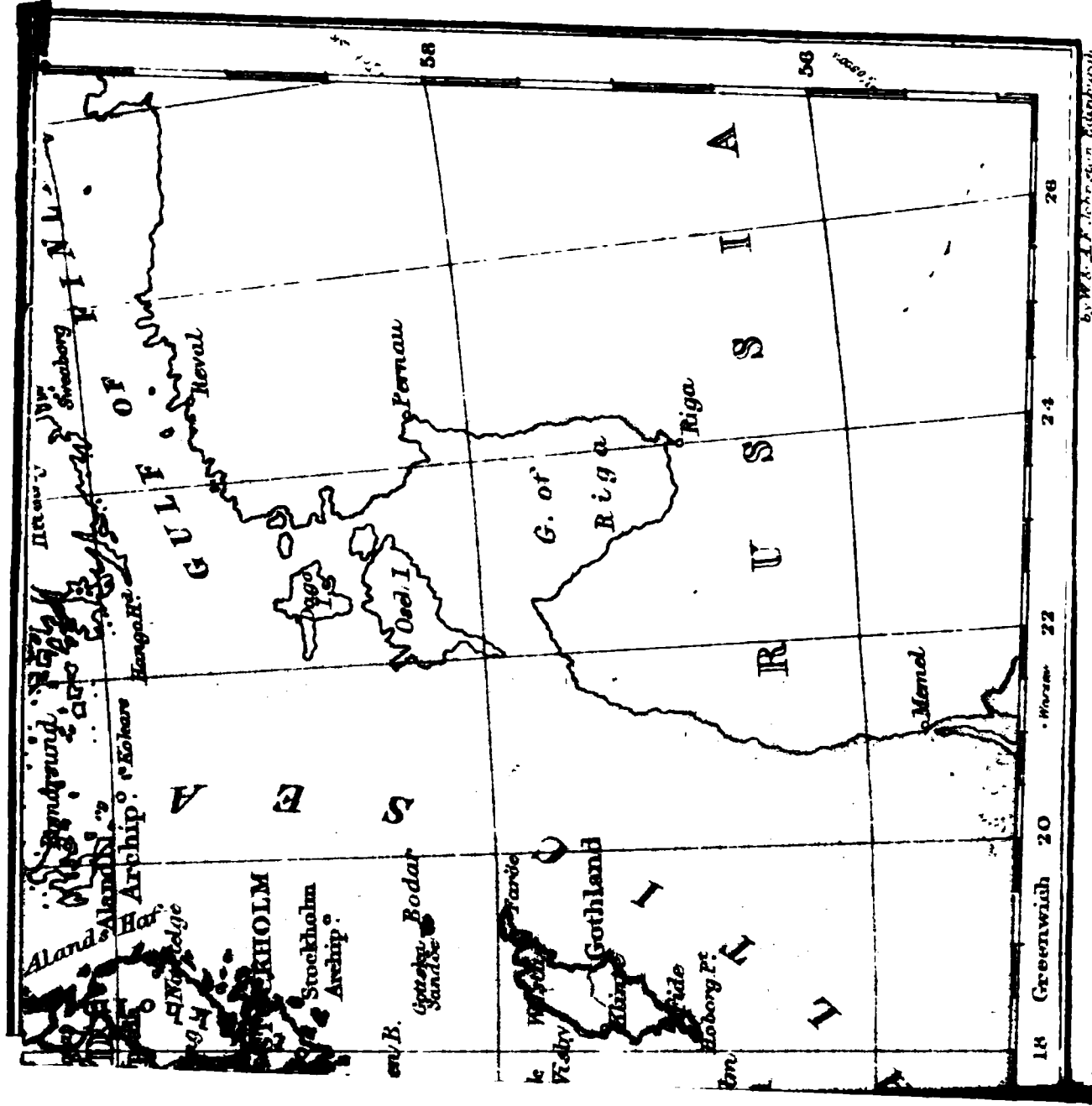
II. DANUBE.—The prettiest part of the Danube is between Regensburg and Geisingen and Ulm. The lovely scenery between Tuttlingen and Reidingen has been compared to that of the Wye between Epsom and Chepstow. The Danube is navigable for canoes up to Regensburg. naueschingen.

T. WALKER

I can assure G. B., from personal experience, that the Danube between Passau and Linz could hardly be surpassed anywhere for the wild beauty of its scenery. Passenger boats run also between Regensburg and Donauworth and Ratisbon, but have ceased to ply between the latter place and Passau, the banks at the same time being flat and uninteresting.

AN ANNUAL WANDERER





11/10/1919 4:30 a.m. J.T.P.M.A.B.

BIRDS OF PASSAGE;

OR, A SIX WEEKS' ROMANCE.

BY T. AMBROSE HEATH.

CHAPTER XIII.

IN DOUBT.

WE all have our enchanted days—days when fancy seems to have clasped reality—days when we believe, like the alchemist, that chance or search has brought us to the long-coveted elixir, which glistens there in the phial in our hand—days when the future becomes a matter of indifference, and one drop of the bright present seems to outweigh all grievances past : a brief oasis, lying about midway in our lives.

Week after week slipped by at Ischl. Only Theresa hated them. For Percy, for Rosalind, they were like the mercurious morning and evening in the fairy tale—a day to the armed one, an age to all others.

The time never lagged. Von Salis could suggest a new excursion every morning. There is no watering-place from which so many can be made with so little trouble as from Ischl. Real, bona fide excursions too, not vamped up just to give visitors to the baths something to do—such as expeditions to a glorified duck-pond, provided with boats and dubbed lake, or to a thread of water trickling over a rock, and ennobled into a waterfall. Even lakes, exclusive of duck-ponds lie within easy reach, the Traunsee, Hallstattersee, Wolfgangsee, Gosau, Aus, Atter, and Mondseen—lakes superior in some points to those of Switzerland, chiefly in the splendid forest growth with which they

are surrounded, and which gives so peculiarly romantic a character to the scenery of the Salzkammergut.

It was natural for the English traveller to wax enthusiastic about such sights; but why should Von Salis, who knew them all by heart, care to linger? Nobody could suppose he came and stayed at Ischl in order to go up the Schafberg, or down the salt mine, or to visit the lakes, any more than to take the baths. Why then was it?

"Why, why, why?" asked Theresa, mischievously, of Rosalind, who shook her head gravely. She could not guess.

"I can't think what she finds to admire in that German magnifico," said Percy, carelessly, one evening. They had just returned from a walk. He had accompanied them to their hotel and was alone in the salon with Theresa.

"Can't you?" said Miss Locke. "But there is a great deal. He is too clever to be conceited, too learned to be pedantic, too acute to be flippant. So he has escaped modern affectations."

"Are you quoting Rosalind?"

"Yes. She said his was the sort of character she most admired—that he was a man to believe in and look up to."

"Pooh," said Percy, impatiently, angry because he found nothing here to contradict. "I'll tell you what it is, Theresa, you ought really to look better after Rosalind, considering your position with regard to her."

"I?" asked Theresa, nettled; she objected to be looked upon merely as a chaperon. "I don't understand you."

"Well, it has struck me that Von Salis is growing extremely attentive to her."

"Is there anything so very dreadful in that?"

"You know he's a very distinguished man, and besides, all these German nobles hold their heads so high."

"What if he does? You don't suppose he would look down on Rosalind?"

"Yes, I do," said Percy, bluntly. "But I suppose he imagines her to be rich—and, for all his high-flown sentiments, may see in English gold something to believe in and look up to. Your Baron is not well off, in spite of his orders and decorations. He told me so himself, and that what future property he may inherit depends on the caprice of a capricious old uncle. At any rate, it seems to me that you should drop a hint to Rosalind. You've had more experience of the world, and ought to be on your guard."

"I can't agree with you. Rosalind is quite old enough to take care of herself. What are you afraid of? Of course it would be very flattering for her if he did want to marry her. He is one in a thousand. I could understand your apprehensions if he were undesirable in any single respect. Remember he is a gentleman, not a Bohemian, or a shabby artist, fiddler, actor, or even a random flirt, of fast reputation."

"Be quiet," thundered Percy, and Theresa obeyed, satisfied with the effect of her retort. She knew no harm of Leila and had not meant to insinuate anything definite. Still she regarded her as a dangerous siren. How or why dangerous, she scarcely understood, but "that class of people" (*i.e.*, "sirèns") had become firmly associated in her mind with disastrous influence on young men.

Percy stepped out on the balcony, wondering why women, whom one cordially despises, should still possess the power of provoking past all patience. After all, how was Theresa to appreciate Leila? Theresa was not generally alive to subtle influences. As well expect an india-rubber shoe to be moved by the sound of soft music. Besides, jealousy, if it quickens some faculties, deadens others, appreciation among the number.

Percy said to himself, he would gladly be the only one to admire his idol—the only one to feel her perfections. Could any being admire her properly, understand her fully, except himself? Decidedly not. Lost in such musings, he was startled suddenly to perceive Rosalind on the balcony beside him. He almost blushed at being caught in a sentimental trance.

“I wish I were your sister, Percy,” said she, laughing, and shaking her head.

“What for?”

“To have the right to sermonize you.”

“Begin by all means. It’s one of the rights of women, not only of sisters. What is your text?”

“Keep thy heart with all diligence,” she said, laughing; “good advice from your affectionate cousin, Rosalind.”

“Heart? My affectionate cousin, I’ve none left. Lost it all to Lady Tresham, before I was twenty, as I’ve told you often.”

“Yes, I know; but lately, I’ve begun to doubt it.”

“You ought to be glad, for my sake, should I prove to have a small capital left.”

“Yes, but to sink it, where no interest is forthcoming—is—is——!”

“Folly. Agreed, in man or woman.”

“I do not say it’s folly, but vanity and vexation of spirit.”

“I’m sure I’m much flattered by the interest you take in my affairs. At the same time, you must allow me to understand them best for myself.”

“Poor, short-sighted boy,” thought Rosalind. “I won’t quarrel with him for losing his heart to Leila Monti. But that a casual smile or coquettish word of hers should so turn his head, as to make him fancy he has made a conquest in that quarter! It’s astonishing how easily some fatuitous people are taken in.”

"What is the matter with Theresa?" she resumed, presently. "What have you been saying to make her cross?"

"Told her to look sharp after you," said Percy, laughing.

"Do you not think I can take care of myself?"

"I hope so, since your family let you indulge your roving tastes so freely."

"What objection could there be?"

"Must I say as I did at Nuremberg once before, Beware of distinguished foreigners."

"What do you mean?" she asked, half angry.

"Not common swindlers this time, they would only pick your pocket," said he. "But there is one warning I should like to put in. Don't you know that it's a popular superstition all over the Continent, that every Englishwoman has a large private fortune."

"I'm sure I'm much flattered by the interest you take in my private affairs," said Rosalind, piqued. "At the same time, I must ask you to allow me to understand them best myself;" and she went away.

Percy smiled, "Poor girl," he thought, as he walked back to his lodgings; "it is so perfectly clear to me that this Von Salis does not care a fig for her in spite of his attentions. I am afraid he must take her for an heiress."

He and the Baron had lodgings in a cottage nearly opposite Leila's. Percy's room looked out on the road, and he liked to sit there in the evening, watching the lights in the window opposite, which he chose to believe was hers. That night he sat there till late, leaning out and smoking. It was intensely hot, and suddenly the casement over the way was flung open. Voices were talking inside, and all around was so intensely still that by and by as the dialogue grew animated, it became distinctly audible.

"I tell you no, no;" the gruff tones, were those of Fritz.
"It is as I said."

"But what for should she like this Englishman?"

"He is a handsome fellow, Mélanie. Did you not hear her say so?"

"Better looking than Von Salis?"

"Von Salis is a sign post to him, Mélanie."

"You reassure me a little, Fritz. But you may be deceived. Do you watch well?"

"My eyes never leave them. She is taken up with this fellow, Darrell. And as for Von Salis, he has his hands full. If Leila cared about him, could she stand by and see him constantly at the side of a girl, who is twenty times prettier than herself?"

"Fritz!"

"I tell you it is true. She is like the Madonnas, but not so stout. If you were always there you would think with me."

"Then you believe——"

"That Von Salis has fallen in love with the little Engländerrinn, and means to marry her. Ha, ha, ha!"

"And Leila and the Herr?"

"Ah! that I do not know. It may last some time, but how long? That is quite another affair. You women, you have your caprices. But of one thing I am sure——"

"Well?"

"That the man I saw in the church with her at Munich, the day we took such alarm, was only this young Darrell."

"What, the English boy?"

"He!——" and they went into fits of stifled laughter, leaving Percy in great perplexity.

CHAPTER XIV.

IN THE SAND.

It is a gala day for Rosalind. The sun is beaming down, the breezes are soft and fresh, as she stands before the hotel portico, her fair hair blowing about under her white straw hat, with its twisted wreath of Ophelia-like wild flowers, waiting for the carriage which is to take her, and the rest, for a day's excursion to the Traunsee.

It is a gala day for Percy. He sits on the box holding the reins, before the door of the Monti's house, whilst Von Salis inquires, Is she ready? Yes, the small queen is coming forth, dressed in some light brown Indian silky material; on her head a tiny black hat, with a crimson crest. Fritz follows in attendance, as a matter of course.

Fair, exceedingly, are the still, green waters of St. Wolfgang, yet how much fairer is the Traunsee! At sunset it has the enchanted look of a scene in a *féerie*. The high, bold, exquisitely-tinted mountains girding it on one side are bathed in rose colour. Opposite rise dark wooded hills, dotted with white villas. Then the lake opens out, the shores soften, smooth, and slope down to the tranquil townlet of Gmunden, at the farthest end. It is a poem which our travellers go to study at Traunkirchen.

Traunkirchen is a picture-village, at the narrow part of the lake, facing the bold, wild mountains. Generally speaking, it is best for the tourist to resist the natural instinct prompting him to rush *into* the loveliest-looking spots—to walk over them. Their beauty “we see not when we move therein.” But the views *from* are as picturesque as those of Traunkirchen, and it commands a view of the whole lake, from Gmunden to Ebensee.

The picnic was nearly over. It had been a day of delight for all—a day of exploring, sketching, boating, chatting—and they were now sitting outside the little inn by the water-side, waiting for the steamer to come and take them off to Ebensee. Coffee and cigars are the order of the afternoon ; and there is a local legend which Von Salis is called upon to relate by general desire.

Percy now and then wonders that Leila should listen so patiently to these tales and traditions. But the legend of the Traunsee is a little romance, and, as such, “might, can, could, should, or would” have an interest for anybody who chanced to be in a romantic mood.

Percy is over head and ears. She has been so distractingly engaging all day, so gracious to him. And this is not his fancy. Fritz has observed it, and it has drawn from him much brotherly “chaff,” nods, hints, and laughter. Leila frowns and stamps thereat with childlike rage. Percy does not much mind the chaff. Does it signify to him that Fritz is an ill-behaved, vulgar cub, when Leila’s manner says, “I like you”—if ever manner spake? Thus minded, he muses, while Von Salis gives the romance of

THE KNIGHT AND THE NUN.

“Among the rocky heights opposite Traunkirchen may still be seen the ruins of Castle Eisenau. It was once a stronghold, infamous by the crimes and depredations of its lawless, freebooter owners ; but Kaiser Max attacked them, and destroyed their fortress. Only the broken, hollow, deserted towers remained, looking down on the lake, and the tiny village of Traunkirchen opposite, and facing its convent garden bordering the water. But a certain count, sick of the world and court life, sought a refuge here. Out of the ruins of Castle Eisenau

he built his retreat, and there remained with his son Conrad, unmolested, buried, forgotten.

“Conrad enjoyed the sort of life. He was young, and had a passion for hunting—his one pursuit and pleasure. One day he shot at a white doe. The creature, in its fright, dashed into the water, swam across the lake, and sprang over a wall into a garden. The eager hunter followed, over the water, over the wall, and found himself in the garden of the nuns of Traunkirchen.

“The white doe was forgotten. For there, under the trees, he met the lovely young nun, Ludgarde. He explained; she listened: he excused himself; she pardoned—he loitered still. These few words, few looks, were enough. Love at first sight had arisen on both sides. Conrad left the garden, vowing to come again, and speedily.

“For his audacity, it was easy. He would silently slip from the castle, after dark, row over the lake, and snatch a stolen meeting with Ludgarde. Many a time they met thus, in the garden. At last, Conrad's father, struck by the change in his son's demeanour—for Conrad was no longer the same reckless, merry young fellow as before—set to discover the cause, and soon made himself master of the secret. He declared at once that Conrad must go off abroad—anywhere—try to forget this girl, who could never be his bride, and not show his face again at Eisenau till he was ready to take the wife his father should choose for him.

“Conrad, knowing that words would be thrown away, appeared to assent. But, if he is to go, he must first see the lovely Ludgarde, tell her all, have some parting words, cost what it may. So at dead of night he escapes, sails across the lake, and there, in the garden, finds his lady-love waiting for him. In the gladness of meeting they forget the future, and

the doom hanging over them—when, in the midst of all, the sky grows black with clouds, and threatening thunder rolls in the distant mountains. Conrad is struck with a superstitious fear and dread. It sounds to him like a voice from heaven, menacing him with Divine vengeance for his deception and reckless love. In a kind of wild panic he tears himself away, launches his boat, and Ludgarde, watching, sees it toiling through the waves. He has reached the middle of the lake in safety, when the pent-up violence of the storm bursts out in lightning, rain, and hurricane. The gale catches the little craft, it is capsized in an instant, and Conrad sinks, choked by the waves.

“Ludgarde’s end is a mystery. It is said that she sprang from a rock into the lake, to share the fate of the lover she could not save.”

There was one of the party who made no secret of his impatience during Von Salis’ “recitals,” and that was Fritz. To-day he had coolly marched off at the most thrilling point of the story, and stood, now, throwing stones into the lake. Theresa and Rosalind had eyes and ears only for the speaker; but Percy was not conscious of much, except that Leila sat there beside him, carelessly tracing letters on the sand with her parasol. Fritz called suddenly to them to come and look at a shoal of fish in the water, and they went. Rosalind was anxious to catch a glimpse of the ruins of Castle Eisenau on the opposite shore.

“I am afraid,” said Von Salis, “that no more of the castle remains than of the convent. Nothing but the tragic story is left. That, it is still open to a poet to make immortal—‘Hero and Leander’ in a new form.”

“Why not? A Hero and Leander of the Middle Ages—the story has a good deal of what you call ‘local colour.’”

They were looking at the sunset which suffused the opposite heights in pink and gold. Leila, who had lingered behind, came to look at it. A sketch, to the memory of Hero and Leander was called for. Then Rosalind walked back to the spot they had just left. The view there, she thought, was more sketchable.

I said that Leila had been writing in the sand. Some letters traced by her, perhaps mechanically, and hurriedly left untouched when she quitted her seat, met Rosalind's eye.

Not Belshazzar's countenance, when he saw the writing on the wall, underwent a more sudden and complete change. If *his* thoughts were troubled, *hers* were—ay, and past measure.

However, instinctively she walked away and joined Theresa, keeping her eye on Mademoiselle Monti. She saw her return to the seat, instantly perceive the letters in the sand, start, look round anxiously, and then point them out to the Baron, who had followed her, with a few whispered words and a suppressed laugh. He laughed too, and then, as Percy approached with Fritz, he drew his stick across the letters, and they were gone.

For a moment Rosalind doubted—asked herself if what she had seen were not a mere coincidence, an accident. But no. The suspicion, once started, gave a new colour to every look, and phrase, and movement in the past. The revelation had come like a thunder-clap, but it had left the air more transparent than before.

The Hero and Leander sketch turned out a failure. Von Salis came to criticize. He found some random patches of colour at which both he and Rosalind could but laugh. Theresa's was a neat and finished piece of work; and this completed, they all walked down to the steamer, and soon landed at Ebensee, where their carriage was waiting.

Most girls, when in extremities, show or develop an inhe-

rent, often unsuspected, talent for acting. Rosalind proved no exception. Bent on letting nothing of what was in her brain appear in her manner, she exerted herself to the utmost, and kept up an unapplauded comedy admirably during the two hours' drive, accompanied the others into raptures over the moonlight scene, and rung the changes on emotional silence, sighs, and sentimental sentences.

And yet, the girl, under her veil and that of the darkness, is laughing—laughing not bitterly, but rather sorely—laughing at herself, at Percy, at every one. She has two selves at that moment: one is the Rosalind of this morning—of yesterday—careless, happy, confident—a little mad, perhaps—and who would not have exchanged places with a queen; the other, nettled, bewildered, half ashamed, half irate with the world, and chiefly with herself.

But no. Would it be fair to call on any human being to confess and answer for the phantoms he has “raised,” and greeted, and harboured—the visions of possibilities he has entertained, the monstrous hopes and plans that have passed, comet-like, through the orbit of his life at one time or another? Some hopes, like shooting stars, only gleam to fall. They were bright, but out of our solar system. We would not dispense with those beautiful meteors, treacherous though they be.

As they dismounted at the hotel, Rosalind, on some excuse, brought Percy in with them.

“I must speak to you,” she whispered, aside.

Somewhat puzzled, he followed her out on the balcony, and she told him what she had seen.

Alas! Percy's, too, was but a shooting star.

CHAPTER XV.

EN REVANCHE.

ABOUT twenty miles from Ischl lies the village of Gosau. An easy drive along a pretty, civilized road brings the traveller, in a couple of hours, to the Gosau mill, on the lake of Hallstatt. There he must turn off, and toil for another hour or two up an uncivilized, wooded ravine. The way follows the bed of a torrent, and is as wild, and desolate, and romantic as the descriptions in "Undine" of the Enchanted Forest and the Black Valley. Kühleborn, that tricky sprite, might yet haunt the Gosau brook unmolested; Huldbrand, in full armour, would not look out of place riding through those savage pine shades. The valley opens at last, widening out into a kind of amphitheatre of hills, where the hamlet itself lies scattered.

This amphitheatre is a Paradise for the artist. As he emerges from the forest, he suddenly confronts the range of the Donnerkogeln mountains, bold, wild peaks, with strange, picturesquely-shaped pinnacles. It is, perhaps, the most beautiful spot in the whole region; and yet, though the Gosau Valley is down among the list of regulation excursions from Ischl, it is one which travellers are very apt to omit. A curiously isolated place, and rustic to the last degree. Rude inns, only black bread to eat (and very little of it), and peasants who believe in genii, and haunted wells, and spots where buried treasures lie, with enchanters mounting guard over them.

Three miles across the valley, on the edge of a wood not far from the foot of the mountains, stands a smithy, which professes to provide entertainment for man and beast. But its powers were put to a severe test by the early arrival from Ischl of a party of six persons in a starving state. Such was the

effect of the keen morning air, that Leila, when half way to Gosau, had proposed that they should kill their horses, cook, and eat them. But, at the unpretending smith's, dinner proper was not forthcoming at improper hours. The travellers must beguile their appetites with sour bread and Alpine strawberries, and the time with a walk. Fritz declined to accompany them, sleepy, stupid, and perhaps a little sick of his part. It is all very well to *surveiller* a sister; but if she is of an enterprising and active turn of mind, she may tire out any man at last.

The others started cheerfully without him, Leila making no secret of her satisfaction at getting rid of her "keeper." After an hour's ramble through the greenwoods that rise between the little inn and the mountains, they came suddenly upon one of those scenes which no after-sight can efface from the mind's eye.

A lovely, small, dark green lake, sunk, circled amid pine-clad hills. On one side rise the bold, peaked Donnerkogeln, and in front, on the heights opposite—so close, it looks as if within a stone's-throw—that steep-slanting white waste, the Dachstein Glacier. Summer and winter seem to join hands. Below, the trees, the rich plants, moss, ferns—the transparent lake all glowing in the warm, noon-day glare; above, as it were in a forest-frame, a vast sunlit snow-field.

A dilapidated boat-house, and a long wooden punt moored to it, were the only signs of life about. Leila climbed into the punt, and Percy, springing after her, pushed off before any of the others had time to follow. Theresa seated herself on a rock, and began to sketch. Von Salis and Rosalind remained in the wood just above, looking down on the lake, and up at the glacier.

"You have seen my country," said Von Salis, presently:

"it is a beautiful land, I think, this Austria on the Enns—one that can vie with any. But how does it strike you?"

"I am half in love with it," she replied; "Switzerland is grander, more startling; there you wonder and hold your breath. This I enjoy more; it is more within grasp, more romantic, more suggestive."

"More likely than Switzerland to inspire a romancer like *Fouqué*, or a poet like *Heinrich von Ofterdingen*."

"What! the *Minnesänger*, the *Tannhäuser*?"

"He. It has been said that he was a native of these parts, and I like to believe it. Not far from the *Traunsee* is a village called *Ofteringen*, with a castle now in ruins, and the knights of *Ofteringen* are often named in the old archives of the community. It is not unlikely that our early bard, *Heinrich*, belonged to that family. At all events, he has laid at *Steuermarkt*, near *Ofteringen*, the scene of a long poem, one of the most fascinating of those mediæval fairy stories."

"Which is that?"

"Did you never hear of *King Laurin*, and his *Rose-garden* in *Tyrol*?"

• "Never. But you are going to tell it to me now."

Von Salis laughed, but immediately struck into the story, telling how the fair maiden, *Simild*, while wandering with her companions under the lime-trees at *Steuermarkt*, was stolen away silently by *Laurin*, the dwarf king, as he passed by wrapped in his mantle of darkness. He won her with fair words, drawing such a tempting picture of his wealth, his mines of gold and gems, and his *Rose-garden*, as she could not resist, and finally carried off the dazzled girl to his palace in the hollow mountain, where she was to be queen over the dwarfs and gnomes.

Her brother *Dietlieb* and his friend *Dietrich*, like true

knights-errant, swore to search the country through till they should find her, and off they started together. As they go, they heard from the peasants strange stories about this dwarf king, Laurin, his riches, his magic powers, and, above all, his wonderful Rose-garden, where no one dares to touch a flower. For he who plucks a rose must forfeit his right foot and left hand to Laurin, the king.

In the course of their travels the knights stumble upon the garden, and the valorous Dietrich, eager for adventures, defies everybody, and dashes off the heads of the red roses with his sword. Comes Laurin, on horseback, in gorgeous array. He challenges Dietrich, fights, and overcomes him. But some other knights rush in opportunely to the rescue, and a second fight ensues, in which Laurin is worsted. He then warns them that he holds Simild, Dietlieb's sister, in his power, and invites them to visit his palace. So they make friends, and all ride off in procession into the hollow mountain.

Laurin entertains the knights royally, but secretly fears them, and afterwards throws all, excepting Dietlieb, into a dungeon, where they lie helpless and spell-bound. Meanwhile, Dietlieb, and his sister have a secret interview, and he begs her to tell him candidly how sh likes her life and splendour.

Simild replies, that in spite of her crown, her riches and jewels, and the dwarfs and giants that stand at her beck and call, she sighs for lost sunshine and liberty, and longs to escape from the gold mine into the fresh air. She gives her brother a magic ring, by means of which he can set his companions free. But hardly are their chains off, when Laurin appears, calling up his six mighty giants, and a whole army of dwarfs, and a terrific battle follows, making all the mountains shake.

It ends in the utter rout of Laurin and his party. The dwarf king is taken prisoner and carried off. On the way they con-

sult what shall be done with him, and he is sentenced to be brought to Court, and live there as the King's jester, with cap and bells. Simild and Dietlieb ride back to their land in triumph, and where the story opened it closes, under the lime-trees of Steuermarkt.

Old German literature was Von Salis' forte, which is as much as to say it was his weak point, and that he loved to hold forth at inordinate length on the subject to an intelligent listener, who could be interested in *Nibelungen Lieds*, *Heldenbuchs*, and so forth, especially to one who, like Rosalind, knew enough, but not too much—enough to appreciate his favourite theories, and not enough to question them.

"Look up, do," said Percy to Leila. They were still in the punt, which he was pushing lazily across the lake.

"At what—at you?" asked Leila, saucily.

"No, at Von Salis and my cousin over there, carrying on one of their favourite little literary flirtations."

"Miss Rosalind is very learned—what you call well read. Is she not?" said Leila, pouting.

"I don't know; perhaps she means Von Salis, who is still better read, to finish her education. But where's Miss Locke, who ought to be playing propriety?"

"Are you jealous," said Leila, impatiently, with a laugh.

"Not at present. All the world may do as they please for me, provided only they don't come and join us in the boat."

"Upon my word, Monsieur, you speak with very little consideration for your companion—as if, for her, there was nothing better to be desired than your society."

"That's too hard upon me," said Percy. "I meant it selfishly, perhaps, but not conceitedly. Von Salis is your countryman, and one of your friends. Who knows how many opportunities *he* may not have in the future for punting about

on a lake in your society? For me this is most probably the last, the only one. In a day or two I must turn my back on Ischl, on all these happy days." . . .

"Poor boy," thought Leila, touched by a change, a softening in his tone. "Don't be sentimental, please," she begged. "If I laugh at you, you will call me inhuman, and if I don't—well, I might fall into sentiment myself, which would not be diverting."

"Will you remember me sometimes, when I'm in England, if only to laugh at me?"

"I never laugh at my friends, except when they are by to listen."

"Ah, then you forget them."

"Some, not you."

"Promise."

"There." She gave him her hand. Percy raised it to his lips. An Austrian fashion, reader, and, like other fashions, insignificant. But do at Rome as the Romans do, and especially when the new fashion is nice.

"Look there," said Rosalind. The punt was floating along just under the knoll where they sat. "My poor cousin," she added, with a light laugh.

"Your poor cousin?"

"Percy is melancholy, for the first time in his life."

"Melancholy. I shouldn't have said that," replied Von Salis oddly.

Leila called out to them from the boat, "I hope you are enjoying yourselves."

"Yes, we enjoy infinitely, looking at you and Mr. Darrell."

"With envy, I suppose. We get the best of it here, down on the water."

"We find nothing to complain of here, up in the wood."

"Indeed! You had better stay, then, and enact a pastorate," she said, as Percy brought the boat to shore, and they landed. "As for me, I am going back to the forge, or inn, or whatever it chooses to call itself. Mr. Darrell, you will come with me, if you please."

She took his arm and walked off. Von Salis and Rosalind followed with Theresa, who observed that the Baron had suddenly grown grim and moody, while Leila was in one of her restless and flighty fits, which would have tried the patience of an angel, or Job, or of any lover less far gone than Percy.

That evening, as they were driving home, Von Salis owned that they had run through all the excursions. Gosau, the best, he had kept for the last; but as for to-morrow——

"It's the Emperor's fête," broke in Leila. "Grand performance at the theatre—national hymns—bands from dawn to dark—and special dance at the Casino."

"Happy thought—dance at the Casino," said Von Salis; "you ought to go," he added to Rosalind. Rosalind hesitated. For her and for Theresa the word "Casino" had an ominous and disreputable sound.

Von Salis quickly explained that the dance in question was unexceptionable. Ischl is no gambling place, not a Homburg, or Spa, the society is of an altogether superior *ton*.

"One fear I have, though," said Leila, "that it will be very dull. However, we mustn't be too exacting at Ischl. We will go; you shall go, Fritz."

"Shall I?" grunted the ape face.

"Yes, and so shall Mélanie, to *chaperon* us. It will do her good. We must entertain ourselves as well as we can. Mr. Darrell, you will try and make it amusing for me."

Percy said he would try.

A TREYKSCHUYT TRIP.

BY HORACE ST. JOHN, AUTHOR OF "THE INDIAN ARCHIPELAGO," "HISTORY OF INDIA," ETC.



HERE is fresh air even in Holland, but very little of it in the learned city of Leyden, oppressed as it is with books, natural history specimens, curiosities from the two Indies, canal atmosphere, and a thousand other ancient elements, confined within narrow ramparts, not to speak of old academic portraits, mouldering edifices, and Latin lectures. Many a pleasant vista, indeed, is to be seen, even beneath the shade of the grave university, through whose portals three hundred and fifty professors and forty-five thousand students have come and gone; many a window bright with hyacinth and tulip bloom; many a glimpse of rich interiors, gay with the gold and brocade of the East; yet it is not good for a stranger to be enclosed, beyond a certain time, in a Leyden jar. He has a choice: he may drive out along broad and cheerful roads into agreeable suburbs, where the cottages are neat and look happy; he may walk upon the gardened ramparts, from gate to gate, or "castle" to "castle," no longer suggestive of the terrible war-days; or he may do as I did, go on board a treykschuyt, pay his penny a mile, and, by way of novelty, make a voyage upon those stormless waters, wherein wreck is impossible, and a high rate of speed equally so, and he will see more of rural Holland than in any other way. It is a calm, simple, dreamy manner of travelling, without the remotest chance of excitement; for even when two of the ponderous craft appear doomed to inevitable collision beneath the arch of a low-browed bridge, a silent signal is exchanged, one rope is

lowered and another raised, and the boats pass one another without a graze. For all that, it need not be an uninteresting journey. Installed—not too comfortably, perhaps—in the after or aristocratic cabin, the fare for which is about a farthing less a mile than that paid by third-class passengers on railways in England, you do not deserve to be in Holland if you stay down in that state chamber, with a passenger for every square foot, since the proper thing is to go upon the roof and contemplate. The vehicle which carries you is a very long and rather narrow barge, always low in the water, painted generally white and green, with a deck cabin in two compartments, running nearly the entire length, and having a roof covered with a combination of sand, pulverized cockle-shells, and bitumen, affording an easy foothold. Here is the stand-point whence to look (unless the rising of the banks forbid it) upon Dutch pictures untouched; broad sweeps of pollard land; armies of windmills, often so clustered together that they seem as ten in one, or as five to five engaged in battle; countless lines of trickling water; endless rows of lime and willow, marching, as the pines seem to do up the slopes of the Pyrenees. It is a winter morning, but there is little mist, and the scattered cottages, as they are slowly passed, appear homely enough; you can peep inside and see the glisten of polished ware, of white dressers and tables, of milking-pails and metal. Out of them come the children, rough in dress, but clean, who run down to the canal's edge, and rarely fail to recognize some one who smokes, or smiles, or labours in the familiar barque. It is holiday, the best of times for an excursion in this country, for the costumes come out of the scented chests; the wide-flapping hats that suggest the unthrashed straw of yesterday; the buckled bodices which the memory at once recalls from the galleries of the Hague; the gold ornaments that know nothing of Parisian sophistication; the coral necklets

that, whether Parisian or not, are certainly not French wax. Holiday in Holland, however, does not mean absolute idleness.

Far away are herds of dappled cattle ; these have been freshly milked, and the milk must be up at its destination in due season ; so, in spite of helmet-caps, ear-rings, red petticoats and rosetted shoes, the copper-hooped and handled oaken buckets, vase-shaped and speckless, must be brought down to a little landing-stage, planked across the osiers and flags, and piled on the front deck of the treykschuyt, thus giving the towers—a girl and two boys—an interval of rest. Then, a ponderous gentleman appears through the doors of a small *bon repos* which he has built for himself a little distance off, and encircled by a piece of ground resembling an embroidery pattern, and vivid with flowers, sedately approaches, pipe in hand, and recognizes an individual on board who, as he has never hitherto moved, spoken, or given any other sign of life than smoking, I had by no means guessed was “the captain.” They exchange a few monosyllables, and the stranger stares sleepily after our gallant barque, until it follows a curve of the water, and is concealed by a group of windmills. This kind of interlude is repeated rather too frequently, because the incidents never vary, and there is nothing to do beyond counting the barges that pass, heaped high with hay or timber, trying to discover a single point of difference between one meadow and another, wondering why the people of the pretty red-roofed villages drink their tea so early, and occasionally overtaking a dog-cart, in the literal sense of that term, very much overladen by its driver, to say nothing of its cargo.

At last, there is a longer halt than is customary, and the vessel begins to discharge ; but why ? Why all these porters, trucks, barrows, and nondescript vehicles, crowding to the water-side ? There is something like a town close at hand, with quays, supposed, albeit of no great dimensions, to be for purposes of

trade, and yet it is hither that come the stevedores of the canal, to land a part of the cargo by means of wheeled and slanting gangways, barrels and bales, kegs and cases, coils of rope and crates of tin work—hurried away on every variety of truckle, on the backs of broad-shouldered women from the Frisian province—who swarm hitherto in multitudes, hurled along—there is no other word—by enormous porters, and as eagerly seized upon on the other side by an invading flotilla of boats. The natives know what to do; they snatch an opportunity between the tumbling ashore of two casks; the stranger feeling perfectly safe, follows; they leisurely reach the outskirts of that which seems to be a large village on one side of the canal, and the semblance of a town, tile-eaved and busy, with a squat-towered church, on the other. Ours is the village bank.

A general stop is made before a long, straggling, high-gabled structure, of a bright green colour below and a brown-red colour above, with, over the door, the legend “Koffyheuis, bier, thee, win, en spirits.” This, evidently, is the Mecca of the pilgrimage ashore. Company, no doubt, has been expected. The *herr huis*, in seal-skin cap, two or three coats of various lengths, high seaman’s boots, and a flaming red handkerchief, is at the portal, not smiling and bowing after the fashion of civilized innkeepers, but obviously taking count of his guests; the *Vrou* brings her vast countenance to bear beside him; they make room, and without an order being given, the tables groan with beer, black and brown; bread, also brown and black, with herrings, which, I fear, have never been cooked—a very large proportion of them from Scotland—large smoked fish without a name, for me at least—split open; creatures called prawns, but looking rather more like scorpions, undeniably raw ham, sliced cucumbers, pickled lemons, onions in saucers, and small soft cakes, hot, which I found very good. These, with the inevitable

concomitant of sausages, sausage-meat, and a compound said to be caviare, though it is nothing of the kind, completed the feast which the freshness to be breathed, even upon a Dutch canal,—when in the country, be it remembered, was very excellent of its character, spoiled only by the vapours of a horrible tobacco.

If I were called upon to roughly estimate the amount of provisions and beer consumed during the space of about thirty minutes, the result might be deceptive ; all that can be said is, that if the brave Leydeners, while the great siege lasted, had similar appetites, their sufferings must have been agonies indeed. Returning in a body to the monster barge which, by this time, had made up its burden to more than the original tonnage, the human forces on the towing-path were once more set in motion ; the double agglomeration of highly-painted houses was past ; in the open verandahed pavilions by the water-side, student choruses rang out upon the ambient air, complacently watched, and slightly despised, perhaps, by sundry Rip van Winkles of the period, heavy of head, neck, body, and limb, drinking large draughts of beer, and, although clamorous, perfectly harmless. Some had stuck their caps on with the peaks behind ; others had tied the sleeves of their immense, thick cloth coats round their necks, with most grotesque effect ; a few were dancing at a furious speed ; but not a sign of intoxication ; and so far as any one unlearned in the most repulsive of all European languages, might judge, nothing beyond the simplest mirth. Leaving them, we came upon what is called "the true country," where the wealthier citizens have their villas : attractive structures, with a tinge of the east upon them, which, even now, are fronted by gardens literally shining with the flowers of the Dutchman's peculiar fancy : the universal tulip, the hyacinth, and crocuses ; but which, in autumn-tide, will glow and glitter

A VIEW NEAR LEYDEN.

in every variety of splendour such as becomes the land of Linnæus, Clusius, and Van Voorst.

Beckford thought he had discovered in Holland a reflection of China, and slowly passing these paradises of Dutch cockneydom, I could not help remembering his comparison. There is a French writer, also, who, in the same spirit, pictures one of these miniature illustrations of Holland as a fragment detached from a Dutch vase. The houses, he says, like the eyes of the Celestial people, are "small, discreet, and circumspect." Circumspect in a particular sense, they undoubtedly are; for from behind their green *jalousies* the maidens of this sober land can look up and down their streets, shy as sultanas so far as regards themselves, curious as inquisitors so far as regards the rest of the world. So, admiring these vignettes set in water, of home peace and comfort, we tugged on, the afternoon beginning to darken a little, and leaving behind village after village, and even country-house—for the treykschuyt often stops to deliver a cask or a parcel at a private door, just as an omnibus might do, we approach another town, where a great "flitting" is about to take place, and receive on board a load of household furniture. Then there comes a heavy accession of rural produce; next, more milk for some inland centre; the "master" comes round with a leathern pouch to receive the fares—quite as the French author, who made himself and his readers so pleasantly at home in Holland, found it; the bridges become fewer and more far between; the water, instead of narrowing, widens; buffalo horns are blown, and passengers to any far distance get ready for the evening. To me, although Holland was not new, all of this, or most of it, was certainly so. There is tea coming round; there are songs being sung; another little China in *epitome* makes its appearance, and, as the silent journey lengthens, you almost feel as if in a strangely metamorphosed home, all is so quiet, so natural,

so unexciting, and patient. Still, it is a diversion to step ashore—a lively person might do this without stopping the boat, and embark again with equal ease, and enter one of the tent-like kiosks, where biscuits, coffee, and a peculiar crimson-coloured syrup are sold, with, actually, the melons of last autumn, most ingeniously preserved, and I may add, endless delicacies in the way of cakes, preserves, and tobacco; for where anything is sold in Holland, tobacco must be sold—at any rate, this may be taken as a general rule, for it is the local habitation of all pipes; and if any amateur would engage upon a voyage through this labyrinth of canals, and buy at every village the favourite “piece” of some veteran of the inn, he would accumulate such a collection as would astonish posterity. I saw some so long, without being spiral, or without being cherrysticks, that they reached half across the ash-strewn floor; others so short that they seemed a part of the smoker’s mouth; some crooked out of all describable shape; others, curled like sleeping snakes. You would hardly expect so much fancy, even in an artificial fog: But we were now not far from a place of many inhabitants, and, determined though I was to enjoy all the delights of *treykschuyt*, there began to set in, let me confess it, a sense of cramp, an idea that the panorama of the canal bank, monotonously moving by, promised few brightenings and variations, and that one stretch of long, low, visibly green horizon, with the eternal march of the lime and willow, was likely to succeed another Holland without end; so that very welcome was the sight of warm light, made warmer as it glowed through red blinds—or, rather, screens—pitched against the windows of a modest hostelry, whereunto the placid barge delivered a part of her living freight—I being an item in the amount—and wherein I found the best meal I had eaten in the country, though of what composed I may not tell: a soup,

a dish, some oranges cooked in a rich and piquant sauce, the everlasting raw ham, sausage meat,—emptied, hissing from the frying-pan into the plate,—a quantity of baked onions, and of course, in the name of the prophet, pickles. Immaculate cleanliness once more condoned for coarseness of material, and, having escaped certain almost aggressive hospitalities in the shape of the popular spirit, the manufacture of which employs nearly three hundred distilleries in the tenth-rate town of Schiedam, I climbed the ladder which led to my room, climbed the bed which was in the room, and finished my *treyschuyt* trip, not without a suspicion that I was about to sleep upon straw.

THE RIGHI RAILWAY.

A DIFFICULT problem has just been solved: the Righi Railway, leading from Vitznau to the summit, has been completed by the construction of the line starting from Arth, on the Lake of Zug, for the other side of the mountain. No other railway ascends to an equal height (5905 feet above the level of the sea). Constructed with a toothed rail between two ordinary rails, it gives a slope of 20 per cent. at the maximum, and giving, at the same time, perfect safety to the passengers; each train can carry eighty persons. This new portion of the railway passes through Goldau village, greatly known in connection with the terrible catastrophe of the fall of the Rossberg in 1806; the line then runs along the old route, rising towards the mountain, to pass near the convent of "Maria zum Schnee," and joining the line from Vitznau at Righi-Staffel.

Thus, tourists who take the railway, will have the advantage of seeing both sides of the mountain; as after having admired the ravishing beauty of the panorama from the Kulm in ascending, they can contemplate the superb views on the other side in their descent to Vitznau.

Thus, it is not surprising to hear that during the season of 1874 alone, the total number of persons who visited the Righi-Kulm was no less than 54,000.

A. HAINSWORTH.

THE LAKE OF GENEVA.

(Continued from page 304.)



CHRISTIANITY penetrated early into Switzerland. Roman Aventicum had its bishops, one of whom, St. Prathais, is connected with this lake by a legend. When his town was destroyed by the Goths, Prathais retreated to a hermitage at the foot of the Jura, where he died and was buried. Long afterwards a bishop of Lausanne, having a special veneration for this holy man, bethought him of translating the relics to his own cathedral. The shrine was sent for accordingly, and borne along the shores of the lake by a solemn procession of clergy carrying banners and chanting psalms. When the cortège had reached the spot known now as the Pointe de St. Prex, near Morges, the coffin became suddenly so heavy that the bearers were obliged to set it down. The bishop saw here a sign that St. Prathais had fixed upon this, and not the cathedral, for his last resting-place, and raised a church to his memory over the grave.

Geneva was a bishopric in the fourth century ; but, saints and prelates notwithstanding, the old pagan worship was hard to eradicate. At Vairoux there is now a Lady-chapel that occupies the site of a former Druidical monument. Here stood a statue of the god Jove. It was not till the thirteenth century that the bishops of Geneva could persuade the peasantry to remove it and conform to the new rites.

Snakes swarm in these regions, and were special objects of popular superstition. At one time they became so numerous and so troublesome that the people sent for a monk from the

convent of Haute Rive to exorcise them. Forth came the friar, and such, it is said, was the effect of his exhortations upon the reptiles, that with one accord they committed suicide by rushing to the edge of a precipice and throwing themselves over into a little lake. The monk has left his footprint on the rock, in token of his victory.

The sterner the scenery, the more dismal the legends. Such haunt the gloomy valley of Verreaux, too steep for flocks to graze on its slopes, and where the shepherds cannot mow the grass without iron hooks to enable them to keep their footing. Hither a rich banneret of Montreux sent two of his sons to an isolated chalet, hoping thus to save them from the plague that was raging in the towns. But in vain; both youths fell sick and died. In the midnight hours, so shepherds assert, the unhappy father is still wont to appear, riding about the country on a white horse, and uttering piercing shrieks as he passes.

The Vaudois peasantry, generally speaking, are of a facile, genial humour, unlike the Genevese citizens, addicted to mirth, and all kinds of amusements. Of the numerous festivities of the olden time some linger on here to this day. That was a pretty allegorical fête celebrated formerly at Montreux. A "castle of love" was erected, and all the lads of the neighbourhood came out with roses in their button-holes, besieged the fortress, and took it by storm. The vintners' fête at Vevey is famous everywhere, and though still in vogue, is a genuine relic of the old worship of Bacchus, a deity, long revered in this, a vine country *par-excellence*.

The continuance of this fête is characteristic of the conservative and mirth-loving Vaudois. It comes off every twelve or fifteen years, in the market-place at Vevey. A large platform is raised; the square is gay with flags and triumphal arches, thronged with spectators, artizans, little peasant proprietors

by hundreds, and strangers from all quarters. The music strikes up, and gives the signal for the grand allegorical procession of the Four Seasons. But first come a corps of Swiss halberdiers in motley costume, the vintner guilds of Vevey and la Paus, and their abbé carrying a gilt crozier. He opens the proceedings with a speech, and the coronation of the two most successful vintners.

This little ceremony over, the procession begins. First enters Spring, a young girl in the character of Pales, reclining in a triumphal car. Children and shepherdesses dance around her, haymakers, labourers, and Alpine cowherds sing their *Ranz des Vaches*. Summer follows, a lady of ripet years impersonating Ceres, in a car drawn by two large oxen, accompanied by children carrying beehives and other appropriate fixtures. With Autumn comes the climax of excitement, as Bacchus, the god of the vine, appears in a chariot drawn by horses covered with tiger skins. This is the signal for wild dances and wilder music, after the fashion of the ancients. He is accompanied by his train, among which Silenus, mounted on his ass, figures conspicuously. Winter ends the cortège which thus forms a complete series of illustrations of rural life. In this, the cold season, the peasant's work is ended, and he returns to his cottage hearth. So winter stands in their minds for things domestic, and is pictured accordingly. The aged parents lead the way, then come the young couple, bride and bridegroom. Rustic dances by woodmen and huntsmen follow, and the whole concludes with a grand patriotic hymn. The tenacity of life shown by this remarkable fête arises no doubt from its being more than a mere recreation and show. It still breathes the true spirit of the people of whose labours and joys it is a faithful picture. The same heart is in it as that which gave it birth in the beginning, and keeps it alive. Fashionable as

the neighbourhood has become, the country population preserve their simplicity. If the little towns along the lake, like Vevey, Clarens, Montreux, Villeneuve, as every year they are more sought after for their exquisite scenery, tempting climate, and endearing associations are losing their pristine rusticity, we need only go a little way into the mountains, and we shall find in the remote valleys a thoroughly Arcadian population. It was here that Byron, on the Dent de Jument, saw a Swiss shepherd perched on the top of a steep high cliff, playing on a pipe, and was struck by the curious contrast between this and what he had found in real Grecian Arcadia, where he observes the "pastors" he met, carried long muskets instead of crooks, and pistols in their girdles.

Travellers dispute whether it is better to stand on the Chablais shore and look at Switzerland, or stand in Vaud and see Savoy. The question may be left undecided, though we incline to think that Savoy looks best from opposite, from the churchyard at Clarens, the market at Vevey, the terrace at Montreux. Near the extremity of the lake lies St. Gingoulph, the border village between Valois and Chablais, situated on both sides of a ravine that separates the two countries. For long the only place of worship was on the Chablais side, so the inhabitants over the way were in Switzerland when they stayed at home, and went to church in Savoy.

Opposite Vevey rise the cliffs of la Meillerie, famous for their supposed resemblance to the Leucadian rock. It is in this part of the lake, where the water is least disturbed, that the fisheries are chiefly carried on, from hence that come those fascinating little boats with double sails, like wings, that strike every traveller, who sees them poised like butterflies on the surface.

Beyond la Meillerie lies Evian, now a fashionable French

watering-place, but in Peter of Savoy's time a rival stronghold to Chillon. It was "Charlemagne the Less" who fortified both, and gave them their importance. A little beyond Evian are the remains of the famous monastery of la Ripaille, famous for its connection with the eccentric Victor Amadeus VIII. of Savoy, successively duke, pope, and friar. For to this monastery he withdrew for several years with six companions, and founded the order of the Knight-errants of St. Maurice. According to one tradition they passed their time in carousing, and thus gave rise to the French expression, "*faire ripaille*," or to make merry, very merry. According to another, they led an exemplary life of abstinence, and the name of the convent was derived simply from its situation on the shore or *ripa*.

It is now a farm, the church is a hayloft, the cemetery a cultivated field. The park of oaks which Amadeus had laid out in the form of a star was allowed to run wild. The vegetation here is extremely rich. An enormous walnut tree overshadows the ruins; its origin, according to folk-lore, was supernatural indeed. The tree sprang from a walnut containing a diamond brought hither by the prince of darkness himself, from the shades below, and buried in the ground. At certain intervals it was said to bear a crop of diamonds, but of late years the tree appears to have given up this good habit. In the numerous superstitions of Chablais and Vaud, hidden jewels and buried gold and silver play a prominent part. The nobles, constantly at war with Berne and Geneva, alternately conquered and conquering, would often find it a measure of prudence in such precarious times to conceal their treasure. Valuables dug up here from time to time prove this to have been their habit. At Evian no landed property is ever sold without some special stipulation as to reserved rights on possible treasure trove, and when, in building, excavations have to be made, a watch is

always set on the workmen. With the progress of civilization, existing superstitions, like aboriginal races, seem fated to die out. They are interesting to record, still, and in Savoy, at least, it may be long before the mountaineers will let them go. But it was here that a tourist, not long since, visiting the romantic ruins of an old castle, vainly demanded of a peasant to relate to him the legends connected with it. The Savoyard stared but made no answer, the tourist insisted. "Legends—ah, to be sure," he replied at last with a twinkle in his eye, "yes, we had *one*, but the police have been here and blown it away."

We have dwelt chiefly on the older and less familiar memories of the Lake of Geneva; modern associations of infinite interest scarcely need mention. Of her it may in truth be said as of Shakspeare's heroine that—

"Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety."

"Travel, in the younger sort, is a part of education; in the elder a part of experience."—*Bacon*.

"... Seeing is the least material object of travelling; hearing and knowing are the essential points."—*Chesterfield*.

"The world ought to be the book of a young man."

Montaigne.

A DAY'S RAMBLE THROUGH LÜBECK.

BY H. ZIMMERN, AUTHOR OF "STORIES IN PRECIOUS STONES," ETC.



THE discourtesy implied by making comparisons is impressed upon us all in our copy-book days. In writing about the ancient city of Lübeck, I shall therefore refrain from saying one word about her more-visited sister of Nürnberg, which tourists regard as the most exact representation of the Middle Ages to be seen on the face of Europe. At the same time, I must own to a lurking belief that Nürnberg, quaint and charming as it is, owes this commonly-accepted verdict in some measure to her convenient site on the ordinary highway—that the mediæval, in all its grimness and austerity, is best found on the Baltic; at Danzig, Königsberg, and notably at the old Hansa town of Lübeck. Perhaps the fact that they lie so much further north may account for their sterner aspect; there was Norse blood in those old merchants who boasted the proud motto—

“Was willst du begehren mehr
Als die alte Lübsche ehr?”

(What do you require more than the honour of an old Lübecker?)

Surely their pride was pardonable in those lawless Middle Ages modern fashion vaunts, when we recall that one small city's fleet had power to command the entire Northern and Baltic Seas; that her might formed the strong Hanseatic league; that her voice decided the destinies of nations; that her laws were reckoned the wisest ever framed by an autonomy, and are still quoted with respect. In those days Lübeck could

THE HOLSTEIN THOR, AT LÜBECK,

dispute Britannia's claim to "rule the waves;" she was the terror of her enemies, the prop of her friends. The rich galleys of Italy rode in her ports, the ships of the Norsemen and barbarous Russian brought hither furs, oil, tallow, and other raw materials, returning home with manufactured goods, such as are gazed at with wondering admiration even now; the vessels of the Hansa loved to anchor in her harbours when they returned from distant climes, whither they had carried European arts and European Christianity, bringing thence sweet Eastern spices and fruits, and dainty stuffs to clothe the rich merchants' dames, besides marvellous stories of "Anthropophagi—men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders."

Well may the old chroniclers write boastfully of so much power. What remains of this fairy tale of civilization to mark that it is not all a dream? We wondered much, as we set out for Hamburg, to see "*les mystères du moyen âge qu'on vient voir aujourd'hui par les chemins de fer,*" as the Frenchman says.

The railway landed us without the actual city, which almost forms an island, being built on rising ground encircled by the Trave and the Wakenitz. Space was therefore limited for those who wished to dwell within the fortification walls—and who would care to live outside in former times? No wonder, therefore, that the streets are narrow, and that the first vista of tightly-packed gabled houses and lofty steeples suggests a Nürnberg toy-city deftly packed into a box, whence once removed, no unskilled fingers can restore into the same slender boundaries.

How picturesque, venerable, and still it looks! Will it crumble at a touch, like a body just exhumed? By no means; the town is very much alive, and its commerce is so active, that to talk of vanished power seems a mockery. Ships of all flags are loading and discharging merchandise along the narrow quay

that sweeps the city in a semicircle; from the tall, gabled roofs hang heavy cranes that are letting down bales which threaten to crush the foot-passengers; the narrow roadway is filled by lumbering carts, cabs dash with thunderous noise over the rough stones that form the pavement; the yet narrower pathway has pitfalls in the shape of cellars opening level with the ground; an incautious step will precipitate the pedestrian into the home of an artisan who lives in the earth, and opens the flaps of his grave to let in light and air. As in all German towns, so here, too, the rich and poor inhabit the same house; only that the first take the middle floors, and the others the heights and depths. Sailors swagger along, swearing in many tongues; merchants jabber over their bills of lading. We have seen enough of the quay to convince us that Lübeck is not dead, and turn aside to seek its less bustling scenes.

The city walls have long been razed, but some gates have happily escaped destruction, and we enter by one, the Holstein Thor. It is of brick masonry, like every building in these regions, where paucity of stone has rendered this particular form of architecture a necessity. It is a wide building, three stories high, surmounted by a gable and flanked by two circular spires, the surface a curious mosaic, of black and red glazed bricks. Time has caused the basement to sink below the road, which now sweeps round it, but you must step down the incline and through the low archway to see the massive thickness of its walls. It stands isolated now, useless and monumental, but a fine index of the mediæval character of the city it once guarded from harm.

We enter the labyrinth of winding streets, whose mazes it must take a life's initiation to tread, as well as to find a given house, seeing they are numbered straight on, and not divided into streets. The pride of Lübeck is her Marienkirche, known as

one of the best brick churches in Northern Germany. It is situated in its very heart ; and here, after many tortuous wanderings, we found ourselves. Alas ! the fine grave building is so closed in by houses, that no good view of its massively-butressed exterior can be gained. We entered by an elegant little chapel, known as the Brief Kapelle (Letter Chapel). Its fan vault is borne by two graceful monoliths, and its name is owing to the fact that indulgences were always sold within its area in Catholic times. This brings us to the western end of the church, so that we gain a *coup d'œil* over its proportions, which are truly imposing in their length and altitude, an impression heightened by the simple dignity of the architecture. It has nave, clerestory, and aisles ; the choir is broken by a rood-screen of unique design, raised from the ground on painted arches, which prevent it shutting out the lower vista, while its upper portion forms a singer's gallery. On its face are frescoed saints and martyrs, in its midst is sculptured a sun, surrounded by rays of golden glory. The sun has divided : an eye on each side, a severed chin, nose, and mouth, give a comical effect, and somewhat mar the serious sweetness of the marble Virgin and Child that steps forth from this unnatural cleft. The miserable excrescence of the Rococo has disfigured the clustered columns by attaching to them ugly fungi of black and white marble tombstones. A pulpit, whose top-heavy sounding-board is studded with over-fed cherubims, tells of the same misguided taste.

We had to go into the sacristy to see the Nativities, Annunciations, and Circumcisions that once hung in the church. Some are of good design and colour, especially a triptych, whose outer wings are sculptured, and which claims to be the work of old Jan Mostaart. The wood carvings are among the quaintest I ever saw. I especially remember a naïve history of

Christ, commencing with the Virgin's birth and ending with the feast of Pentecost, all cut in the square panels of an altar screen, and full of homely detail, mingled with poetical touches of feeling and design. The Mount of Olives was equal in height with the sacramental cup that crowned its summit; at the Transfiguration the imprint of Jesus' foot exceeded the length of the plateau; while at the Nativity, space not permitting the presence of Joseph, his top boots—a pair of honest Bluchers—represented him.

The high altar is of black and white marble, a massive work of seventeenth century Flemish taste. Behind it is the celebrated astronomical clock, which disputes fame with that of Strasburg. It dates from the fifteenth century, and tells the day of the month and week, the year, the changes of the sun and moon, etc., and has lately been regulated to go till 1999. It was near the stroke of twelve, when all visitors endeavour to be on this spot, as only at noon the clock shows one of its chief sights. A side door opens, and the figure of an angel appears, blowing a trumpet. He is followed by a number of other images, who all file in procession before a small figure of Christ, bowing as they pass full before him, he acknowledging their salutation by raising his hand in benediction. Then they disappear into a corresponding side door. Only the last, who brings a money bag, does not incline his body. Popular tradition has named him Judas, but as there are only seven of these little men, their claim to be the apostles is hardly proved, and another legend names them the electors of the German Empire. Be that as it may, the spectacle is amusing and odd. The clock always plays a chorale every half hour, varying its tune in harmony with the ecclesiastical year.

Near by, in a chapel, hangs an Entombment, the gift of Friedrich Overbeck, who painted this picture in distant Rome

for his native city, to whose sombre earnestness he doubtless owed much of his peculiar expression, a mixture of modern realism and mediæval intensity. But the Marienkirche's chief treasure is a Death's Dance, erroneously ascribed to Holbein, and not unworthy that master. The ghastly series dates, like most of its fellows, from the Black Death plagues that ravaged Europe in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. A pious councilman, so runs the legend, caused these pictures to be limned on the walls of the Marienkirche, in fulfilment of a vow made to the Virgin if she would vouchsafe to allay the pestilence—a prayer which must have been heard with favour since the paintings exist. Death dances with the child in the cradle, the king on his throne, the lord at his mistress' feet, the labourer in the field; first he dances alone, blowing a short pipe, then he seizes his destined partner; some resist, others follow him quietly; some he mows down with his scythe, others he shows, in relentless fashion, the coffin they soon must fill. Quaint old German rhyming mottoes run below each subject.

“Death, how am I to understand this?” asks the child in its cradle. “I cannot walk, and you would have me dance?”

The figure of Death is black throughout, whence a local proverb, “He looks like Death at Lübeck.”

We went out again into the tortuous streets. Our attention was painfully divided between a desire to see the quaint gabled façades and the attempt to stand on the pointed stones that form the pathway. The houses are all painted in gay colours, which relieves the darkness of the streets and adds to their curious appearance. Some old portals tempted us to peep into their spacious courtyards. Many boasted truly baronial staircases.

It was market-day, so we saw many curious peasant cos-

tumes ; for these simple people have not yet adopted the modern abomination of shabby gentility, but wear good honest clothing that indicates the avocations of which they are not ashamed. They are usually rich, and as they invest their money in silver buttons or chains, a market-woman or vegetable-hawker may carry several hundred dollars' worth about them. This prescence of costume gives a pretty touch of picturesqueness to the city, and adds to the old-world look. Even the domestic servants wear a peculiar dress, which is always clean and never ragged. Why, with our modern love for the mediæval, do we not revive its wise sumptuary laws ?

The Town-hall is a long straggling building of mongrel Gothic, faced like the Holstein Thor, with red and black glazed bricks, and ornamented by ten little turrets and gilt weathercocks. It is of large size, and singular from the circumstance that its main wall is carried up high beyond the roof, where it is broken by circular holes, a proceeding which suggests no conceivable utilitarian purpose. One outer side faces the street, the inner, the market-place, where it has deep arcades, affording shelter against wind and rain. Two massive iron benches flank the low-arched portal through which we pass, and mounting a Renaissance staircase, learn that half the building is told off to the Exchange. But we may visit the other. So we see the audience-room, a large richly-carved oaken chamber, where the Hansa League held their meetings, and where the Senate that governs the free city of Lübeck still hold their sittings. The custodian led us through several more fine rooms and along bare corridors ; they contained nothing of interest. Our æsthetic man was weary, and the material clamorous for refreshment. How could we do better than lunch, in accordance with ancient custom, in the cellars of the Town-hall ? We descended into the massive vaults, partitioned into cells, all

bearing distinctive names. It is darkness made visible down here; a fusty smell of age clings about the walls. Our table is formed of planks, once a famed Hansa vessel. Historical names are scratched on the bricks. There is a curiously carved chimney piece, round which is written a low-German verse, little complimentary to women. The cooking was good, the wine still better; but an air of indigestion hung over this underground restaurant, and we were not sorry to re-emerge into the sun-light.

Our next visit was to the Cathedral, Lübeck's oldest church. It owes its foundation to Henry the Lion. It is said that once upon a time, Charlemagne pursued a stately stag in these forests. When he caught him at last, he refrained from slaying the fine beast; decorating him with a golden jewelled chain, he let him loose. Whether this chain imparted the gift of eternal youth is not told. His riches do not appear to have proved a temptation to the cupidity of the times; for when Henry the Lion hunted in this same spot four hundred years later, he accidentally killed this selfsame stag, who had meantime developed a golden cross between his horns. Exhorted by this miracle, Henry vowed a church to the spot, and used the proceeds of the golden chain and cross for its erection.

This church has resulted in a mixed building of Lombard and early Gothic architecture. The lateral entrance is an elaborate mass of delicate carving. The exterior is as invisible as that of the Marienkirche; the interior strikes bare and dreary, though the eye soon grows accustomed to the gloom. For obvious reasons, churches that have been built for the display of Catholic ceremonies, have this cold arid air when turned into Protestant temples, especially in Germany, where nothing corresponding to a Cathedral service gives any lightness to the Lutheran worship. This forced adaptation was painfully visible

here. The choir was evidently useless, an organ-gallery spoiled the look of the western end, black boards recording the number of the hymn to be sung took the place of *ex votos*, or stations of the Cross. But the German iconoclasts have shown more mercy than their Puritan brethren. Pendant from the ceiling, and overshadowing the church, hangs a life-size crucifix, adorned with all the instruments of the Passion. Angels surround it, hovering above and beside. On a platform stretched across the vaulted nave, meeting the crucifix at its base, stand Mary the Mother, Mary Magdalene, the Beloved Disciple, and other figures. The whole is carved in dark wood, by an unknown master-hand, and its effect is mysterious, awful, and strangely unfamiliar. The pulpit is railed off by iron work of exquisite workmanship that has eluded all attempts at imitation. "The devil made it," folks say, whether in a fit of generosity, or to raise envy at his superior skill, does not appear.

The choir, like the nave, is built with the Lombard rounded arch. A fine stone reredos shuts it in. One entrance is crowned by the most unpleasant clock I ever beheld. Death advances to strike each hour upon a metal globe, while the centre of the dial is filled by a face of the sun, which winks its eyes to mark the passage of the seconds. I verily believe this winking sun could drive a constant beholder into Bedlam. In the choir lie buried the former chapter. The bishop who built it rests under a brass of rare beauty. His brothers in office are housed more or less artistically, according to the taste of the time in which they died. The grave of Rabundus, one of their number, who made himself particularly unpleasant after his death, is not worthy of note. This prelate died in 1422; and not content to have gained his rest, he must needs interfere each time any member of the chapter was about to die, by laying

a rosebud in that person's official seat. This little attention gave rise to annoyances. One day, a canon having arrived at the chapter-meeting earlier than his colleagues, finding the fatal rose in his chair, removed it to that of a brother not too dearly beloved, and lo! he died before the year was out. Soon after, a lily was found in the dean's chair; but he, too, had come early, and so another had to die in his stead, for he carefully placed the flower on another seat. This interference angered Rabundus. The next time a death was to occur, he made a great noise, as of thunder, under the church, and roared out "Death!" in a voice of horror. This was his last effort; after that he suffered them to die unwarned.

In a side-chapel is housed, the splendid Hans Memling, owned by the cathedral. It is a triptych, with double doors; the exterior bears the Annunciation in grisaille; the interior, the history of the Saviour, from the agony on the Mount of Olives to the Resurrection—all depicted in that careful miniature fashion Memling acquired in the school of the Van Eycks. The faces are alive with expression, the colouring has all the freshness of to-day, with the glow of the richer-hued past. The entire picture is a marvellous study of detail, and cannot be looked at hurriedly. The sacristan grew impatient at our scrutiny, but dared not trust us out of his sight. Some of our party spoke English, and he was nervous at this, for an Englishman, he said, had once attempted to cut a dog worrying a frog out of the canvas.

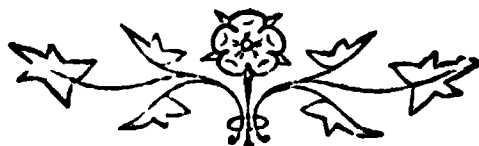
There are other old churches in Lübeck, but these are the most important. Many relics of ancient art are in the hands of the guilds, or belong to private persons. We visited one of these stately guildhouses, and thus gained some notion of their former wealth and power. It contained a room, whose walls and ceiling were entirely carved in oak, nutwood, and

alabaster, while the decorations were of the rarest old Venetian glass. A curious door led into it; it opened on either side, the hinges adjusting themselves of their own accord. Another room was hung with views of the various ports to which the Hansa traded. Among them was one of London, with the Tower and the Abbey distinctly defined. Nor were some of the private houses designed in a less costly style. Those old-world traders possessed taste as well as wealth, and they spared neither pains nor time on their dwellings. Space will not permit me to enumerate more of their treasures, nor to dwell upon the civic library, which contains many rare MSS., culled from the various suppressed convents, as well as twelve hundred Incunabula, a number it is almost fabulous one city should own.

A drive round the razed fortifications, now forming dusty gardens, gave us a good bird's-eye view of the town. Its gables and turrets stood out quaintly in the setting sun as we took this jog round it. The harbour was alive with masts and gay with flags; far out in the dim distance lay Travemünde, the harbour mouth, and a favourite sea-side excursion for the citizens.

“Wie schön leuchtet uns der Alendstern,”

rang out the bells of the Marienkirche, as we took train back to the rival Hansa town.



ANTIQUITIES OF CEYLON.

BY JOHN CAPPER, AUTHOR OF "THE THREE PRESIDENCIES OF INDIA," "PICTURES FROM THE EAST," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

DAMBOOL, SIGIRI, AND PALISTAPURA.



THE bountiful gifts of nature in the island of Ceylon, which form attractions for the most indifferent traveller, are flung far into the shade by the gigantic remains of art—of palaces and temples, whose ruins are now scattered broadcast over half the country, attesting at once the glory and power of an empire that has passed away, and the genius which conceived and executed them. But the story of Lanka's former greatness is not written on pillar and pediment alone: it is told in the vestiges of those vast irrigation works which, at one period, covered Ceylon by a network of tanks and canals from shore to shore, and even in their decay and ruin are the marvel and admiration of the present generation.

The piety of the native sovereigns of Ceylon was attested by the erection and endowment of temples; their power and luxuriance were made manifest in the many noble palaces they reared; and their regard for the welfare of their people may be estimated by the stupendous ruins of irrigation works which, in those ancient days, afforded employment, and yielded food for the millions who then inhabited the northern districts of the island. The history of these vast undertakings is carefully recorded in the Pali chronicles and the Elu works of the period to which

they belong ; in the pages of the Mahawansa, the Rajawali, the Rajahratnakaria, and other works, the most ample details may be found regarding the construction of the great monuments of Singhalese history ; but in none of these can there be traced the slightest allusion to any of the causes which led to the ruin of the ancient capitals, the decay and destruction of the gigantic tanks, or the dispersion and disappearance of the once teeming population of those now deserted districts. Tradition is equally silent on this subject, and all is left to conjecture. It may be that, harassed by incessant warfare, the attention of the people became diverted from the maintenance and repair of their irrigation works, which from this cause fell gradually into decay ; or it may have been that, during one of the frequent incursions of Malabar invaders, the enemy may have so effectually damaged the embankments of the principal works, as to have caused the flooding of the surrounding country, the spread of malaria, the creation of fever, and the consequent flight of the inhabitants. However this may be, the localities of these fallen capitals, with the partial exception of Anaradapura, are now as desolate and deserted as though solitude had held supreme sway from the earliest times. All that remains of Tissa-Maharama, of Alut-neuara, and of Bintena, are ruined Dagobas, some fragments of temples, carved pillars scattered through the dense jungle, and extensive earthen embankments stretching for miles through unexplored forests. The ruins of these former cities are so hidden amongst inaccessible jungle, and so remote from the ordinary highways of the island, as to present but small inducement for the exploration of the antiquary. With the ancient capitals of Anaradapurā and Pulastapura* it is otherwise. The ruins of the former are in the immediate neighbourhood of the

* Erroneously named " Pollanarua " by Sir Emerson Tennent.

present site of government of the north-central province, to which a good carriage road is extended from Kandy *via* Matelle, from which latter station it is distant eighty-three miles. Considerable progress has been made in clearing the jungle from the principal ruins of the ancient buildings and the great tanks. Of the former many excellent photographs have been taken, and plans of them laid down on paper; whilst most of the irrigation works have been carefully surveyed, with a view to the restoration of the principal amongst them. From the fact of the extreme isolation of the ruins of Pulastapura, and the greater density of the forest with which they are overgrown, they are much less accessible than those of the older capital, and can only be approached in the saddle on quitting the main line of road some miles to the north of Dambool; but as these lie nearer to Kandy than Anaradapura, it may be well to describe them first.

The journey from Kandy to Matelle, the first station on this road, a distance of sixteen miles, is devoid of any interesting features; a few coffee estates may be seen, and the Ballaeadua Pass is ascended and descended without imparting any interest to the drive. Matelle is the seat of an Assistant Government Agent and a District Judge, and was, in the year 1848, the scene of an outbreak amongst the Kandyans who set up a pretender to the throne and crowned him at Dambool; but after some plundering in the town and neighbourhood, and the burning of a number of native houses, the lawless rioters were dispersed.

In the first century before the Christian era, Matelle was chosen as one of the royal places of residence, though there are no vestiges of any kingly dwelling to be found in the vicinity. In the seventeenth century the district was erected into a principality by King Senerat, and by him conferred on

the son of his predecessor, Wimala Dharma. Some of the wealthy Kandyan chiefs under the native dynasties had residences in its vicinity, and of these there are still a few to be seen. Amongst others who resided here in some state was the Adigar Eheylapole, the minister of the last Kandyan king, whose ill-fated family met with the tragical death related in a former chapter.

From Matelle to Dambool, a distance of twenty-nine miles, the road is good, and lies through a series of low hills, spurs from the adjacent mountain-ranges, more or less wooded, and watered by many rivulets. By the wayside are dotted, at frequent intervals, small settlements of Tamil labourers, who have taken unto themselves wives from Singhalese families, and are rearing garden produce for the Kandy market. Two miles from Matelle may be seen the rock-temple of Alu Wihara, the secluded abode of a Buddhist priest whose ministrations are conducted within one of the natural cavities formed by the débris of some great convulsion of nature amongst the mountains above, rolling from their sides large fragments of rock which, meeting at this spot, formed sufficient shelter for a few priests to assemble within and hold their religious rites concealed from the gaze of the world. It was here, according to Pali annals, that a party of priests were occupied, by order of the King Walagam-Bahu the first, 104 B.C., in committing to writing the doctrines and discourses of Buddha, which had been previously preserved by tradition alone, and these caverns were afterwards converted by the same monarch into temples for the worship of Buddha.

Some miles beyond this spot is the Kowdepolella estate, the most northerly, and, at the same time, the lowest coffee plantation in the Kandyan country. Still further, and at a lower altitude on the left of this road lies the country through which,

in ancient times, ran the canal of Ellahara the waters of which are said to have been united with the great lakes or tanks of Minerey, Kowdellia, and Kandelie, the latter in the vicinity of Trincomalie, and, between them to have formed the famous "Sea of Prakrama," navigable throughout by vessels of considerable size.

Dambool, forty-five miles distant from Kandy and twenty-nine from Matelle, is only a halting station for travellers, with a good rest-house and a telegraph station. Here the hill-ranges of the Kandyan country terminate, the loftiest eminence of them being a gigantic isolated boulder, standing out amidst the low jungle of the surrounding plains as though upheaved from the bowels of the earth. The Dambool rock forms a prominent object at a distance of many miles, and from its remarkable size, position, and use, is justly regarded as one of the most noteworthy objects in this part of the island. Two thousand feet in length, and upwards of five hundred feet in height, it stands apart from hill or forest with but scanty vegetation near it. The upper portion of it contains a cavern extending in length one hundred and seventy feet, in breadth about sixty feet, and having a height of eighteen feet in the loftiest portion. This cavernous interior is divided by rough natural walls, devoid of any ornamentation, into several chambers, in which are many figures of Buddha. Amongst the representations within this celebrated cave-temple is that of the "Markara," a monstrous creature, having the feet of a lion, the trunk of an elephant, the ears of a pig, the teeth of a crocodile, and the eyes of a monkey. The temple is reached by a steep flight of steps, cut on the face of the lower portion of the rock, at the termination of which is a court-yard enclosing a bo-tree, some palms, and a priest's dwelling; immediately beyond is a richly-carved gateway, leading into the temple. "The scene

presented on entering"—in the words of Sir Emerson Tennent—"is very striking, the light being barely sufficient to display the long lines of statues of Buddha in the varied attitudes of exhortation and repose. They are arranged in great profusion, and some are of extraordinary magnitude—one in a reclining posture being upwards of forty feet in length."

The ceiling of this gloomy vault is concealed with painted cloths, and the walls of the principal apartment, the Maha-raja-dewale, are covered with a series of highly-coloured illustrations of scenes in the history of Buddhism, such as the landing of Wijayo, the preaching of Mahindo, and the combat of Dutugaimunu and Elala. A Dagoba of graceful proportions occupies the centre of the hall, and the drops which filter through a crevice in the overhanging rocks are caught in a hollow in the floor, and held to be as sacred as the waters of the Ganges. The temple contains a strange commixture of Brahminical and Buddhist worship, for in all the apartments the statues of Hindu deities range with those of the great apostle of the Singhalese faith.

Leaving Dambool, the road lies through a perfectly flat country, covered pretty closely with jungle in some places of considerable size, in others consisting of trees of small growth, blended with thorny creepers and brushwood. At intervals a small ridge of low hills may be found, but these are far apart and few. The most notable of any of these is the historical rock of Sigiri, rising abruptly from the ground to a great height, and taking its name from Siha-giri, the lion's rock.

In alluding to this huge mass of granite, Sir Emerson Tennent says, "The formation of this singular cliff can only be ascribed to its upheaval by a subterranean force, so circumscribed in action that its efforts were confined within a very few yards, yet so irresistible as to have shot aloft this prodigious pencil of

stone to the height of nearly four hundred feet."* Other opinions point to the greater probability of this remarkable shaft of rock being indebted for its position to the same force to which is due the great elevation which stretches from near Adam's Peak to Trincomalie, forming the chief mountain ranges of Ceylon, which since their first appearance above the waters, have undergone no immersion. This hypothesis would indicate the fact that Sigiri, lying in the track of this great upheaval, must be among those parts of the habitable globe which first emerged from the deep and have been longest accessible to man.†

This remarkable rock was fortified and a palace erected near its base by Kasyapa, a son of Dhatu Sen, who, having murdered his father, dreaded the vengeance of his brother, and betook himself to this rock, up the face of which he caused to be constructed a winding staircase of stone, the remains of which are still to be seen, and are well worth examination. Some remarkable frescoes are to be seen on the upper portion of the gallery, the colours of which are as fresh as when laid on.

From Sigiri, the journey on to Pulastapura, the least ancient of the old cities, is short and easy. According to the description of this city in the Mahawanso, it was, in the time of Prakrama Bahu, about thirty miles in length and ten in breadth. This king surrounded it by a lofty wall and gates, built a strong fort for its protection, founded hospitals and schools, and constructed baths in pleasant places for the people.

In Sir Emerson Tennent's "Ceylon" may be found extended descriptions of these interesting ruins, a greater portion of which lie buried in dense jungle.

The Kiri Dagoba is of equal beauty but smaller in size than

* Vol. ii. p. 579.

† T. W. Rhys Davids, in "Journal R. A. Society, 1874."

the Rankot Dagoba. Its surface was covered with glazed lime prepared with the whites of eggs, and from this circumstance arose its designation of "*Kiri*" (milk-white). Erected A.D. 1187, it is still in good preservation save where forest trees have penetrated the masonry above the huge mass of brick forming many a fissure below. Near these again, may be seen a number of pillars of stone, which, at the period of which we write, supported the roof of the city council-room in which was held the "*Gansabawa*," an institution akin to the Indian *Punchayet*, and the assembly of "the elders in the gate" amongst the Jews and Romans, for the hearing and deciding by the council of all disputes and offences committed within their jurisdiction—a body which has been resuscitated of late years in the rural districts of the island with signal success.

The Gal-Wihara, or rock-temple, is somewhat similar in nature, though smaller than the cave temple at Dambool, and with this difference, that nature's work has been aided to some extent by the labour of man, some skill having been exercised in fashioning the interior of this remarkable cavity. At the entrance to this temple are four richly-carved columns; immediately in face is a raised altar highly ornamented, on which is a sedent statue of Buddha, and behind this, along the wall of the cave, are figures carved in the solid rock. Other figures of Buddha are to be seen outside, seated, standing, and reclining; the latter of colossal size. All these, according to the *Mahawanso*, were executed by King Prakrama Bahu, of whom mention has already been made in connection with this city. They are therefore some centuries old, and are still in excellent preservation, bearing testimony to the skill of the native workmen of that period, far beyond the highest capacities of Singhalese or Tamil artificers of more modern times.

Some interesting inscriptions in old Pali on various pillars

and slabs, have been recently translated and published,* and as they have some historical interest, a brief notice of them may be acceptable. One of these is an address or proclamation from Prakrama Bahu to the people, urging them to choose as his successor a Kalingiya, and not one belonging to any other caste. It must have been put up towards the close of his reign, when, failing issue, he desired the succession to be provided for in such a mode as might prevent dissension and bloodshed. The inscription opens with a verse in Sanskrit, setting forth that the choice of a native of Kalinga would be the only way to ensure peace and prosperity to the nation. This inscription was engraved on a fine slab of stone 12 feet long by 2 feet 9 inches broad; it was put up at the principal gate of the king's palace, where it would be likely to be seen and read by the multitude. It was found buried beneath the soil, but in good preservation; beneath it was found a spear-head, which induces the belief that the stone fell into its position during one of the sieges of the city, of which there were several. A second inscription was found repeated on four pillars which surrounded a kind of throne or dais, opposite the Rankot, or golden-tipped Dagoba, forming a sort of enclosed throne, from which, as the inscription states, the king was wont to offer up his devotions. The pillars are square at top and bottom, but octagonal in the centre. The third inscription is on a cubical block of stone, of about three feet in length, height, and breadth, but sloped off by gradations towards the centre, somewhat in the fashion of an altar. It was found upright in the jungle, about two hundred yards from the Dagoba. All the words in this inscription are clear, and are written on the upper surface of the stone, forming a

* "Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society," Vol. vii. Part I. p. 152. By T. W. R. Davids, Esq.

border round a square space in the centre. The language of all these inscriptions, save that of the Sanskrit verses in the first, is an old form of the Singhalese dialect. Singhalese poetry is written in a much shortened and very difficult form of this dialect, called Elu, a form which was probably never in existence as a living language.*

ROUND ABOUT LLANDUDNO.



AS we steamed away from the Mersey *en route* for Llandudno, the fresh sea breeze felt ineffably grateful after our three hours of suffering and fatigue, under a Midsummer sun, on the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway. Passing the Battery at New Brighton, darkly relieving the white villas of the town, and its yellow sands dotted with bathing vans, our course lay beyond the strip of Cheshire between the Mersey and the Dee, along the coast of North Wales. For the first thirty miles or so, the shore is tame and uninteresting—a dull, monotonous stretch of sand-flats and dunes thrown up by the north winds, with patches here and there of scant vegetation. As we neared Carnarvonshire, and the scattered villas of Rhyl died out in our wake, the undulating shore became rock-fringed, and presently broke into a bold, ragged outline of storm-beaten cliffs. In the glens enfilading away inland from the sea could be seen the clustering white houses of Welsh fishing villages. Then the dark buttress of Little Orme loomed vaguely in the distance, and four hours after leaving Liverpool our steamer churned the blue-washed bay of Llandudno.

* "Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society," Vol. vii. Part I. p. 158.

One can scarcely exaggerate the exquisite setting of the town, or the impressive beauty of its surroundings. The entrance to the bay is guarded by the mighty twin-ramparts of the Greater and Lesser Orme. The town nestles at the head of the bay, which sweeps in a perfect crescent between the two Ormes; their slopes are dotted with houses rising one above another; below, the curved line of shore in front of the town is broadly margined with a firm sandy beach, round which terraces of villas stretch in regular and unbroken order. Our cargo of passengers was discharged at a little pier jutting out into the bay, and shortly afterwards we were discussing a welcome dinner in our hotel.

As it is my object to glance, however hastily and imperfectly, at the singularly interesting surroundings of the town, rather than to describe the town itself, very few words on this point will suffice. Had I found myself in a place with "a very ancient and fish-like smell," among a strangely uncouth and primitive people, I should not have been greatly surprised; but that evening I walked through the prettiest, neatest, most cleanly little watering-place I have ever seen. As to its people, I incline to think their uniform courtesy and attention to strangers have contributed not a little to the rapid growth and great popularity of the town. Thirty years ago it was merely a cluster of fishermen's huts. It is now, perhaps, the most charming watering-place on our coasts, and boasts a population of some five or six thousand inhabitants, swollen to twice that number when the season comes round and visitors flock thither from all parts of the kingdom. A great number of these come from Manchester and Liverpool, and it is surely a tribute to its superior attractions when the Lancashire folks desert their favourite holiday resorts, Blackpool and Southport, and travel all the way to Llandudno.

The splendid panorama of the town and its neighbourhood is best seen from the summit of Great Orme's Head. Immediately on leaving the town, the road ascends gradually the flank of the mountain until it becomes a narrow and tortuous ledge, winding round its precipitous front. Passing the baths, perched on the steep slope and showing conspicuously bold and clear from the bay, a path diverging to the left leads up to a crest of the rock commanding a magnificent view of the Carnarvonshire mountains trending away to the dim and shadowy Snowdon. Below, the little town of Llandudno lies like a map on the plain, its villas scattering round the opposite shore of the bay up the flanks of Little Orme, till they seem so many white flecks and dots on the dark mountain side. Beyond the town, meadows and woods stretch away to the estuary of the Conway. Far away to the west you can trace, across Beaumaris Bay, the outline of Puffin Isle, and the coast of Anglesea. On the shore, to the south, the dark spur of Penmaenmawr sweeps down into the sea, and on a clear day you can see in the purple distance, the flash of Menai Straits in the sun. Away, behind Llandudno, on the opposite banks of the estuary, the encircling walls of Conway, and the massive embattled towers of its ancient castle, add the finishing touch of romance to the great beauty of mountain, river, and sea.

At every turn of the path, some new and striking view is revealed. It winds along the edge of a steep escarpment, sweeping down to the sea a distance of several hundred feet, the face of which is torn and riven with deep clefts, and in places broadly furrowed with glens and plateaux on which mountain sheep crop the scant herbage.

A walk of about three miles brings you to St. Tudno's Church on the summit of the head. The origin of this church is unknown. For ten centuries at least it has braved the storms

CONWAY CASTLE.

of the ocean in its rocky eyry. Service is held here every Sunday during the season; but when the evening is fine, the little church does not provide accommodation for the large audience of church-goers from Llandudno. There is then an adjournment to the quiet little graveyard, where a pulpit is extemporized, and the worship of God celebrated amid the solemn grandeur of Nature's surroundings. The congregation are grouped about in the churchyard, some reclining on the grassy sward, others seated on the simple gravestones. It is a beautiful spectacle, this homage to the Divine Creator amid the sublime beauties of His handiwork—overhead, the blue canopy of heaven, the ocean nearly a thousand feet below, stretching away to the limitless horizon.

Tradition asserts that long before the days of St. Tudno, Orme's Head was the scene of Druidical sacrifices. We were shown a cell cut in the rock, the name of which connects it with the worship of the Moon, and on the face of the cliff overlooking Llandudno, a rude and massive wall, said to be the remains of a fortress of the ancient Cymri.

Conway is about three miles from Llandudno. You obtain a charming view of the quaint little town and its castle, as you approach the Suspension Bridge across the estuary. The place brims over with traditional and historical reminiscences. Long before Edward I. subjugated Wales, the Welsh princes occupied a fortress on the site of the castle. The latter was built by Edward I. in the thirteenth century. In those days it was probably the most important stronghold in the Principality, for the date of its erection is anterior to that of Carnarvon Castle or Beaumaris. The rebellious Welshmen, headed by Madoc, at one time compelled their English conqueror to seek refuge within its walls; history narrates how narrowly he escaped falling into their hands. Centuries afterwards, when Civil War

devastated the land, the Royalist forces defended the town against the Roundheads under Colonel Mytton. Some incidents in connection with this siege are perhaps worth mentioning.

The castle and town were garrisoned and commanded by Williams, Archbishop of York, acting under orders from the King. When the army of the Parliament entered North Wales, many of the county families deposited their plate in Conway Castle. The Archbishop readily undertook charge of it and of all other valuables, holding himself personally responsible for their security. When, however, the forces under Mytton invested the town, the prelate was superseded in his command by order of Prince Rupert. Fearful of his own inevitable ruin if the castle, with its hoarded treasures, fell into the hands of the besiegers, the Archbishop went over to the enemy and led the attack of the Roundheads in person! For this act of treachery he was thanked by Parliament and absolved from all responsibility as to the securities he had given. It was a fierce and bloody siege, for the victorious Puritan having stormed and taken the town, ordered his Irish prisoners to be tied together and drowned in the estuary. There is certain evidence of this act of inhuman cruelty, although it is not mentioned in every history of those times.

The interior of the castle presents the old familiar scene of ruin and desolation. I have visited the ruins of many ancient and celebrated castles, but I have not seen one to compare with this for stupendous masonry and vastness of dimension. It is oblong in form, and measures about one hundred and thirty yards from one extremity to the other. Its walls are flanked on each side by four massive embattled towers, about thirty feet in width, of unusual strength and solidity. We climbed up the broken steps of a tower, and made the perilous ascent of a ladder leading to a ledge of the battlements, from which a fine

view of the town can be obtained. Whatever may have been its aspect when the mailed warriors of Edward I. trod its streets, it has the appearance now of some long-forgotten place that went to sleep in the middle ages, and doesn't want to wake up in these nineteenth century days. We looked down on a triangular-shaped town of quaintly-gabled, timber-framed houses, and narrow streets, closely pent within unbroken walls, flanked at regular intervals with heavy bastions. In places the walls are dark with a thick mantle of ivy, some of their towers are in ruins, the smoke curling up from others showed them to be inhabited. Here and there a modern-gabled structure, scarcely less ruinous, has been built up against a tower, the two forming one habitation, a curious and suggestive sight.

On a monument in the old church there is an inscription worth a passing notice: "Here lyeth ye body of Nicholas Hooke, of Conway, gentleman, who was ye 4th child of his father, William Hooke, Esq., by Alice his wife, and ye father of 27 children, who died 20th March, 1637." The churchyard is interesting as the scene of Wordsworth's poem, "We are Seven."

There are some antique Elizabethan mansions in the town in a good state of preservation. One of them, Plas Mawr, is open to the inspection of visitors. The dark, paneled walls of its rooms are elaborately decorated and curiously carved. In many places the initials of the favourite Leicester are coupled with those of Elizabeth.

It is about half an hour's journey by rail from Llandudno to Bettws-y-coed up the vale of the Conway. The train swept us through the most varied and charming scenery in North Wales, now speeding through wild glens under the shadow of mountain masses uprising on either hand, now through meadow lands and cornfields, sloping in wavy undulations from back-

grounds of beech and fir, and played upon by ever-varying lights and shadows from the grey crags beyond.

The scenery at Bettws-y-coed is not so wild and bold as in other parts of North Wales—the pass of Llanberis for instance. Its charms are those of rich pastoral vale, of woodland, meadow, and river, shut in by the bald, Snowdonian peaks. There are some romantic spots within a few miles of the town, notably the Fairies' Glen and the Falls of the Swallow.

Space only allows a passing mention of the vicinity of Carnarvon; of Penrhyn Castle amid its woods; of Penmaen-mawr, with its rocky pass and ancient mountain fortress, the last refuge of the Welsh from the conquering Edward; of Aber and its wild glen, the abode at one time of the mighty Llewellyn; of Rhuddlan and its castle, where Edward I. held his Parliament, and Davydd, the last king of Wales, surrendered the crown of King Arthur.

In conclusion, I would, out of gratitude for pleasure received there, cordially recommend every reader with a few days to spare for a holiday jaunt, to examine for himself the enjoyments of a tour round about Llandudno.

H. ARTHUR SHERBURN.



"SOLD" ON THE ROAD.

BY MRS. ANDREW CROSSE, AUTHOR OF "MEMORIALS OF
CROSSE, THE ELECTRICIAN."

RETURNING in the autumn of 186—from a tour in South Italy, my friend and I had reached Pisa without any serious misadventure. Our days now were numbered, for we had to meet some friends in Paris on the 15th of November, and we had not much time to linger at La Spezia, Genoa, and Turin. Besides, truth to say, we had exchanged our last circular note.

There are people who will tell you that you can "do Pisa in a morning," which is almost as bad as the American who said "he guessed he had fixed the Eternal City in twelve hours, having visited St. Peter's, looked at no end of churches, gone through the picture-galleries, and seen the round thing in ruins by moonlight." Not being of the high-pressure tourist class, we turned from the Campo Santo with regret, after spending a long morning there. The heavenly echo in the Baptistery still lingered on my ear as we drove to the railway station. On applying for tickets for La Spezia, I found that the railway could only take us to Querceta, for the very good reason that portions of the line further on had been washed away the day before by the late tremendous rains.

Querceta was about a third of the way to La Spezia, and we were very anxious to get on, more especially as "Murray" said Querceta was an objectionable place. We were discussing the disagreeable contingencies of our position, when a gentleman came up and addressed us in good English, though I was very uncertain of his nationality. He very politely informed us that

he was himself going to the neighbourhood of Spezia, and that he would assist us, if possible, in obtaining a vetturino; "but," he added, "I fear there will be considerable difficulty, for this accident to the railroad will more than exhaust all the local resources in the way of horses and conveyances." I remembered my first favourable impression of this man's countenance, during a terrible moment, which came to us later. However, in the meantime we thought ourselves fortunate in having secured the friendly offices of the stranger.

We took our places in the train, and soon left Pisa, with its many memories, behind us. Shortly we passed Via Reggio, where Shelley's body was picked up after the wreck of the "Don Juan," near the lonely watch-tower on the sands. His corpse was burnt, in accordance with the legal enactment, which requires that everything thrown on shore should be so treated, for fear of introducing the plague. What an inexpressibly beautiful scene for the last act of this sad tragedy! From thence are visible the fair islands of Elba, Capraja, and Gorgona, rising from the blue waters of the Mediterranean, while, behind the desolate stretch of yellow sand, rises the amphitheatre of the marble-peaked Apennines.

The train sped on its way, and before long we were turned out at Querceta to meet our fate. It had been arranged with our companion that we should remain in the waiting-room while he went out to reconnoitre. We were warned that exorbitant prices would be asked for any conveyance, and that we, being ladies and foreigners, had better not appear till the bargain was struck. We were rather in dismay when we saw that nearly all the vehicles had departed, leaving at last only two donkey-carts and a one-horse carriage, reminding one forcibly of Sydney Smith's family coach, the "Immortal," on its last wheels.

The driver coolly asked a hundred francs to take us to Sarzana, a distance of fifteen miles. Our chance friend, who had taken upon himself the management of our affairs, and was, in fact, to share the vehicle with us, offered the driver thirty francs. Such an offer seemed to us quite hopeless, but the Italian refused it, without being either angry or surprised. Hereupon followed more parleying, accompanied on all sides by violent gesticulations and asseverations. By this time a crowd of twenty or thirty persons had collected; many of them were betting on the issue of the affair, and there was laughing and talking enough for an Irish fair.

The costumes of the people forming this group were wonderfully picturesque, the men with their light green vests and pointed hats, all more or less handsome, and here and there a young woman with an infant in her arms, looking like a Madonna from the picture-galleries.

I began to think that we should have to give in and pay the hundred francs, for the vetturino gathered up his rope harness, awakened his poor beast from an uneasy slumber, and made a show of departing. Coming to the station door, I suggested to our ally, in English, that we had better give the money than lose our chance of getting on.

"No, no," replied our friend, "an Italian bargain is not so quickly made. I shall have my way yet."

And, so saying, he coolly repeated his offer of thirty francs.

"What will those two English ladies do?" cried the driver, pointing at us triumphantly. "They cannot go in the donkey-cart; you must have my carriage."

"Don't be too sure of that," retorted our champion. "English ladies are capable of walking the whole way to Sarzana, rather than submit to so gross an imposition."

"Well, I do believe English people are mad enough for any-

thing," returned the driver, tossing the reins on the horse's back; at the same time, jumping down, he seized our boxes and fastened them at the rear of his crazy vehicle. With the addition of six francs for *buona mano*, we were to go, after all, at our own price.

We found the road extremely beautiful. On our left lay the Mediterranean, its blue waters visible through the forest of olives with their twisted stems and peculiar foliage. It is Hawthorne who said, "The olive-tree looks as if it grew only by moonlight." Above us, on our right, rose the richly-clothed Apennines, scarred in a singular manner by marble quarries of various colours; we were approaching the far-famed Carrara district.

Before reaching the ruins of the Castle of Montignoso, finely situated on a spur of the hills, we had sufficient evidence of the destructive nature of the flood of the previous day.

The mountain torrents had swept through the ravine, carrying along with them uprooted trees, masses of loose earth, and portions of rock. The railway and the road were both, in many places, obliterated by the *débris*. At one moment we were two feet deep in mud, the next we were jolting over erratic boulders. Considering the state of the road, we were made rather anxious by knowing that at the present rate of progression we could not hope to reach our destination till long after darkness had closed in upon us.

At length we reached Massa Ducale, a spot where the ordinary tourist hardly ever lingers. How much we lose by the wayside, in our rapid railway journeys! This quaint old town is imprinted on my memory as one of the most picturesque places I ever saw. The moment was sunset—a wild, fiery, Italian sunset, which bathed the whole scene in glorious colouring. Towering up in the background, the bare summits of the

mountains appeared like snowy peaks, while at a lower level a ridge of precipitous rock, crowned by an old castle, overhangs the town. A marble archway, time-worn, but noble in proportions, leads to the piazza, on one side of which is the ducal palace, a building of importance, some time occupied by the Princess Elisa Baciocchi Buonaparte.

The carriage stopped on the piazza; the rope-harness was broken, and required mending. I suspect the neighbourhood of a wine-shop had something to do with the accident. The awning of yellow canvas, always a feature in Italian towns, hung over the open door of the Albergo. We looked in upon a scene which would have delighted an artist. At a table in the corner of the apartment four peasants were playing cards; their mobile features were working with the intense excitement of the game. The youngest of the four, a remarkably handsome man of the brigand type, was leaning somewhat back in his chair, speaking with upturned glance, to a girl who was bringing them a lighted candle, for the apartment was already in deep shadow.

The girl was simply beautiful. Her dark hair, strained back from her face, showed to perfection the rounded lines of her grand but somewhat bold face; her fully-developed bosom was crossed with the ample folds of a white kerchief; and her finely-proportioned arm, holding the candle, was stretched out on a level with the shoulder. She was arrested in the act of putting the light on the table by some word spoken by the man, who not improbably was her lover. Hardly less striking was the head and face of one of the elder men of the party. It reminded me strongly of "a head" by Salvator Rosa in the gallery of St. Lucca at Rome. I little thought, in the security of the moment, that that remarkable resemblance would again strike me, under very different circumstances.

Many people were moving in and out of the wine shop,

passing us where we stood just inside the door. Our vetturino himself went in with an empty bottle in his hand. As he passed, he exchanged, I noticed, a few words and significant gestures with the old man at the card-table.

"Gambling is the great vice of these people," said our companion, who had just rejoined us. "They will gamble away everything they have got in the world, but, for the rest, they are honest and kindly."

Moving from the door, and away from the shadow of the awning, we returned to the open piazza, which is planted with a double row of orange trees; and while sauntering under the perfumed shade, we saw the last gleam of sunset fade from the castle rock. As the grey shadow crept up the hill-side, it looked like death chasing before it the ruddy hue of life and light. The chill of evening made me shiver, and I looked round impatiently for our loitering driver. After much needless delay, at length we started, leaving Massa behind in the deepening twilight.

The drive was enlivened by the conversation of our companion, who, I must say, appeared to be a man thoroughly acquainted with books and society. He knew a great many people of note in the world, and spoke of them as if on terms of intimate acquaintance; but he never alluded to his own home, or to the object of his journey, and he certainly did not give me the idea of being a mere tourist, for the country and its inhabitants were so thoroughly well known to him. For example, I made some inquiries about Sarzana, the place where we proposed sleeping, and he told me the following facts:—

"You say that you have never heard before of Sarzana," he continued, "yet it is not unknown in history. It had its own representative 'parliament' down to the time of the French invasion; it has produced one good painter, Fiasella, and that

rara avis, a good Pope, namely, Nicholas V., who founded the Vatican Library. But the great fact connected with Sarzana is that, in the twelfth century, there resided here for several generations the ancestors of the family of Buonaparte. I can tell you a little anecdote about this. Villani, the historian of Florence, mentions that the lords of a certain castle called Monte Buoni used 'to take toll' from the passengers who were forced to pass their way in going from Florence to Siena or Rome. These noble robbers used to be called, in irony, 'the good men of the mountain'—the '*Buoni del monte*.' After some time the family separated into two branches, and, as was the practice, assumed different names. Those who called themselves Buonaparte settled in Sarzana, as the curious research of Signor Passerini, of Florence, has shown. From thence they emigrated to Corsica, and became the direct ancestors of Napoleon the First."

This conversation, and other subjects which grew out of it, occupied our attention for awhile, but at length we relapsed into silence.

Darkness had long settled down upon the landscape, and our progress was very slow. Once our companion struck a match, and looked at his watch with an air of considerable impatience; he briefly told me the hour, but said nothing more.

The country we were now traversing was wild in the extreme. The carriage had lamps, and by their light I could make out that our course lay through a forest, and appeared more like a track than a road or highway. It was a moonless night, with heavy clouds coming up from the west, and the wind whistled dismally, as if it meant mischief out at sea. Before long the low muttering of distant thunder was heard. I felt more and more uncomfortable. My relative made matters worse by whispering her own nervous misgivings and fears lest we should

be upset in the darkness, or—— At that moment the vetturino suddenly drew up, so suddenly that we were jerked forward, and my face came violently in contact with the window, through which I had been peering into the night.

Horses jingling their harness, the stamping of feet of men and animals, and a loud altercation of some kind, were the sounds I heard when I pulled down the window. A number of Italians were screaming together at the top of their voices in the broadest *patois* of the country, and not one word could I make out, though I could speak Italian fairly well. Two or three lanterns flashed their uncertain light on a confused mass of objects, which consisted of men and horses, but I could comprehend nothing.

Our travelling companion had immediately on the stoppage, pushed open the door, and jumped out, without saying a word to us, and without even noticing my hurried and frightened demand as to what had happened.

His manner and his silence on the occasion struck me as peculiar, and it flashed across my mind, that we had committed a dreadful imprudence in allowing a stranger to join us in chartering the carriage. He might be—well, heavens, he might—be the chief of a band of brigands. My cousin pressed my arm nervously, murmuring a few words almost inaudible from agitation. I confess my heart utterly failed me; and I bitterly repented the unwise haste which had induced us to undertake a perilous night drive in a strange country without a proper escort. My reflections were cut short by the opposite door being rudely opened, and two men of the regular brigand stamp, appearing there with violent gesticulations, and unintelligible *patois*. The older man of the two, I recognized immediately as the gambler at the Inn, the old man whose picturesque head I had foolishly thought so admirable. Now I remembered his significant

greeting to our driver. I recalled also the length of time we had been so unnecessarily detained at Massa, these and other suspicious circumstances darted through my mind like lightning. I felt sure we were the victims of a plot, which meant robbery, ransom, captivity in the recesses of those dreadful mountains, loss of one's ears—perhaps murder. I heard distinctly the words “the ladies’ must get out.” I would have spoken or screamed, but my tongue was paralysed by fear, and refused its office, my cousin, too, clung to me in speechless terror!

How long the agony of suspense was endured by us, I know not; but in that moment, and it could only have been a moment, I seemed to live a two-fold life; and strange as it may appear, all this terrible scene was quite familiar to me, as if I had enacted it all before, just as if it was some dramatic presentment, which was happening over again, and ridiculous to add, at the self same moment my sense of sight was solely occupied by the peculiar fashion of the brigand’s waistcoat, the pattern of which is stamped upon my memory! I often see it now before going to sleep!

While the lantern was flashing its light on one pale face, and while our assailants were reiterating their demand that we should alight (we heard them at the same time removing our boxes), our mysterious companion returned. He appeared at the other door of the carriage and said, “Ladies, I fear I must trouble you to get out, there is no help for it; we are in the hands of these people at a time like this, and the truth is—we have been sold.”

“Sold!” I exclaimed, in a tone of horror, thinking of my lost ears, and the ransom they would have to pay at home for our mutilated bodies.

“Sold! Then we are the victims of your cruel treachery,” cried my cousin, with one wild shriek.

"Oh, don't be frightened," exclaimed our travelling companion, "I thought you understood the cause of our stoppage. We have simply been overtaken by a return carriage to Sarzana, which our friends at the inn at Massa have expedited purposely to overtake us, and the upshot^{*} is that our driver has sold us to the other vetturino, as he prefers returning to Querceta, and trying his luck with the last train."

I breathed again. The mistake was explained. We were "sold," it is true, but not in the way I had imagined in my fright. Our companion had not seen in the darkness our faces of alarm, and he had forgotten that the patois of the peasants was not so familiar to us as to himself. As for the supposed brigands, they were simple honest vetturini, who were noisy and elated from having indulged in a few additional glasses of wine, in consequence of the good luck the floods had brought them, and meant us no harm. The supposed altercation was merely the lively manner of transacting business in Italy.

We laughed heartily over our unreasonable alarm, and were shortly transferred to the other carriage, which had the advantage of a second horse. The storm rattled and rumbled over our heads, but we got on very well, arriving safely at Sarzana. The landlord of the inn was civility itself, for our travelling companion proved to be an English gentleman of family and fortune residing near La Spezia, and his carriage and servants were waiting for him at the inn. We parted with an exchange of cards and many mutual good wishes, and thus ended our little adventure of being "sold on the road."



WHERE SHALL WE GO?

BY LANGLEY COLERIDGE.

II.

WITHOUT going in for any preamble, I propose to give a few more skeleton tours; and, first of all, I shall mark out a capital tour in Norway. I should mention that it is some years ago since I did this tour (1869), and therefore I wish nobody who may think of undertaking the same journey, to place implicit faith in the details as regards the best roads for driving, or the best "stations" at which to rest for the night. It is desirable to mention this, as every season a local guide is published in Christiania, which gives the latest information as to changes in the state of the roads, where they are sandy, where level; of the state of the stations, whether good, poor, dirty, cheap, etc. It even goes so far as to give some details of the domestic arrangements in the hotels, or stations. I open one of these books at random (not a very recent edition), and find these hints, for example:—

"*Vestgaard.* A fair station; meat to be got here; people civil."

"*Fosbakken.* Sheets may be had by currying favour with the mistress, otherwise you will only get sheepskins, with the wool next to you."

"*Brændhaugen.* Particularly good quarters. The old lady, who must be treated with great respect, may perhaps honour you with spiced ale in a silver cup, presented to her by the Queen."

“*Ovne*. Best and longest beds on the whole road.” (Norwegian beds are generally very short, so that a man cannot stretch himself thereon.)

Equally explicit are the hints about the roads, and it is, therefore, wise to study them well, so as to arrange to drive where they are “level, but very sandy,” and to walk where they are level, but shady and pleasant.

It is unfair to give the reader an introduction to **this quaint Handbook** for Norway without giving an introduction **also** to its editor, Mr. T. Bennett, of Christiania. This is quite **unnecessary**, however, if the reader has been to Christiania, for what **man** is there that has seen Christiania and has not seen Mr. Bennett? If ever anybody was “all things to all men,” Mr. Bennett is that man. He is guide, philosopher, and friend. He will change your money, furnish you with a carriage and horse, or a box of lucifers; a set of harness, or a toothpick. He will map out a route for you, give you an introduction to a pastor in the most out-of-the way district, or lend you the implements for sewing on a button.

In arranging a tour in Norway, more important even than to know the state of the roads and stations, is to be well posted up as to the times and seasons for steamers on the lakes and fjords. Everything depends upon being able to make the steamboat arrangements fall in with your proposed plan, or rather to make your plans so that they shall fall in with the steamboat arrangements. In order to ensure accuracy do not fail to consult Mr. Bennett's book and the local time tables.

There are a variety of ways for getting to Norway, and so a skeleton tour such as I propose showing, may be filled in as regards minor details, according to the taste, time, and purse of the tourist.

IN THE ROMSDAL VALLEY, NORWAY.

NO. IV.—THROUGH NORWAY AND BACK IN A MONTH.

Visiting some of the finest scenery in the country.

Leave London (Wapping) some Thursday night late.

Friday, 1st day.—At sea. Fraternise with passengers.

Saturday, 2nd day.—At sea. Fraternise with passengers, if able.

Sunday, 3rd day.—At sea.

Monday, 4th day.—Arrive early at Christiansand. Generally an hour or two to spare to explore the town and neighbourhood. Then on board again; steam up the Christiania Fjord, generally pleasant and smooth.

Tuesday, 5th day.—Early in morning arrive at Christiania. See the Storting, or Parliament House, Palace, and grounds; drive to Oscarshall and visit Mr. Bennett, etc.

Wednesday, 6th day.—Take rail to Eidsvold. Pretty scenery; architecture of railway stations very similar to Swiss. Strawberries, cakes, and sweetmeats offered for sale at the stations by peasants. Arrived at Eidsvold, walk to boat, and then steamer on the Mjösen to Lillehammer.

Thursday, 7th day.—Walk to Aronsveen; carriage to Holmen and Bakkejordet (a harmonium at the station!) Rest awhile. Then, if you are four in a party, have one carriage to carry your knapsacks, or rattletraps generally, and “ride and tie.” All the way from Lillehammer to Dombaas stretches the charming Gudbrandsdalen Valley. “Charming” is just the word; it is pretty, fascinating, beauty in the bud; the full-bloom beauty, the glory and grandeur, are to be found in the Romsdal Valley. Stay the night at Listad; capital quarters.

Friday, 8th day.—Carriage to Nedre Brandvold and Störklevstadt. This, and many other places along the route, is famous for its association with the exploits of the gallant Colonel Sinclair, 1612. For a capital account see “Laing’s

Norway." Then on again to Bredevangen, Moen (fine waterfall here), to Laurgaard. Here commences one of the most delightfully wild, rugged, wooded, and beautiful gorges in Norway, the ravine of Rusten. Stay at Brændhaugen for the night.

Saturday, 9th day.—Carriole to Toftemoen. (Station kept by a descendant of Harold Haarfager.) Then on to Dombaas. Here there is a junction to the Valley of Romsdal, and to the Dovre Fjeld. If there is time to do it, and inclination, a trip may be made from Dombaas to Jerkin on the Dovre Fjeld, returning to Dombaas for the Valley of the Romsdal. And here let me say that the Romsdal is magnificent; there is nothing else of its kind in Norway, perhaps not in the world: ever-varying scenery—mountains, gorges, cataracts, waterfalls, forests—everything to charm and delight. Any time the traveller may have to spare cannot be better spent than in lingering here.

From Dombaas walk to Holaker, and carriole from thence to Holseth, the destination for the night.

Sunday, 10th day.—Rest, and be thankful.

Monday, 11th day.—Drive to Molmen, Stueflatten, Ormen.

Tuesday, 12th day.—Linger about Ormen, a lovely spot. Carriole to Fladmark. Walk to Horgheim. Carriole to Aak; admirable situation and good quarters. Veblungnæset; fine views of Romsdalahorn and Troltdinderne (see Illustration).

Wednesday, 13th day.—Steamer to Vestnaes. Walk to Ellingsgaard. Carriole to Soholt, through Saeter-land. Steamer to Hellesylt on the Stör Fjord. And from here to Geiranger, one of the most terribly wild fjords in Norway. Sleep on board.

Thursday, 14th day.—In the Geiranger. Back to Hellesylt.

Carriole and walk to Tronstadt, Haugen, Graadaas; Faleide, good station.

Friday, 15th day.—Row to Udvig. Walk up what is said to be the steepest road in the country. Note the Langfjeld glaciers. At Reed take boat to Forde-in-Bredheim, and then through a magnificent gorge, a very Valley of Desolation. Note the Jostedal Fjelds. (Query, stay night at Ordal, but there is no station. We managed to get a shake-down at a private house.)

Saturday, 16th day.—Carriole to Nedre Vassenden and Forde.

Sunday, 17th day.—Take boat for Bergen.

Monday, 18th day.—Arrive at Bergen.

Tuesday, 19th day.—At Bergen.

Wednesday, 20th, Thursday, 21st, Friday 22nd, days.—Coasting. From Bergen to Stavanger, and Stavanger to Christian-sand.

Allow four days for getting back to London.

If desired, and steamers permit, this trip can be done in three weeks, easily; but a month or longer may be well spent in exploring the many interesting places it comprises.

Cost.—Four of us did it; time, a month; and our total expenses from London to London about £25 each.

NO. V.—UP THE RHINE, AND THROUGH THE BLACK FOREST. —A FORTNIGHT'S TRIP.

Instead of marking out what to do each day, for tastes differ considerably as to what is, and what is not, worth lingering over in the Rhineland, it will be enough to say—Go to Cologne, take the rail to Bonn, then up the Rhine, breaking the journey at every place of interest as far as to Mayence. Then fail not to see Frankfort, the city of statues; look in at Wiesbaden, enjoy

the trip through the Odenwald to Darmstadt and Heidelberg. Stay here a day, at least, and then on to Baden-Baden.

All the foregoing part of the journey everybody knows about, whether they have done it or not; but the remaining part of this journey is not so well known, and therefore I shall describe it more particularly.

The Black Forest is as a new world after leaving the worn-out haunts of the Rhine. Here the traveller finds rural scenery, small hotels, a quiet, unsophisticated people, and an absence of beggars. The scenery is everywhere delightful; rivers, mountains, lakes, waterfalls, and profuse vegetation. It is, moreover, a land of legend and romance; not only as regards its wilder and earlier fables, but its more modern historical incidents.

Leave Baden-Baden tolerably early in the morning, and take the train to Hornberg *viâ* Offenburg. Get out at Hornberg, and walk up the valley of the Niederwasser; the scenery is beautiful; the railway winding in and out is wonderful as a piece of engineering skill. Triberg is a curious little town of one street, terminated by a fine waterfall.

Take the train at Triberg to Donaueschingen, the source of the Danube, a very interesting spot. Then go on by rail to Neuhausen, to visit the Falls of the Rhine, and linger here as long as time permits, but remember that there are many interesting places yet to visit in the Forest. Leave Schaffhausen in the morning, by train to Allbrück. From this place take a carriage, or walk in four or five hours, through exquisite scenery, to St. Blasien, where there is good accommodation, good fishing, and shooting. Proceed from here to Schluchsee and Ober-Lenzkirch—where the industries of the people may be seen to advantage—to Neustadt. Next morning walk or drive to the Titi-See, and those who want a climb can ascend the Feldberg, the highest mountain in the Black Forest, from here.

Then by the Höllenthal, a magnificent pass, to Freiburg, and from Freiburg—home.

I shall not attempt to give more than a rough idea of the cost of this trip, because there are so many ways of going and returning; and it makes a considerable difference whether the Forest is explored by carriage or on foot. It *can* be done by a party of four for about £10 a head for the fortnight—that is to say, if the party consists of men willing to walk, and not determined to be reckless in expenditure. And it may be done, I think, by any tolerably moderate person for a guinea a day at the outside, more especially if the time occupied be three weeks or a month.

NO. VI.—A TOUR IN THE WEST OF ENGLAND.—DEVONSHIRE
AND CORNWALL IN A FORTNIGHT.

No Englishman knows his own country until he has seen Devonshire and Cornwall. It is a thousand pities that so many people think every other country fairer than their own, before they have visited its beautiful scenery to judge for themselves.

Devonshire is rich in contrasts. There are wild spots which have defied cultivation for ages, and glory in their wildness now as they did when the first human being broke their solitude. There are broad undulations, richly cultivated; peaceful plains studded with rural homesteads, where the honeysuckle climbs to the housetops, and scents the air with its perfume. There are wildernesses of beauty, where the wild flowers bloom and the ferns wave, and the rabbits and squirrels come forth fearlessly. There are rocky hills which stand up clear amid the blue sky, some dark and barren, and others tufted in every crevice with verdure. In the openings of the hills the eye rests now on wild moorlands in the distance, and now on bright green strips of meadow lying open to the sunshine. There are

quiet lanes with hedgerows and bushes, and among them climbing plants intertwine their delicate boughs, covered with foliage and flowers or sparkling berries. There are dense forests, where those "green-robed senators of mighty woods, tall oaks," have stood for ages in the unbroken calm. In the course of a day's ride in Devonshire it is possible to pass through busy towns, humming with a restless crowd, into desert glooms; it is possible, in one half-hour to be amid the "fairer forms that cultivation glories in," and in the next to wander through solitary places rich in the profusion of uncultured beauty—the spots which Nature loves to call her own. But beautiful as are the inland sceneries of Devonshire, not less charming are the sceneries of its coast. There the bold cliffs overhang the plains of sand, and the shore is strewn with shining shells and pebbles. Numerous creeks tempt an exploration, caverns court the wanderer to their shades, and the broad blue sea, with its crested waves sparkling in the sunlight, is nowhere more beautiful than in Devonshire——

Stay; that is not the case. It is more beautiful on the Cornish coast—more impressive, at any rate. I know of no place in the world where the sea is to be more thoroughly and reverently enjoyed than at Land's End; and, perhaps, if the relative merits of the inland scenery in the two counties had to be weighed one against the other, it would be difficult in many respects to say which would outbalance the other.

But here is a "route;" and if the traveller who undertakes it on the strength of this recommendation should turn round and say, "I wasted my holiday in visiting Devonshire and Cornwall," my advice to that man will be, "Henceforth limit your excursions to Margate."

Go to Torquay, and make your tour from thence.

1st day.—Torquay to Dartmouth by rail. Steamer on the

river Dart to Totnes and back. A drive through Holne Chase.

2nd day.—By coach from Dartmouth, by way of the Slapton Sands, to Kingsbridge and Kingsbridge Road. Rail to Plymouth.

3rd day.—Rail to Penzance. A glorious journey. Explore Penzance in afternoon and evening.

4th day.—Drive to Land's End and back, visiting the Logan Rock, etc.

5th day.—Penzance to Helston by coach. Then to the Lizard by coach. Ramble about Kynance Cove. To Helston and Falmouth.

6th day.—Rail to Penryn, Truro, St. Austell, Liskeard, Plymouth.

7th day.—Plymouth.

8th day.—To Launceston by rail. Stop at Tavistock *en route*, and drive to Endsleigh.

9th day.—Coach to Bude. Magnificent coast scenery.

10th day.—Coach to Barnstaple. A glorious journey, with sea views all the way.

11th day.—By 4-horse break to Ilfracombe.

12th day.—At Ilfracombe.

13th and 14th days.—Ilfracombe to Barnstaple by coach; and then back to London. Or, Ilfracombe to Lynton, Minehead, and Bristol, etc., etc.

Travelling expenses, railway, steamers, coaches, breaks, etc., 1st class throughout, somewhere about £10.



OUR TRAVELLERS' CLUB.

Questions.

13. PARIS.—A party of three wish to take a driving France ; can any of your readers tell us of an hotel in Paris a horse and cart can be put up, and where we can also be accommodated, at a moderate rate?

S.

14. ST. PETERSBURG.—Can any one tell me what a hotel charges at St. Petersburg, and what it would cost to live comfortably for a month, seeing all that is to be seen?

P. R.

15. THE NILE.—My brother and I propose to go to Cairo up the Nile to the second cataract. Will some of your travellers tell us what is the earliest time we can start from Cairo with comfort. Neither of us can stand the heat very well, but we are anxious to leave as early as possible, and are prepared to undergo heat as intense as we have in London in July.

J. H.

16. BICYCLES IN NORWAY.—I want to see Norway, but I cannot travel without my bicycle. Will any one who knows the roads in Norway tolerably well tell me if I could get through on my bicycle from Christiania to Bergen, and mark out any pleasant and tolerably level *détour* between those places, as I have nearly six weeks at my disposal.

H. M. C.

17. AMERICA.—Is it possible to make a six weeks' tour of America and back, worth the doing? Can I, in that time, depend upon seeing enough of the country to give me an idea of America? Will any one mark out for me the best way to employ my time, object being to see as much as possible?

JOHN HAMPTON

BIRDS OF PASSAGE ;

OR, A SIX WEEKS' ROMANCE.

BY T. AMBROSE HEATH.

CHAPTER XVI.

IN THE CASINO.



THE Emperor had had a fine day for his fête. There had been a grand Mass sung in his honour at the church, with cannon accompaniments, most trying to the nerves of the female worshippers ; and, to wind up the general rejoicing, came the ball at the Casino. It began early, at eight. The entrance of our party created no slight sensation. Leila, in white, looking, as usual, that curious composition of spoiled child and tragedy queen, which proved so superlatively bewitching ; Mélanie Monti, whose invalidism was not proof against the temptation of a ball, pale, plain, and rather overdressed ; Fritz, her docile husband ; the other two gentlemen ; Theresa ; and lastly Rosalind, who, owing to her strikingly foreign appearance, attracted more attention than any one in the room. She wore a pale blue dress, which set off her complexion, already conspicuous by the marked contrast it presented to Leila's dark colouring and generally southern type. Fairness like Rosalind's is extremely uncommon in Austria and the Tyrol—more so, perhaps, than in Italy.

The company was a mixture. There were Austrian grantees, keeping very strictly to their own set, a few foreigners, many Jews, and a sprinkling of officers.

"We can keep to ourselves ; we need not dance," said Leila, as they entered. Theresa and Mélanie seated themselves

on a sofa, and soon made friends over a little feast of Ischl gossip, provided by the latter; for Mélanie knew everybody in the room by sight, and most of their antecedents, by hearsay. She could whisper how this officer had been wounded in the war; how that one had performed prodigies of valour, and been decorated; how a third hero's betrothed had treacherously married a civilian in his absence. Moreover, she could point out all the semi-invalids, and declare why and for how long they had been taking the waters.

To sit and listen to the band was a pleasure at first, but after a little while became torture—at least, to Von Salis, the grave German, who, like most grave Germans, was an inveterate waltzer.

“We did come intending not to dance,” he remarked, at last, to Rosalind; “but——”

“So much for good intentions,” she replied, with a smile; and two minutes afterwards they were whirling round the room.

Many eyes were bent upon her in admiration, and on him in envy. Percy turned to Leila with a half doubtful air.

“I *never* dance,” she said, very decidedly.

“No more do I,” he replied, without hesitation; “but I eat ices sometimes. Do you?”

Leila laughed outright, and took his arm. He led her into the next room, where the windows stood wide open. It was a sultry night, and they stepped out into the shady verandah. They, too, were a striking-looking pair, and attracted a good deal of notice. Mademoiselle Monti, as a musical celebrity, was, of course, well known by sight to every one. As for Percy, thanks to his handsome face and nonchalant airs, he passed commonly in Ischl for a rich English *milord*, violently in love with Leila, who, for her part, was supposed to encourage him.

"If I were the Government," she said suddenly, half aloud, "I should *fine* people for *staring*. What a sum they would collect, especially from Ischl!"

"The Emperor would never allow such a tax; emperors and archduchesses are made to be stared at. Fancy if they drove along the Esplanade, and nobody could afford to look up!"

"Come and sit here out of the way," she said, pointing to some chairs under the trees overshadowing the window; "you shall see through the glass into the dancing-room, and tell me all that is going on."

"They are playing the 'Blaue Donau;' the dance has just begun again. I see a lady in a red and yellow dress waltzing with Herr Fritz."

"Serve her right. I know the gown. In Ischl she goes by the name of the Dutch Tulip. A woman who wears such a thing deserves—to dance with my brother. I can say no more."

"The Baron seems quite indefatigable."

"Oh, of course."

"Why?"

"What man would ever tire with your little cousin for a partner? I confidently expect them to go on for ever."

"I only wish they would."

"*Perchè?*"

"I was thinking that then we should sit here for ever too."

"*Merci bien!* The Heavens forbid!"

"So they will, I fear. I rather think it's going to rain, or thunder, or something."

"Don't, Monsieur. I hate a storm at night."

"Shall I say it's to be put off till to-morrow? Made moiselle Monti being indisposed——"

"Herr Percy, what is the matter with you this evening? You are very silly—more so than usual."

"There's a time for everything. In my humble opinion half-past nine o'clock on a summer's night in the gardens of the Casino at Ischl is a time to be ——"

"Foolish—so I see. We should have been wiser to dance."

"Folly for ever, then," returned Percy, emphatically. "Better the fool's paradise than the purgatory of wise men."

"Take care, Monsieur," said Leila, laughingly, but not quite knowing what to make of her cavalier and his manner.

"Of what, Mademoiselle?" he replied, in the same tone, "of my head? or my heart? They are yours, not mine—and yours to dispose and take care of."

"Monsieur, I never do know of you, whether you are in jest or in earnest."

"There is so much 'earnest,' one only dares to speak in jest."

"Instance."

"All that I ever said to you in jest I would have said, had I dared, in earnest."

It was growing very dark, and Percy's speeches were accompanied by the rolling of distant thunder in the mountains, and flashes of summer lightning, which contrasted strangely with the twanging music and artificial glare in the ball-room.

"Do I offend you?" he continued. "It does not much matter now; in a day or two I shall be gone, and you will have forgotten the offence and the offender."

"No; that I shall not."

"Then you will have to tie a knot in your pocket-handkerchief."

"Give me something to remember you by," said Leila, coquettishly.

Now she had put on a quantity of her prettiest jewels that night—an opal necklet and earrings, and rings without end.

Looking down at her hand, Percy saw there the little amulet he once wore, and smiled.

“Isn't it curious?” said Leila, following the direction of his eye. “I am fond of that ring; it came to me in a bouquet one night in London. They tell me it is tremendously valuable—that's not the reason—but I never saw one like it in my life.”

Percy was looking at her hard. Their eyes met. Something significant in his expression disconcerted and enlightened her.

“Why, is it possible? No, Monsieur.”

“Suppose you were to think of me when you look at that ring,” he said, laughing:

“Yours, was it?—and I never knew?”

“It was mine once upon a time.” Percy was thinking how much more blessed it was to give than to receive.

The verandah was deserted at that moment, and no one in sight except Von Salis and Rosalind, who, unobserved by Leila, were standing at one of the Casino windows. Leila, at Percy's first words, had slipped off the ring. “Take it, Monsieur, I beg you will. I may seem strange and rude to you; but, indeed, I cannot keep it,” she exclaimed, impetuously.

“But why?” he urged.

“Never mind; I tell you I cannot. There,” and she replaced it, with a smile, on his finger, saying, “I shall remember you, Monsieur, without any ring.”

A suppressed exclamation behind them made her turn sharply round. There stood Rosalind and Von Salis. They had witnessed the little scene, and heard her last words. Von Salis' face was livid. He spoke in a harsh, constrained voice.

"I think we are going to have a storm."

"I am quite of your opinion," said Leila, pertly.

"Madame Monti, Miss Locke and Miss Anson are going home. Is it your intention to accompany them, or to remain in the verandah?"

Leila tossed her head. "Are you tired with dancing at last? What's the matter?" she added, sharply, observing the Baron's eyes, which were fastened on the ring. "That ring I have just given Mr. Darrell?"

"The ring you have just given Mr. Darrell. Precisely."

"Precisely," repeated the provoking child, mimicking him. "Well, it has changed hands—that's all."

"A little too much," he replied, in a tone trembling with the excitement of a calm man thoroughly roused, and quite at the end of his calmness. Percy was going to expostulate and explain, but Leila stopped him peremptorily.

"You shan't say a single word. It is most unjust—unfair," she continued, to Von Salis. "You look at my conduct in one light, yours in another. I will not be treated so."

"And as for the ring——" began Percy.

"Do you know who it is who has just given it you?" thundered the Baron, turning round to the Englishman and facing him.

"Perfectly. In the first instance it was given by myself to Mademoiselle Leila Monti; it has just been returned to me by——"

"The Baroness Von Salis," interposed Rosalind, withdrawing her arm from the Baron's. "Forgive us for making the discovery," she added coldly, "we have known all for some days—ever since Madame, at Traunkirchen, inadvertently wrote her name on the sand. Do us the justice to say that we have kept your secret better than yourselves. You might

have trusted us to do so. Percy," and she turned to her cousin, "I am a little tired. Shall we go back to Theresa?"

He led her away. A most opportune clap of thunder frightened everybody back to the ball-room, where the dance was already breaking up. When Von Salis reappeared with his bride, the English party were not there.

CHAPTER XVII.

IN DESPAIR.

"THIS world is not all love and idleness" (Miss Anson).

"Life is not all beer and skittles" (Mr. Darrell).

Such is the vintage of all the impressions of a six-weeks' romance, in the two very different minds of the cousins.

The scene changes. Ischl—sunshiny, soft, bright, caressing little Ischl—fades away. Leila, her smiles, and her wiles, and her songs. Von Salis, his myths of the middle ages, his anecdotes, folk lore, and all his literary hobbies left far behind. Good-bye to moonlight and golden hours, to folly and mirth, dreams and delusions. Well, they were soap-bubbles, and soap-bubbles must burst.

A young girl and an A B C office-clerk, clad respectively in grey waterproof and macintosh, sit dumb as stones and grave as judges on the coupé of the pre-Adamite-looking *stellwagen* that creeps to and fro between Salzburg and Berchtesgaden.

Rain streams down in torrents. An icy wind beats from the mountains. The night is drawing on, and cold, wet, and darkness do their worst.

Theresa crouches in the corner, groaning and shivering. The other two rather like it. There are certain exasperated states of mind to which intense outward physical discomfort

ministers with all the good effect of a counter irritation. Something has happened which has stung us past endurance. Complaints are no use; invective is no use. But it is a real relief when the weather agrees to vent our pent-up feelings for us—to rage in our stead.

It seemed to Percy and Rosalind as if the storm were positively taking part with them—as if the wind were blustering out, with the former, that Leila is a pernicious little sprite, and he a miserable man,—with the latter, that Baron Ferdinand von Salis is a most delightful humbug, and that she has been a great goose.

Before them towers the Watzmann, a big, bold, hoary-headed mountain, like Saul, a head and shoulders taller than its neighbours. It appears to meet the travellers' eyes whichever way they look, with its singular, striking outline. Humboldt, the cosmopolite, used to declare that nothing finer had he seen in either hemisphere, than the view of this grand old Alp. The wretched horses had just life enough left in them to crawl into the village. Berchtesgaden is a most charming spot in its way, which, however, is not Ischl's way. They differ as a stout, chubby-cheeked country girl trudging to market differs from Adelina Patti when she trips on in her fancy peasant-dress. One is ideally charming, the other plainer, but the real thing.

Rustic Berchtesgaden looked thoroughly in the rough that night. Lodging of any sort was at a discount, and arriving in the mist and rain, our travellers were only too glad to get housed at all, no matter where.

Theresa, having a perfectly quiet mind, had found the weather perfectly disagreeable. But she made amends to herself by a capital supper, went to bed, and soon slept the sleep of the just, of the easy in circumstances, conscience, and constitution, the untroubled in brain and heart. Rosalind

could not rest. Till past midnight she sat by the window, impatient for the day. Just so during the day she had longed for the night.

The storm was over, the sky swept free from clouds and mist. There rose the old Watzmann, and over it a crescent moon was riding high, shining preternaturally clearly, as it only shines after rain; and all around, the stars, "the eyes of heaven," were glistening as if still bright with tear-drops.

Were Rosalind a poet, she would sit down immediately and indite verses, as Byron did on the Jura Alps; or as Alfred de Musset once, to the all-inspiring one—

"Etoile de l'amour, ne descends pas des cieux."

Suns of the sleepless! bright, distant, guiding, beautiful spheres! shall we men ever get beyond praising, loving, admiring, wondering about, and writing rhymes to you?

And to-night, as Rosalind watches them with vague feelings of wonder and aspiration, they seem to make reply and rebuke—

"Wilt thou reach stars because they shine on thee?"

* * * * *

The morning dawned; sleep after sunrise was out of the question. The weather was unexceptionable. Theresa was impatient to visit the Königsee, or Lake of St. Bartholomew, and insisted on Rosalind starting off with her at once, as every right-minded tourist is bound to do. It was an hour's walk through the woods. The most rooted melancholy could scarcely have held out against the influence of the fresh, exhilarating air, the joyous scene, shining woods, bubbling streams, and banks of wild flowers bathed in dew.

St. Bartholomew, his lake, should be seen as near sunrise or sunset as possible. At such times it appears in all its glory—far grander and wilder than the Austrian lakes, more rugged and bare in character, closely guarded by mountains rising

almost vertically from the water, so that only at two or three points can a landing be effected at all.

At the Fischmeister's house, near the opening of the lake, Theresa and Rosalind took a boat, and two stalwart Bavarian oarswomen swept them along over the waters, and landed them at the promontory where St. Bartholomew has a small and ugly chapel. There is nothing to see; but it is tourist etiquette to get out at the promontory, and Theresa, as a tourist, was ready to admire everything, even the chapel. She could not understand why Rosalind should look so miserably, hopelessly, unmitigatedly bored.

Alas! it is dangerous to make too pleasant travelling acquaintances, or to keep those fugitive companions too long. It is not only that, once parted, we miss them so much, but what is worse, all the glory out of other things seems to have departed with them. New landscapes, strange towns, look as lifeless as painted scenery and portraits in a picture-gallery. Of the multitude of churches, of marbles, of altar-pieces, of canvas, there appears to be no end, and they have all become a weariness to the flesh. He who is fresh from intoxicating society need not hope to taste the sweets of sober solitude. Rosalind wondered if she would ever again find it in her to care for lakes and waterfalls. Not for the Watzmann itself could she get up a spark of enthusiasm this morning.

To-day, for the first time, her thoughts began to turn homewards. Strange, that here, in the heart of a magnificent lake and mountain region, visions of prosaic England, its damp climate, and her rather dull home, should intrude, and, stranger still, be welcome!

Theresa was lamenting aloud that their tour, as planned at first, was drawing to a close; that they were expected back in England shortly; that they had only three or four more days

to spare. All this was to Rosalind a subject of thankfulness. She only wished the return journey were over already.

In the afternoon they visited the salt mines. The excitement of walking about, even underground in the dark, in male attire (miner's blouse and pantaloons, which explorers have to don), the slides, and the ride on the locomotive, completely exhausted Miss Locke. So Rosalind left her, late in the afternoon, resting at the hotel, and strolled out. Perpetual motion for the young lady was the only solace that day.

She wandered through the village, then out of it, some way up a hill which looked inviting for a scramble—rugged enough to make the march exciting; not so steep as to be disagreeable.

When about half-way up, she came in sight of a bench. Some one was sitting there, reading a letter. As she approached, she recognized Percy Darrell, of whom they had seen nothing all day; coming softly behind him, she laid her hand on his shoulder, and he looked up with a start and an involuntary frown.

CHAPTER XVIII.

IN THE DARK.

“AH! Well met, at sundown, Rosalind.”

“Ill met, and out of season; is it not rather that you mean?” she said, laughing and shaking her head. “I suspect you climbed this hill just to get out of everybody’s way, and to be able to brood a little in private; when, lo! I come stumbling in upon you unawares.”

“Perhaps you, too, wanted to brood alone.”

“Perhaps I did. But as we *have* met, suppose we make the best of the situation, and admire the sunset in unison.”

"With all my heart. Sit down here. Besides," he added, presently, "I really did want to talk to you a bit, out of Theresa's presence, you know. What have you done with her? Where is she now?"

"Fast asleep, at the inn."

"That's all right. I have a letter here which you ought to read, and she oughtn't; a letter sent to me yesterday morning, before we started, by Von Salis—deuce take him!" (*sotto voce*). "It seems to be addressed to both of us victims."

Rosalind took it, and read as follows:—

"Wishing to prevent any misunderstanding on your part of what passed last night, I write to state the particulars of the circumstances which led to it. You are right in supposing Leila Monti to be my wife. Five weeks ago we were married secretly, near Munich. Knowing both our families to be vehemently opposed to our wishes; for myself, my uncle would disinherit me to-morrow if he knew I had married an actress—we arranged to conceal the affair until concealment should become impossible or unnecessary. It was to scatter the roused suspicions of L.'s people that I took the trip to Ober Ammergau. She and I might not have met again for months, but for your plan of going to Ischl. I saw that, arriving with your party, I should put the spies, Fritz and Mélaine, off the scent. They are in league with my own relatives to separate us; for the penniless person I should be, directly the truth were known, is in their eyes no desirable match for Leila Monti. She and I would gladly have taken you and your cousin into our confidence, but did not dare. An accident has put you in possession of our secret; but that it is safe in your keeping I neither doubt nor fear, nor that you will forgive the deception now you know all."

"The Baron's ultimatum," said Rosalind, as she returned the note.

"How I long to give him mine, in exchange."

"But you won't."

"Certainly not ; but merely out of regard for myself. That's the worst of it."

"Of what ?"

"Being made a fool of. One can never be even with the enemy."

"It's not possible," said Rosalind, quaintly, "to make a fool, except the foolish stuff is there already."

"Complimentary !" growled Percy.

"Very ; as I meant it. I'm always finding fault with you, Percy ; but I never discovered in you a man to be made a fool of."

"No ; that was reserved for Leila Von Salis," he retorted, bitterly.

"She hasn't ; she couldn't," Rosalind protested, with vehemence. "As for dreams—well, I believe in day-dreams, irresistible, for which one is hardly more responsible than for those of sleep."

"Nonsense !"

"No. They will come, and have their way ; but one wakes in the end."

The cousins had left the bench, and were ascending the hill above. It was a rough path, but they toiled on energetically, regardless of gathering clouds overhead, till they reached the highest point. Then began a sharp shower, which kept them waiting for a while under such shelter as the brushwood could afford, gazing vaguely at a view of peaks and rocks, and the little white village below, fast fading in the twilight.

"It is some consolation to me to find," said Percy, rather

savagely, "that you, at any rate, have something to say to me still—though I am only a cousin, not a Baron, or a connoisseur, and cannot play Beethoven's sonatas, or give you lectures in German literature."

"And you actually condescend to walk with me—though I am not a prima donna, with the face of a houri, the powers of an enchantress, and one, too, who can sing 'Per pieta' better than anybody living. Half a loaf is better than no bread, I suppose."

He looked incredulous.

"Circumstances have forced us into each other's confidence ; but don't let us become enemies for that, Percy."

"On the contrary. Sometimes the animals most accustomed to bark and snap at each other will make friends in adversity, you know. Besides," he added, presently, "I shan't bother you long. I shall go from Salzburg into Italy, over the Brenner."

"Do ; it will be a distraction."

"Will it? "

"Yes, if you are distractable. For my part, I don't feel so ; and therefore don't regret that the time has come for Theresa and myself to be moving homewards."

"Then we part company at Salzburg."

"At Salzburg. Yes."

The rain had now ceased, and as it was becoming rapidly dark, Rosalind proposed to descend. There was, indeed, no time to be lost. They had forgotten how suddenly night comes on in the mountains, nor considered how much slower and more unpleasant a task they would find the descent in the dusk than the ascent had been. Neither had much experience of mountain climbing ; and after the first quarter of an hour they were astonished to find how much work still lay before them.

"'Excelsior,' was child's play to this," observed Percy,

presently, stopping and laughing. "Give me your hand, Rosalind."

It was, in fact, no laughing matter. Safety seemed to consist, on the one hand, in going very slowly; while, on the other, the delay added to the danger; for in the increasing darkness it was hard to distinguish the path.

"Theresa will be anxious," observed Rosalind, as they stopped for an instant to take breath.

"I'm afraid her anxiety will only send her into hysterics, not inspire her to send out a torchlight procession to look for us," muttered Percy. "Upon my word, Rosalind, I think we had better not proceed."

"But what can we do?"

"Let me go on alone, and return with a guide and a lantern."

"It is growing icy cold. I should be frozen first, like the babes in the wood or travellers on the St. Bernard; and there are no robins to bury me, or dogs to dig me out. Come along, Percy; I think the worst is over."

Percy thought otherwise. The same ground that had afforded an amusing scramble by daylight was terribly precarious after dark; the mountain side steep, rocky and treacherous. One false step might entail a headlong fall.

"I wish I was a mule," he sighed. "Not so fast, Rosalind; I think we have missed the path."

So they undoubtedly had, and were wandering blindly over the sharp sloping hillside, stumbling among scattered bushes and detached pieces of rock.

"Oh, for the moon," said Rosalind. "It is behind those clouds somewhere."

"We shall be late for supper—there's no help for it." Both pretended to ignore the danger, and, for the sake of mutual

encouragement, continued to laugh and treat the matter lightly. But there was a kind of ghastliness about such joking now.

"Stop!" cried Percy, suddenly. It was time; they were deliberately groping their way down a precipice, not so steep or so sharp perhaps as the Tarpeian or Leucadian Rock, but enough to serve for all purposes of danger to life and limb.

Too late! Rosalind had gone one step too far, missed her footing, lost her balance, and now hung clinging to Percy's arm.

It was all over in a moment. It had come so suddenly. No time for him to throw himself back. He was slipping—could not save—must fall with her—unless——

Rosalind loosened her hold. The next instant, Percy, he hardly knew how, had regained his footing, and stood there on the edge, safe, but alone.

"Rosalind!"

Silence.

"Rosalind!" again. Oh, the indescribable vague dread of that moment. His voice sounded strange and hoarse to him. Worst of all was the darkness, the impossibility of knowing how she had fallen, or searching to ascertain.

Must he stay there waiting for light that will not come? Shall he try to reach Berchtesgaden and bring help? The perplexity, suspense, and feeling of helplessness, were maddening. It was a nightmare, and he could not stir.

A minute ago he and she were scrambling along bantering each other gaily; and now—no picture so horrible but it will suggest itself to his imagination.

There is a little break in the black clouds yonder. Presently will come a transient glimpse of moonshine. Then he will be able to see, at least; see what——?

The clouds parted like a curtain, the moon broke out, and

its slanting rays fell over the declivity on the edge of which he was standing.

They showed him Rosalind lying far below. Her dress was entangled in some bushes which had arrested her fall. There she lay, her head resting on a stone, her hat torn off, her fair hair hanging loosely, her face white and inanimate.

Percy saw this; he saw also that beneath her came another sharper drop of some twenty feet. The bush might give way—and then——

He did not stop to think. Only a few seconds of moonlight remained to him. Clinging with hands and feet to bushes and rocks, he swung himself down the treacherous slope, strung by the excitement of the moment to an extraordinary pitch of strength and agility, gained the spot where she lay, lifted her up and struggled back to safer ground, where he laid her on the grass and knelt beside her, looking into her face.

Just in time, all was dark again.

“Rosalind, look up. Dearest, are you hurt?”

He had not the smallest idea what he was saying, bewildered as he was by that nameless dread, and the feeling of isolation. Nothing but Rosalind seemed of the slightest consequence to him at that moment. Happiness, Leila, anything—he would have forfeited all then, just to know that she was not lying dead in his arms.

She moved her hand a little, and half lifted her head.

“Thank God!” he muttered. “Dear Rosalind, you are safe now.”

She opened her eyes, looked up vacantly, and shuddered.

“Let me go, Percy; I am dragging you down with me. Let me go. Save yourself, child.”

In the unspeakable relief of that moment, Percy was scarcely more collected than the bewildered girl, who, still half

stunned, kept entreating him urgently to let her go—to save himself, and not to fall with her.

Very slowly her scattered senses returned. There were occasional glimpses of moonlight now, and Percy perceived to his infinite relief that he had stumbled upon the path again. Rosalind, though partially recovered, could only walk with difficulty, and continued to repeat her confused questions about her fall. How it had happened. Had he fallen too? and how had he found her?

More than an hour later, Theresa, who was watching at the hotel in a distracted state, saw them arrive—Percy supporting Rosalind, who was as white as a sheet, and scarcely able to drag herself along.

The next thing was to seek and find a doctor. He reassured them. There was no cause for alarm. But, besides strains and bruises, there had been such a shock to the nervous system, that he absolutely forbade his patient to travel for three weeks at least.

The patient chafed and frowned; Theresa sighed; Percy, unwilling, he said, to desert them in such pitiful circumstances, magnanimously put off his Italian trip till his cousin was better.

CHAPTER XIX.

IN EXTREMIS.

THREE weeks went by. Percy spent them at Berchtesgaden. He took short walking tours in the mountains for change of air, visiting Hallein, Gastein, and the Gross Glockner, but kept his head-quarters at the village. There he continued to do duty as a charitable cousin, till Rosalind was completely restored and able to start with Theresa on her homeward journey.

The last evening came. They all saw it pass with a kind of regret. The three weeks had been wonderfully pleasant, thought Percy, pondering; provokingly, thought Rosalind, half ashamed at having to allow it.

They all left Berchtesgaden together. Percy had changed his plans, given up his Italian tour altogether, and now proposed to wind up his holidays by a visit to some of the German baths. Theresa and Rosalind were returning to England direct. But for the first two days his route and theirs were the same.

"As far as Frankfort; there we part."

At Frankfort, accordingly, they arrived one afternoon, about five o'clock. It is a fine town, Frankfort, a lively town, too. A centre and rendezvous of nations, with plenty of architectural, artistic, and other interest, to command the respect of foreigners. But for tourists arriving there late in the afternoon, after they have found their hotel and dined, it does not, perhaps, appear particularly attractive. Churches and galleries closed, too late to see sights, too early to go to bed. Rosalind proposed that they should walk out to look at the statue of Goethe in the Rossmarkt, and they soon found their way to the wide, open square, all quiet and deserted in the midst of the din of that busy city. The only sign of life in the Platz was on that side of it where the theatre stands. It was an opera night. The building was lit up, and sounds of the orchestra playing within were distinctly audible in the square where the English party stood.

"Tra la la," hummed Percy. "Methinks I've heard that music before. 'Giu del vin cacciamo,' eh, is it not, Rosalind?"

Just so; the opening chorus to that king of light operas, "Fra Diavolo," the most perfect masterpiece of picturesque music and musical comedy that ever emanated from a felicitous brain.

"Suppose we go in," suggested Rosalind. "They have only just finished the overture. We shall easily get places, I daresay."

They were informed by the officials, however, that the whole house was full, with the exception of one stage box. Percy closed at once with the stage-box, and they took their seats.

The theatre, a good sized one, was really crowded in every part, a surprising circumstance, seeing that September is not the season, even in Frankfort. When they entered, they found the audience in convulsions before the spectacle of the tourist English "*milord*," Koburg, a marvellous figure, with his frizzle wig and overgrown whiskers, who was strutting about the stage in straw-coloured clothes, white hat and eye-glass, and delivering lectures to his weak-minded wife on the subject of her flirtations with the sham Marquis—a little conjugal squabble that never fails to afford infinite enjoyment to the spectators.

From their position, those in the stage-box had a very good view behind the scenes, where the opera heroine, Zerlina, was standing at the wings, chatting gaily with one of those mysterious managerial-looking gentlemen in dress clothes who haunt the *coulisses*.

All at once a start and half-suppressed exclamation of astonishment came from Rosalind, for Zerlina, suddenly turning round and catching sight of the English party, had begun to make signs to them, laughing merrily, and bestowing on them a shower of friendly smiles and nods.

Yes, the pretty little Neapolitan inn-keeper's daughter, with her picturesque peasant's dress, was—Madame la Baronne herself; and there sat Von Salis, her husband, dutifully at his post in the first row of stalls.

The next minute Leila appeared on the stage—a charming figure—roguishly demure, yet perfectly simple, and free from all soubrette mannerisms. Follows the “sorpresa” quintett, and now her voice rings out, eclipsing the others; not singing them down by mere superiority of force, but, as it were, overruling them by its fuller, richer, purer, subtler quality.

Never had Leila sung better—never played with more spirit and winsome abandon. Respectful and admiring with the Marquis-brigand, full of wonderment before that truly wondrous pair—milord and miladi—tender to her lover, artless to herself. The personation was complete, and only too captivating.

The house, crammed by people all flocking to hear the famous Monti, who could only spare Frankfort a couple of nights, rang with applause. Old men bravoed, and laid their heads together, declaring that this was a genius equal to Sontag's or Malibran's. Her most inveterate enemies—and all cantatrices have inveterate enemies in every theatre—were silenced, and must hide their diminished heads for the nonce.

It was during the ballet in the third act, that an official tapped at the door of the stage-box. He was very polite, and brought a tiny French note, addressed to “Mademoiselle Anson.”

“After the opera, do come, all of you, just to see me for three minutes. The bearer will show you the way. We want to shake hands and say you good-bye.”

And when poor, handsome Fra Diavolo, to the triumph of his enemies and the inexpressible grief of Theresa Locke, and other tender-hearted lady spectators, had been duly put to death, when the curtain had fallen and the crowd dispersed, Theresa, Rosalind, and Percy rose and followed their leader down a narrow staircase to certain mysterious regions behind the curtain.

Here they waited about for a little while, till presently the heroine, muffled up in fur and velvet came gliding forth to her carriage, leaning on Von Salis' arm.

"Ah, so we have met again, I knew we should," she exclaimed, shaking hands with them cordially. "Let me tell you, you came just in time; this is my last night in Frankfort."

"Our first and last," replied Rosalind. "To-morrow we leave for England."

"And I for Vienna, *en route* for St. Petersburg, where I have an engagement for the season. What a happy chance to see you first! But come, Ferdinand, we shall be late. I am so sorry, so sorry," she added to the others, "but I must hurry off. I have promised to go to a grand fête at the Duchess of ——'s, I and the Baron, my husband."

Words at which Theresa, to whom Rosalind had only spoken of her suspicion of the relationship, a suspicion which to the former had seemed ridiculous and unfounded, stood aghast. Percy's eyes asked all sorts of questions, but before he had time to speak them out, Leila burst into a little peal of laughter, and began to explain.

The explanation was short and simple. The mystery had ceased to be one; the embarrassment of the young couple having been ended in a most unlooked-for manner by the sudden death of the Baron's uncle, three weeks ago, a few days after the dance at the Casino. "And Ferdinand has got his rightful share of the family property after all, and with it leave to marry whom he pleases," said Leila, archly; "even me."

"Even you," repeated Von Salis, admiringly.

"Good-bye, my friends; Miss Locke, Miss Rosalind, and you, Monsieur, good-bye." Then, with a quick, keen glance from one cousin to the other, she added, slyly, "And mind you tie a knot in your pocket-handkerchief, Monsieur, or I fear that

you will now very soon have forgotten all about Leila Von Salis."

The next minute they had whisked off in their carriage, leaving the English party standing under the dim street lamps in the strange city.

Slowly they walked back to the hotel. Miss Locke had all the conversation to herself on the way. She kept up a running monologue of surprise and conjecture, which received neither attention nor reply.

As for Percy and Rosalind, a wall of ice seemed to have suddenly arisen between them. On reaching the hotel, they bade each other good night and good-bye, with as much politeness and frigidity as though they had been strangers.

The two ladies shared an apartment. Theresa declared herself quite ready, as usual, for rest and sleep. Not so her companion. Under pretence of having a letter to write, Rosalind returned to the little ante-room they had just left, and which the landlord had placed at their disposal. She wanted to collect her thoughts. And Theresa was one of those unthinking persons in whose presence to collect your thoughts is impossible. "Oh, to be alone for two minutes," sighed Rosalind.

There was a balcony stuffed with oleanders and orange-trees in pots. It was a bright, warm night; she stepped out and stood there listening to the hum of the city, fast dying into silence.

"I beg your pardon," said a voice among the shrubs, her cousin's voice. She started.

"Percy, are you there? I thought——"

"Otherwise," said he, coolly. "But here am I still, and no mistake, cigar and all."

There was two minutes' silence, but Rosalind had not collected her thoughts.

"Shall we see you again to-morrow before we start?" she asked, stiffly.

"That will depend upon what time I start myself."

"Start for where?" she said, timidly.

"For—St. Petersburg."

Her eyes flashed a little, and she turned away sharply. But he, who had carefully watched the expression of her face, caught hold of both her hands and laughed.

"No, Rosalind. Did I say St. Petersburg? That was a mistake of mine. Anywhere but there, please. Listen to me."

"Percy——"

"Oh, but you must, this time. I am not going to part with you in silence, my dear, nor in tears, if I can help it."

"There, Percy, that will do; now, good-night."

"First tell me what you were thinking of as we walked home from the theatre this evening."

"I was thinking how things in this world change their shape and meaning," said Rosalind, slowly; "how feelings and impressions one has tried to forget, even for a little while, seem, when one looks at them again, like crystals, to have taken new forms—the last, I suppose, the true ones."

"Hum," said Percy, reflecting, "I'm not sure that I understand that. As for myself, there is no denying that the last three weeks at Berchtesgaden——"

"I cannot explain. Good night."

"Don't go yet. Wait till Theresa comes to look for you. She is sure to do so in a moment. She hates being left alone in a strange hotel; and I'm not sure that I don't feel with her. Stay a bit. Remember, to-morrow I'm off to St. Petersburg."

"In the spirit, Percy, if not in the flesh."

"I never permit my spirit to play truant, Rosalind."

"Are you sure? Is it not in this very hour giving you the slip to go and look on at the Duchess of ——'s fête?"

"Exactly. It went to look for yours there."

"A fool's errand, sir."

"Finding as much, it flitted home again, and is at this moment present in the balcony among the orange pots."

"Given over to memory and melancholy."

"No. It is not unlike Pandora's box. The lid has been opened, and all the cares and annoyances have taken to flight. But sometimes I think hope has remained behind."

Rosalind did not ask what he meant, but mused away in silence.

"How happy they are!" she sighed, presently.

"I'm glad of it—glad, too, they have crossed our path once more, and that we have met under rather more agreeable circumstances than those in which we parted before. It was just what I should have wished."

"Of course."

"Don't mistake me. Only for once—to meet, and part friends."

"But if you fall in with her on your travels, will it not be as friends?"

"My travels," repeated Percy. "Shall I tell you whither my inclination is dragging me now?"

"I cannot guess."

"Via Cologne, Brussels, Ostend, Dover, to London."

"Why, Percy, what is this?"

"Don't look so surprised. Must I tell you how it is that my thoughts and affections, sick of foreign travel, are rapidly taking a homeward turn? Shall I follow them? That is for you to decide."

"Percy, my dear boy, am I your keeper?"

"*Cela depend de vous.*"

Rosalind was silent.

"I mean," he pursued, "if you want me *not* to come, say so. If you think it better for me to go roaming about, hunting for change of scene and general distraction, at Berlin, or Vienna, or St. Petersburg——"

"No, Percy, no. Come home with us."

"Aye. And then?"

"And then, do as you please, sir."

"I shall remind you of that, Rosie, some day."

Theresa came wandering in. "Oh, Rosalind, are you ever coming? It is half-past ten, and we must rise at six."

"Here am I," she said, emerging from the balcony. But Percy had beaten a retreat, and hidden himself among the orange pots.

IN CONCLUSION.

WHAT was Miss Locke's astonishment to hear on the morrow that Mr. Darrell, for the third time, had changed his plans, and now intended to make a short tour in Belgium. This, he said, would enable him to accompany them as far as Ostend.

But when at Ostend she saw him send his luggage into the packet and join them on board, she stared in dumb amazement, first at the eccentric young man, then at Rosalind. The latter blushed, the former laughed.

"The fact is, Theresa," said Percy, seriously, "I have grown so accustomed to congenial society, that I find I cannot exist any longer without the right travelling companion."

"That is news," said Theresa, laughing. "But what will become of you in England?"

"What indeed? *Chi vivrà vedrà.*"

THE END.

THE ARDENNES.

BY C. BEESTON,

AUTHOR OF "OLD LONDON BELLS," "THE WELSH SEES," ETC.

WE have heard much recently, and probably shall hear very much more presently, of the advantages offered the tourist, in [the Ardennes—more particularly that portion of the country so-called, known as the Belgian Ardennes. Englishmen, of moderate means and large responsibilities, must certainly hear with satisfaction that there is still a portion of the Continent left, within easy, quick, and inexpensive reach of this country, wherein they may take their autumnal change without risk of finding that the month's or six weeks' relaxation abroad permitted themselves and families, has far exceeded their most liberal calculations with regard to expenditure, and, consequently, that a little closer attention to economic principles at home, and very considerably closer attention to business matters in town, have for a season been necessitated thereby.

The substantial advantages offered by the Ardennes are, a salubrious atmosphere, cheap living, cheap accommodation, and inexpensive means of locomotion. The living is ample and of excellent quality; lodging cleanly, although of unpretentious nature; and it is worth while to remark here, that the attention and civility everywhere met with on the part of attendants and officials is *not* at present the result of secret calculations with regard to the amount of "gratuities" likely to be forthcoming on the part of the traveller. As yet, the Ardennes have been comparatively untrodden ground by either our American cousins or ourselves. Hotel attendants, guides, and so forth, have not

yet, therefore, acquired the faculty of looking "stolid" on receipt of fees of wholly disproportionate amount, measured by the extent of services rendered. It is to be hoped that the Ardennes, in this particular, may long remain unspoiled for the tourist; and whilst on this subject, it may be stated that the sojourner in that country will find his or her opportunities of enjoyment—even comfort—considerably enhanced by the occasional judicious dispensation of a civil word or smile. For instance: an uncere- monious shout across a stream for information concerning its best fishing points; an uncere- moniously-worded demand for enlightenment on the subject of neighbouring points of view; the situation of ruins, caverns, roads thereto, etc., will *not* unfail- ingly elicit the information desired. The urbanely-worded request will as nearly invariably do so. The native of the Ardennes evinces, as a rule, a singular mixture of simplicity and independence of character.

If we turn from contemplation of the solid advantages offered to the tourist in the Ardennes, to those of another kind presented him, we shall find that it is the ground of the angler, sportsman, artist, archæologist, and lover of "legendary lore." For the angler, its rivers and innumerable tributary streams afford trout, grayling, and various kinds of coarse fish, chub, pike, etc. The Ourthe is said to be one of the finest trout- streams in Europe. The "Chemin de Fer de l'Ourthe" (Liège to Marloie) is available for various stations along this river; La Roche and Rochefort are, however, its great stations. Houffalize also (reached from La Roche or from Bovigny by *malle-post*, Spa and Luxembourg line) is a favourite station for fishing in the Ourthe. Huy, between Liège and Namur; Dinant, between Namur and Givet (railway by the Meuse), are excellent stations for fishing in the Meuse and neighbouring tributaries. The Becq, Amblève, Salm, Homme, Hoyoux,

amongst many other principal and minor streams, afford fair sport. The Salm (tributary of the Amblève) affords grayling, which are here called *ombres*. Grayling are also caught in the neighbourhood of Houffalize, but are there called white trout. Spring fishing in the Ardennes is more highly esteemed by many than that of a later season. In summer it may be said to be below mediocrity, and, should that season prove unusually hot and dry, does not even deserve the term mediocre. The fishing is closed by Government during the months of April and May; otherwise, it is nearly all free, and, where it is not, permission is easily obtainable. The proprietors of many of the hotels possess rights over contiguous fishing, as do they, likewise, over ranges of shooting.

Bastogne, which may be reached by branch service in connection with Spa and Luxembourg Railway; Mondorff-les-Bains (by *diligence* three times daily from Luxembourg); and Vianden (from Diekirch, Spa, and Luxembourg line), are favourite haunts with sportsmen in the Ardennes. The sport afforded in the Grand Duchy are partridges, quails, widgeon, penguin, wild-ducks, etc., for rough shooting; days in the woods with *chiens-courants*, the sport being goats, hares, and foxes; finally, *chasses* of wild boar, *obligatoires*, and otherwise. The *chasses obligatoires* are presided over by a functionary whose costume will at least surprise by reason of its novelty, if it does not exactly delight the English sportsman—a plumed hat and sword, figuring therein as adjuncts. He is, in fact, a brigadier of *gendarmerie*, these *chasses* (organized by government for the purpose of clearing any districts in which the depredations of the wild boar threaten to become too destructive) being in the hands of the *gendarmerie*. The Luxembourg beater, *traqueur*, of ordinary boar chases, performs his work on the word of an excellent

authority in such matters, in "first-rate English style." It is apropos of the subject of the English sportsman in the Ardennes to observe here, that the "prestige" attached everywhere on the Continent to the name of the Englishman as a sportsman, flourishes in untarnished lustre throughout the length and breadth of the Ardennes. That "he can bring down a bird that nobody else can see," is very nearly an article of faith in this part of the world, and the speech, "*Monsieur, les Anglais sont toujours adroits,*" uttered in tones of conviction, and accompanied by a deferential bow, will greet the ears of the Englishman wherever he may chance to present himself, accompanied by a gun.

For the artist, the scenery of the Ardennes offers every variety: richly-wooded heights and dells; rugged rocks, crowned by crumbling ruins; fertile valleys, occupied by flourishing villages; mining and manufacturing districts, teeming with population; hamlets, which look as if no breath of political or other convulsion had ever disturbed the quiet of their sparse inhabitants. River and rock scenery are here presented, in every variety of beauty and curiosity of feature. Of the former description, the Meuse affords the most diversified and beautiful, and the neighbourhood of Huy, perhaps, may be pronounced to afford the most attractive of the Meuse scenery. The scenery in parts of the Grand Duchy is imposing, even grand in character. Amateurs of archæology will need only to be told or reminded that the Ardennes have furnished the scientific world with evidences of all ages, from the pre-historic downwards; historians, that this part of the Continent, more than any other, merits the title of "Battlefield of Europe;" Gauls, Belgæ (Nervians, Aduatics), Romans, Franks, Vandals, Huns, Frisons, Normans—the Celts and Teutons of both ancient and modern times, have in turn left tangible evidence

of their some-time presence in this portion of the *Gallia Transalpina* of classic history. The rage for destruction which characterized the Revolutionists of 1793, has also left its mark here in the blackened ruins of many a castle and monastery. The lovers of romance, as also of fantastic tradition, are presented with inexhaustible stores of interest in the legends attached to its countless ruins, and the traditions of which its "caverns" are the subject. Nor, and finally, will the searcher after early Christian traces, find himself at fault in the Ardennes. In the traditions relating to its caverns, we trace that these were one of the strongholds of Christianity in the Age of Persecution.

There is considerable humour in the dictum pronounced by a modern Belgian writer, that *l'Ardenne n'étant nulle part, doit être un peu partout*. It is, in point of fact, difficult to define (nor is it needful to do so here) what are the precise limits of the Ardennes. The *Silva Arduenna* of classical history, stretched all across the country, from the Rhine to the Scheldt. At the present date the Ardennes are understood to be a tract of country stretching only from the Moselle to the Sambre, to form portions of Belgium proper, the Grand Duchy, and France, with a slice of Rhenish Prussia, and to be enclosed within an imaginary (and irregular) circle, formed by the towns or cities of Liége, Spa, Trèves, Thionville, Sedan, and Namur. A wide sweep outwards must be given to this imaginary circle between Sedan and Namur, whilst equally it must be depressed between Spa and Trèves. North of the Amblève is properly the country of the Condrusii (Condroz). The Ardennes, however, is generally understood to designate the entire area of country whose limits have been here roughly defined.

Intending tourists will see that the railways available for

the Ardennes, are the Spa and Luxembourg line, and the railway by the Meuse, for circling that country; the Grand Luxembourg line and the Chemin de Fer de l'Ourthe, for the interior. The railway from Arlon to Trèves traverses the Grand Duchy in its greatest breadth. The tourist for the Ardennes cannot, perhaps, do better than transport himself to Liège, *via* Antwerp, and thence start on his travels. Taking care, previously, to supply himself with the latest time-table of the Belgian railways (which will cost him six sous only), and the latest edition of the Guide de l'Excursioniste (price two frs.), The latter is an excellent, and in all respects correct guide to the beaten tracks of the Ardennes. The information incidentally given here, concerning the lines or means by which certain places may be reached, is not arbitrary. Most of the places of any note in the Ardennes, may be reached by two or three different routes, and in two or three different ways. The country of the Ardennes is considered to be more particularly the ground of the pedestrian and hardier sex. The perfect communication, however, established throughout that region by means of branch lines, the nearness together and number of railway stations, and *malle-poste* service, render it perfectly easy for the gentler sex to accompany the rougher in their pedestrian excursions.

The *pension* throughout the Ardennes is exceedingly moderate. In the larger towns and chief inns it averages (exclusive of beer and wine) four-and-a-half francs *per diem*; at smaller places, and in inns of less pretensions, the tariff for board and lodging descends as low as to three francs *per diem*. It must be borne in mind, however, that in the smaller places the traveller is called upon to "rough it," in the full acceptation of the word; and scarcely anywhere will he meet with the conventional luxuriousness of hotel life. This roughing it,

however, rarely involves either bad sleeping accommodation or scanty fare; and so well is the obligation to provide *pension* understood, that the announcement that you will be absent at the mid-day meal on an excursion, fishing or otherwise, procures for you the accompaniment, handed to you at the moment of starting, of a basket of convenient shape and carriage, packed with an ample repast of cold meat, poultry or game, bread, etc.

It will be understood, from all that has been said, that the country of the Ardennes is distinctly the touring-ground of those who seek the re-invigoration of their system, in primitive hours and habits, a bracing atmosphere, and healthful pursuits. It cannot, indeed, be too emphatically impressed upon intending tourists, more particularly the fairer portion — that they will look vainly here for the conventional luxuriousness of hotel residence, the conventional amusements which have come to be considered indispensable adjuncts to the attractions of fashionable autumnal resorts. Monster hotels, *établissements*, impromptu dances at night, pic-nics, with similar accompaniment, in the daytime, have at present no place in the programme.

Places on the borders of the region in question, famous for their waters, it is needless to say, offer an exception. Moudorff-les-Bains, for instance, celebrated, apart from its attractions as a sportsman's station, for its waters, which are said to be efficacious in cases of rheumatism and nervous disorders, boasts a fine hotel, and regales its frequenters during the season with a band daily, and a ball weekly.



A WEEK IN ATHENS.

BY LANGLEY COLERIDGE.

(Continued from page 238.)



It is by no means my intention to give the reader a record, diary fashion, of how the week in Athens was spent. Nothing is more annoying than a "faithful record" of all a traveller did within a given period. Whenever I send to the library for a book, and, on opening it, find under a certain date, "Rose at 6. Met Mr. B—— in the gardens," etc., I make it a matter of conscience to send that book back without further investigation.

I have referred to my first visit to the Acropolis, and the strange circumstances under which I saw it. Again and again during the week my steps were turned thither, to feast my eyes upon the most wonderful works of art the world has ever seen; and it is no affectation to say that the place inspired a certain feeling of awe, and kindled poetic emotions which it was a luxury to indulge. For here one seems to be able to look right across the ages, and those old-world-teachers who trod this sacred dust, become real men; and the sight of these marvellous art treasures, so pure, so simple in their majesty, and so unlike all one has ever seen before, stimulate thought, and leave in the mind an impression which nothing will efface.

But I cannot describe the Acropolis. No one would gain the faintest idea of what it was, and what it is, were I to record the dimensions of buildings, the number of columns, the designs upon the friezes, or all the other details with which compilers of guide-books take so much pains to annoy travellers. Let me say it is worth going all the way from London to Athens, if only to spend one day upon the summit of the Acropolis.

Athens is tolerably hot towards the end of April, and it is, therefore, pleasant to spend a considerable time on the Acropolis, for there whatever breeze is stirring is to be felt. The view, too, is exquisite, and should be seen in the early morning and the evening; in fact, under as many aspects as possible. For vegetation is by no means luxurious in the neighbourhood of Athens; trees are *very* scarce, and in the mid-day glare the scenery is bare, bald, and parched. But in the morning or evening, when flooded with rich colours, and relieved by a few clouds, hills and valleys, fields and plains have a peculiar charm and beauty of their own. A traveller looking over the country from the Acropolis only at mid-day might describe it as barren and ruinous; while another, seeing it in the early morning light, would be perfectly justified in describing it as a landscape of marvellous beauty.

But there is more to see than meets the eye.

“Where'er we turn, 'tis haunted, holy ground,
No earth of thine is lost in vulgar mould,
But one vast field of wonder spreads around,
And all the Muses' tales seem tritely told,
Till the sense aches with gazing to behold
The scenes our earliest dreams have dwelt upon.”

Just take one view, and roll each name as a sweet morsel under the tongue as I catalogue it. There, just below where we stand, is the Areopagus; there, the Pnyx, where Demosthenes and Pericles stood and poured out burning sentences which have flooded the world; there, the Temple of Theseus, looking from the distance as perfect as if only two or three years, instead of more than two thousand, had passed over it. Away in the distance is the Ægean Sea, and there is Salamis, and there is Ægina, and there, right away over hills and dales, is Corinth!

This is only one view. On every side there are brought

within the range of vision sites which bring before the mind's eye pictures and memories associated with the most glorious period in the history of the ancient world.

But come down from the Acropolis, walk along what once was the Agora, or ancient market-place, or exchange, or Piazza of Athens. Before us is a rock, not high; sixteen stone steps cut in it lead us to the top; having ascended them, we stand on a square stone platform, with a bench of stone surrounding it on three sides. We are on the top of Mars' Hill—the Areopagus. We have ascended the steps that Socrates ascended when he stood before the dread tribunal. We have trodden in the identical footsteps of St. Paul. So let us sit down on the stone bench and read the story from the Sacred Book. It does one good to read that book in the midst of the scenes it describes. I have used it, and seen it often used, in Palestine and Egypt as a guide-book, and our reverence and love are increased for it when, with our own eyes, we, too, gaze upon the objects its writers saw, and find our chiefest interest in a place resulting from their association with it.

After reading the story as told in the Acts of the Apostles, it was my privilege to read the best description that has ever been given of the scene, and I must give an extract here for the benefit of those who may never have read it, in order to stimulate them to get the book and read the whole:—

“The place to which they took him was the summit of the hill of Areopagus, where the most awful court of judicature had sat from time immemorial, to pass sentence on the greatest criminals, and to decide the most solemn questions connected with religion. The judges sat in the open air, upon seats hewn out in the rock, on a platform which was ascended by a flight of stone steps immediately from the Agora. On this spot a long series of awful causes connected with crime and religion, had been determined, beginning

with the legendary trial of Mars, which gave to the place its name of 'Mars' Hill.' A temple of the god, as we have seen, was on the brow of the eminence ; and an additional solemnity was given to the place by the sanctuary of the Furies, in a broken cleft of the rock immediately below the judges' seats. Even in the political decay of Athens, this spot and this court were regarded by the people with superstitious reverence. It was a scene with which the dread recollections of centuries were associated. It was a place of silent awe in the midst of the gay and 'frivolous city. Those who withdrew to the Areopagus from the Agora, came, as it were, into the presence of a higher power. No place in Athens was so suitable for a discourse upon the mysteries of religion. We are not, however, to regard St. Paul's discourse on the Areopagus as a formal defence, in a trial before the court. The whole aspect of the narrative in the Acts, and the whole tenor of the discourse itself, militate against this supposition. The words, half-derisive, half courteous, addressed to the Apostle before he spoke to his audience—'May we know what this new doctrine is?'—are not like the words which would have been addressed to a prisoner at the bar ; and still more unlike a judge's sentence, are the words with which he was dismissed at the conclusion, 'We will hear thee again of this matter.' Nor is there anything in the speech itself of a really apologetic character, as any one may perceive, on comparing it with the defence of Socrates. Moreover, the verse which speaks so strongly of the Athenian love of novelty and excitement is so introduced as to imply that curiosity was the motive of the whole proceeding. We may, indeed, admit that there was something of a mock solemnity in this adjournment from the Agora to the Areopagus. The Athenians took the Apostle from the tumult of public discussion to the place which was at once most convenient and most appropriate. There was everything in the place to incline the auditors, so far as they were seriously disposed at all, to a reverent and thoughtful attention. It is probable that Dionysius, with other Areopagites, were on the judicial seats. And a vague recollection of the dread thoughts associated by poetry and tradition

with the Hill of Mars, may have solemnized the minds of some of those who crowded up the stone steps with the Apostle, and clustered round the summit of the hill, to hear his announcement of the new divinities.

“There is no point in the annals of the first planting of Christianity which seizes so powerfully on the imagination of those who are familiar with the history of the ancient world. Whether we contrast the intense earnestness of the man who spoke with the frivolous character of those who surrounded him, or compare the certain truth and awful meaning of the gospel he revealed with the worthless polytheism, which had made Athens a proverb in the earth, or even think of the mere words uttered that day in the clear atmosphere on the summit of Mars’ Hill, in connection with the objects of art, temples, statues, and altars, which stood round on every side,—we feel that the moment was, and was intended to be, full of the most impressive teaching for every age of the world. Close to the spot where he stood was the Temple of Mars. The sanctuary of the Eumenides was immediately below him; the Parthenon of Minerva facing him above. Their presence seemed to challenge the assertion in which he declared here, that in “TEMPLES made with hands, the Deity does not dwell.” In front of him, towering from its pedestal, on the rock of the Acropolis—as the Borromean Colossus, which at this day, with outstretched hand, gives its benediction to the low village of Arona; or as the brazen statue of the armed angel, which, from the summit of the Castel S. Angelo, spreads its wings over the city of Rome,—was the bronze Colossus of Minerva, armed with spear, shield and helmet, as the champion of Athens. Standing almost beneath its shade, he pronounced that the Deity was *not to be likened* either to that, the work of Phidias, or to other forms in *gold, silver, or stone, graven by art and man’s device*, which peopled the scene before him.’ Wherever his eye was turned it saw a succession of such statues and buildings in every variety of form and situation. On the rocky ledges on the south side of the Acropolis, and in the midst of the hum of the Agora,

were the 'objects of devotion' already described. And in the northern parts of the city, which are equally visible from the Areopagus, on the level spaces, and on every eminence, were similar objects, to which we have made no allusion,—and especially that Temple of Theseus, the national hero, which remains in unimpaired beauty, to enable us to imagine what Athens was when this temple was only one among the many ornaments of that city which was 'crowded with idols.'"—*Conybeare and Howson's "Life and Epistles of St. Paul."*

A few minutes' journey from the Areopagus, just across the Agora, and we ascend another stone platform. It is the Pnyx. We walk about in the large level space where 7000 Athenians were once wont to assemble, and we gaze at the *bema* or rostrum at the further end of the Pnyx, on which spot we know for a certainty that Demosthenes stood. It is an easy matter to re-people the place, and to recall the still living words of the world's mighty men—Demosthenes, Pericles, Aristides, Themistocles, Solon.

It is easier still to do this in the Theatre of Dionysius, at the foot of the Acropolis. The place is in wonderful preservation; there is no difficulty in making out the different parts of the "house;" the stage, the marble floor for the orchestra, the seats of the grandees, under whose "distinguished patronage," as we should now say, the performances were given; the vast auditorium, the exits and entrances. On many of the "reserved seats" there are still inscriptions, very legible and easy to decipher; and it is a curious sensation to walk round and say with certainty, "Here sat the Priest of Jupiter; here the Sacred Herald; here the M. C. of the Eleusinian Mysteries," and so on. It is said that the theatre held 30,000 spectators, but the present appearance of the place scarcely justifies that conclusion. One cannot stand in that old theatre, where the

people of a sacred past received, perhaps, the noblest part of their education, as they witnessed the great works of Sophocles and Æschylus, Euripides and Aristophanes, without a feeling of regret that in our own day the drama, which might be such a power to refine and educate, is unhappily, in a great number of instances, the place where time is frittered, good taste corrupted, and education neglected. It is a pity that, with all our enlightenment, and all the advantages of the experience of past ages of civilization, we have nothing that corresponds with the theatre of ancient Greece.

And now, where shall we walk? If it be early morning, there is nothing better than to ascend Lycabettus, and see the finest panorama of Athens that is to be seen, and then descend to the Academy where Socrates and Plato taught. Or, stroll along beside the Ilissus, which is yet a little stream—but not so contemptible as Cobden (I think it was) would make it, who said the washerwomen of Attica must dam it up, if they would get enough water to wash a shirt—and visit the Stadium, where the youth of Athens long ago disported themselves in the Olympic and Isthmian games, and where, every year, athletic sports of modern Athenians are held. Or go to the Odeum of Herodes Atticus, and from thence to the prison of Socrates; or visit the Temple of the Winds—anywhere you like, you cannot go for an hour's stroll in the neighbourhood without seeing strange sights, and having your "spirit stirred within you" as you revivify the past.

No one who spends a week in Athens should omit to take a drive to Marathon. It has been so often described, that the field of Marathon is as well known as that of Waterloo; the feelings inspired by a visit to the two places are of as wholly different a character, however, as those inspired by reading a poem and reading the police news. Another excursion, not

less interesting than the trip to Marathon, is a carriage drive to Eleusis. Of course, in either case it is necessary to make inquiries as to the state of the country, as brigands and rumours of brigands crop up at different seasons. On the occasion when I went to Eleusis many visitors at Athens had arranged to go, and soldiers were sent out to guard the road at certain intervals, while an armed escort went before and behind the party. The measure was precautionary, but quite unnecessary. True, we passed upon the road some hundreds of armed men, who seemed uselessly employed in minding sheep; in one instance we saw five men attending to fifteen sheep, and we naturally speculated upon their intentions, and regretted that there was not a good, efficient government to set the "loafers" to work. Our road from Athens was by the Via Sacra, where the great processions of former days passed on their way to the Temple of Ceres at Eleusis. The Pass of Daphne is insignificant; the country around is very pretty, and must at one time have been beautiful. Beyond the Pass of Daphne, the Bay of Salamis comes in sight, and of course the story of the great naval battle, and the defeat of Xerxes, is rehearsed here by the tourist.

The village of Eleusis is a miserable place enough, and it was hard to realize what the glory of the past had been; nor is it possible to tell, from the heaps of ruins around, what the great temples which crowned the hill beside the sea were. Of the Temple of Ceres, the largest in Greece, very few memorials remain on the spot, the best, including the statue of Ceres, having been transported to England.

How the Greeks drive! We tore along the road back to Athens, and were not sorry to arrive there with our necks all right; for it had been a race between the drivers of the different carriages belonging to the party which should be first, and a "spill" seemed the last thing they thought or cared about.

Of Modern Athens it is not necessary to say much. In a former paper I called it "a wonderful city;" and so it is: for, forty years ago there was not a house in the place, now there is a palace and a "park;" there are handsome hotels and streets, first-rate carriages and horses, a few fine public buildings, and some good churches. The rites and ceremonies of the Greek Church are performed with great pomp in Athens, and it was my good fortune to spend a (Greek) Good Friday there. The services lasted from the Thursday night until the close of Friday night, when every man, woman, and child turned out to join in a procession, headed by the clergy, in which everybody bore in his hand a candle. The effect was very telling, but the exact moral significance of the affair I have not yet ascertained.

Rapidly the week passed away, although each day seemed a long period, so crowded were the scenes and memories. I left it with regret; but, as long as I live, every day in that week will stand out distinctly in my memory.



A GLANCE AT STOCKHOLM AND ITS ENVIRONS.

PEOPLE have their own notions of what to see when travelling. Let them like what they please, but anyhow let them see as many capital cities as they can. It is no little thing to say you have seen the capitals of the world, or even of the European continent; and if you have seen them, you have seen enough to satisfy any reasonable being. They are, of course, not all of equal importance. One Rome equals at least three Viennas; one Vienna equals two Munichs or Madrids: and so on with other proportionate classifications; so that, by seeing some half-dozen of the best, you have seen, perhaps, nine-tenths of the aggregate of matter to be stared at. Individual tastes must fix on their own types, so we will not venture to set them up further than by proposing that the capital of Sweden should constitute one.

Stockholm, the "Venice of the North," and perhaps the most delightfully pretty city in Europe, as far as situation is concerned, is seated on the narrow strait that unites the Baltic with the Mälar lake. It is built upon the two ascending banks of the strait, and upon nine out of the twelve hundred islands in the lake which lie between these two banks. According to the earliest records of the place, it was called *Agnesfit*, from King Agne, who was murdered there by his bride Skiolf. Agne had made war against the Finns, and in an expedition to their country, had slain the king, carried off his daughter Skiolf, and forcibly married her. With her he returned to Sweden, and pitched his tent on the margin of a wood at the entrance to the Mälar. His guests assembled at his invitation, the cup went round, and Agne became intoxicated. Agne was

a descendant of Visbur, on whom and on whose posterity lay a curse, on account of a magnificent golden necklace, his wife's dowry, that Visbur had refused to return when he repudiated her, and which, it was prophesied, should prove the death of himself and his offspring. Agne now wore the hateful ornament, and in his drunken cunning, refusing to let Skiolf take care of it, had fastened it more closely round his neck. He slept under a tree, and Skiolf and her Finnish attendant fastened a rope to the chain, passed it over a branch, strangled Agne, and made the best of their way back to Finland. This was in the fourth century, and later on the place received another name. A fleet of Esthonian pirates had entered the Mälar, spreading destruction around, and the inhabitants of Sigtuna, a town on a northern creek of the lake, hid their valuables in the hollow trunk of a tree—"stock," in Swedish—and turned it adrift upon the waters. When the pirates had gone, the "stock" turned up at Agnefit, which was thenceforward called *Stock-sound*. In the thirteenth century, Riddarholm, the island on which lies the now old town, was fortified under the name of *Stockholm*, "the timber isle," by the celebrated Birger Jarl, Regent of Sweden during the minority of Valdemar I. A more eligible place for protecting the interior of the country, which, by its system of connected lakes, and the opening of the Mälar into the Baltic, was exposed to the ravages of any piratical squadron, cannot be imagined. From the Mosebacke, or Moses' Hill, on the southern bank, or from Skeppsholm, the most elevated of the six islands, the eye rests on one of the finest prospects that the mind can conceive. We all know the opinion of Johnson, when questioned by Boswell on the rival merits of Greenwich Park and Fleet Street, and the learned Doctor's decision in favour of the latter. He preferred the picturesqueness of a motley street to the calm

delight of a fair prospect; and some may think him right. But from the points of view mentioned as those from which Stockholm should be looked at, there is to be seen both the lively picturesqueness of a busy and irregular city, and the fair prospect of hill, wood, and water. The business of the place adds to its beauty; the myriads of steam-gondolas flitting about at a hazardous rate of speed from island to island—for steamer here takes the place of omnibus elsewhere—the neatly-painted and well-kept craft of every kind, yacht, merchant vessel, lake steamer, bright in green and white, lying all among the houses in the spaces between the islands and banks, the charming villas on the hill-sides, the neat, square-built, handsome public buildings, supplement, instead of detract from, the claims of Stockholm to an especial share of beauty. A clear midnight late in June is a good time to get a view; for the steam-launches have not yet ceased to run, the bands at Strömparterre and Hasselbacken—the latter the Cremorne of Stockholm—are playing in full vigour, and the light among the trees at these resorts adds a new feature to the enchantment, while Nature has yet left enough of her own to illuminate the most distant hills.

Sweden generally, and Stockholm particularly, is rich in historical legend. The most ancient church in the city, that of St. Nicholas—more commonly called “Storkyrkan,” “the great church,”—is named in honour of our countryman, Cardinal Nicholas Brakespear, who, before he ascended the papal throne, was judged by his northern extraction and his familiarity with Teutonic character, to be the right man to go on a mission to Scandinavia, to regulate the affairs of the churches there. Here are the helmet and spurs of St. Olaf, the Olave of English parish churches, and the fiery apostle of Norway. The Riddarholms church, on the island of Riddarholm, is

the royal mausoleum, and in it are to be found the tombs of many celebrated characters of European fame. Here lies Gustavus Adolphus, victor and victim in the Thirty Years' War; here Charles XII. has found the rest he never sought during life; and here lies also General Bernadotte, who ascended the throne as Charles XIV. Most of the sarcophagi are tasteful and rich. That of Charles XII. is of white, on a pedestal of green marble, and is covered by a lion's skin in gilt brass, on which are laid a sword, crown, and sceptre; and among the trophies is a standard captured by him in battle with his own hand. On the walls of the choir are hung the shields of the deceased knights of the Order of the Seraphim; among them may be seen that of Napoleon Buonaparte. Stockholm has a fine museum, with a good picture-gallery. In the hall of Endymion, one of the rooms composing it, is to be seen the statue of the sleeping Endymion, made in the best period of Greek art, and found among the ruins of Hadrian's villa, near Tivoli. Gustavus II. bought it for two thousand gold ducats, a sum now considered to be but a fraction of its value. In the museum are exhibited the sword and hat of Charles XII. The size and weight of the sword testify to the muscular strength of the arm that could wield it; and a close inspection of the hat tells a tale in history—that at the battle of Frederickshald—for there it was worn—it was not the shot of an enemy, but of an assassin, that killed the unfortunate monarch; for the course of the bullet may be traced upwards to the temple, and not as though it came from the besieged town. The hat is in the wardrobe collection of garments worn by the kings and queens of Sweden during the last three centuries—dresses of Christina, the marshal's uniform of Bernadotte, even down to the "side-springs" of the late king, Charles XV. In the same room is the mask worn by Gustavus III., with the hole made by the bullet with which

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PALACE OF DROTTHINGHOLM, NEAR STOCKHOLM.

he was shot by Count Ankerström during a masquerade at the Opera-house. There is also one of the silver shoes with which the horses ridden by the kings on coronation days were shod. These were attached so loosely as to allow of their falling off during the procession, and anyone who picked one up was allowed to keep it.

Stockholm may rival the most central of capitals in affording opportunities for no end of charming little excursions by water in the steamers that throng the quays of Riddarholm. Of these, the greatest number and the most beautiful are afforded by the Mälar, and no one should omit those to Ulricksdal, the summer residence of the royal family; to Rosersberg, with its delightful park; to the royal castle of Gripsholm; to Eskilstuna, or "the house of Eskil," an English missionary, stoned by the yet heathen Swedes, and buried here because his coffin was so heavy that it could not be carried further; and to Drottningholm, on the sweet little island of Lofön. The last-named is reached in about three-quarters of an hour by steamer from Riddarholm, at a cost of fifty öre (about 7d.), and the journey may be made to and fro in an afternoon. The palace of Drottningholm reminds one of that of Versailles, though its situation is in a much quieter spot. Its interior is splendidly adorned with paintings by Ehrenstrahl and other masters, and furnished with a valuable collection of curiosities. It has a theatre all to itself; and the Versailles illusion is carried out by the rich bronze and marble sculpture in the gardens; which last are arranged partly in the French and partly in the English style—the latter serving to show, by its immediate juxtaposition with the former, the unquestionable superiority of our own system of horticultural art. The chief attraction is undoubtedly the China Palace, built by King Adolphus Frederick as a birthday present to his wife, Louisa Ulrika, and containing a

curious museum of Chinese curiosities. By the side of the China Palace is a diminutive village known as Canton, intended by the above-mentioned king as a sort of model residence for workmen of various trades in which they might pursue their respective vocations under his own superintendence ; for Adolphus, though not equal to ruling a kingdom, was, by virtue of his amateur experience, probably able to vie with any of his subjects as a foreman in bell-hanging and light ironmongery.

You can go by rail to Upsala and back in one day, and see the library of the famous university, in which is a splendid manuscript copy of the Moeso-Gothic Bible of Ulfilas, and have time to walk to the three mounds tradition records as being the tombs of Odin, Thor, and Freya, the three chief deities our low German forefathers worshipped in common with their Scandinavian kinsmen. But trips by water must ever form the more charming part of Swedish excursions ; and of these, the one of all which should on no account be omitted, is that through the lakes to Gottenburg. The pleasantness of the trip consists not only in the scenery and places of interest, but in the comfortable and well-regulated ordering of the little craft. One marvels at the combination of comfort with close packing on board them. In a small thing about the size of a Kew steamer, there are eight or ten cabins with two beds in each, a dining-room, where three or four good meals a day are laid out in *table d'hôte* style, a smoking saloon, captain's cabin and office, and a good amount of hold for the stowage of goods ; besides engine and boiler-room, and a steam-crane on deck, which last, by the way, to repel the charge of giving too rose-coloured an account of the concern, is occasionally an intolerable nuisance, particularly when set going in full swing in the middle of the night, and if your bed happens to be just under it.

One word as to obstruction thrown in the way by a language little cultivated by foreigners. In Stockholm little difficulty need be feared on this head. The Swedes are good linguists, and at Rydberg's hotel and the Kung Karl there is an ample supply of English, and in the best shops French-speaking tourists will probably find some one to understand them. The chances are also about three to one that the visitor will pick up some courteous Swede or other in the train, or on board the steamer, who knows English, French, or German, and will take a pleasure in "digging him out" on an emergency. It will be as well, however, to master a few of the most useful words from a Swedish-English vocabulary (phrases should not be attempted). Lenström's is as good as any, and Murray inserts another. So do not fear on this account to try and get a glance at Stockholm and its environs. C. I. W.

"There are sites, climates, seasons, hours, external conditions so in harmony with certain impressions of heart, that nature seems to become portion of the soul, and the soul part of nature ; and that if you sever the scene from the drama, and the drama from the scene, the scene loses its tone, and the sentiment melts into thin air. Expunge the cliffs of Brittany from Rene, the Savannahs of the desert wild from Atala, the fogs of Swabia from Werther, and the vasty deep steeped in sunlight and the hills perspiring with heat from Paul and Virginia, and you will appreciate neither Chateaubriand, Bernardin de St. Pierre, nor Goethe. A sentiment is but ill understood save in the place wherein it has its birth."

LAMARTINE.

THROUGH ALGERIA TO TUNIS.

BY EDWARD HENRY VIZETELLY.

III.

“There is a temple in ruin stands,
Fashion'd by long-forgotten hands;
Two or three columns, and many a stone,
Marble and granite, with grass o'ergrown!”—BYRON.



THE province of Constantine is exceedingly rich in archæological remains. Indeed, you can hardly go five miles along one of its highways without hearing at some part of the journey that there are Roman ruins within a few miles of you. Of course, in most instances, these remnants of antiquity only consist of a few enormous stones half buried in the ground, or the fragments of one or two broken columns, which, although possessing great attractions to archæological students, are of little interest to ordinary travellers. Sometimes, however, you meet with an ancient gateway in a tolerably good state of preservation, or a gigantic monument crumbling to decay, within which the ashes of a whole race of kings lie hidden in the dust and oblivion of ages; at others, a sufficient number of mutilated columns and old lichen-coated stones remain in their original positions, to show that the ruin was formerly a beautiful temple dedicated to some mythological divinity, or a delicious villa, fitted up with all the costly magnificence of ancient days, where Sybaritic Romans lounged away their existence amid all the luxury and pleasure that wealth and valour could procure.

There are some very extensive ruins in the vicinity of

Batna, Guelma, and Bona; and as all these places are within an easy excursion from Constantine, I propose taking my readers to visit them, previous to embarking at Bona, *en route* for Tunis and Carthage.

Batna stands a little more than half-way between Constantine and Biskra (or Biskara, as it is now commonly called in Algeria), at a distance of about seventy-five miles from the former town. It can be reached in between twelve and fifteen hours by diligence, which is the only means of transport, unless you happen to possess a horse, and perform the journey in the saddle; for the railway stops at Constantine. I may as well mention here that there are at present only two lines of railway in Algeria, namely, that which runs from Oran to Algiers by way of Orléansville, Milianah, and Blidah, and that which connects Philippeville with Constantine. The road to Batna is bad, and, for the most part, on the ascent, for the town lies at a height of more than 3350 ft. above the level of the sea. During the first forty or fifty miles of the journey the surrounding country, although under cultivation and dotted with colonists' villages and farm-houses, is almost completely barren of trees. Every six or seven miles along the road we pass almost within a stone-throw of a group of ruins, the most remarkable being those near Lakes Chemora and Mozouri; the villages Krowroub, Aïn-Feurchi, Oum-el-Isnam, and Fesdis; and the caravansaries of Aïn-Hedjar, Aïn-Mililia, and Aïn-el-Bey, which stand some ten miles from La Fontaine du Rocher.

Thirty-five miles from Constantine the road passes between two salt lakes, named respectively, Tinsilt and M'zouri; and near Aïn-Hedjar, some miles further on, are five others. One of them, Lake Tarf, which is the most distant, lying about thirty miles S.E. of the caravansary of Aïn-Hedjar, and eight miles south-west of Aïn-Beida, is very large. In winter these

lakes are frequented by quantities of wild swan and ducks. Beyond the village Aïn-Yacouts, trees and bushes begin to make their appearance, and the road descends into a large plain, which it crosses in the direction of Aïn-Oum-el-Djera, or the warm spring, and Mount Touda. From the foot of this mountain one sees, a mile or two away to the left, an immense monument, very similar in form to that which stands on the Sahel hills, between Koleh Tipasa, to which I referred in a previous number of this magazine. The monument near Mount Touda is called Medr'asen. It was mentioned by El-Bekri, an Arab historian, who lived about 1067, and who styled it Kobra Mad'rous—the tomb of Mad'rous—as well as by Peyssonel, a Frenchman, who travelled in these parts more than a century ago. Since the French conquest it has been examined by a commission, one of the members of which has published a very interesting description of it. He tells us that it is 60 feet high, 28 feet in circumference at the top, and 166 feet at the bottom. Few authorities agree as to what it really is. Some call it the tomb of Syphax, others the tomb of Aradion, who was killed by the Emperor Probus. Dr. Leclerc thinks it was erected by Micipsa, in memory of his father, Massinissa, both of whom ruled over these parts. Canon Blakesley, in his interesting work on Algeria, gives the same opinion, and expresses a belief that it was intended for fire-worship; while M. Renier simply calls it the tomb of the Numidian Kings.

From Aïn-Hedjar the road ascends the hills, and, traversing the plateaux on their summit, enters the Valley of the Harrar, which leads to the little village of Fesdis, and on to Batna.

Batna is purely a French town, and it is, moreover, such an exceedingly uninteresting one, that there will be no need for me

to describe it. It has one decent hotel, two or three cafés, some fine barracks, a military club and a museum. In its environs are the Arab village of the same name, where there is a curious mosque, well worth a visit; a cedar forest, covering nearly 10,000 acres of land, where many of the trees are several hundreds of years old; while at a distance of a little more than six miles to the south-east lie the ruins of Lambessa, the Lambaesis of the Romans.

Lambaesis, called Tazzout by the Arabs, does not appear to have been a place of any great importance in antiquity. It is best known as having been the head-quarters of the Augustan, or Third Roman Legion, which was placed there for the purpose of protecting the Roman province against invasion from the south. Three Roman roads started from, or rather met there: one went to Theveste, or Tebessa, and from thence to Carthage; a second connected Lambaesis with Cirta, or Constantine; and a third passed through Sitifis, or Setif, and on to Tipasa and Cæsarea, the modern Cherchel. At the present day the ruins of the Roman city cover a space of ground extending over a mile and a half in length and a mile and one eighth in breadth. They comprise the Temple of Esculapius, consisting merely of a marble staircase and four Ionic columns, about 12 feet high, supporting a few stones, on which there is an inscription setting forth that the little building was erected by order of Marcus Aurelius and Lucius Versus, and dedicated to Esculapius and health; the remains of a spacious amphitheatre measuring 341 feet in diameter, with fourteen gates, which stands outside the old walls; the Prætorium, which is pretty well preserved, and is now used as a museum for objects found in the vicinity of the ruins; the tomb of Quintus Flavius Maximus, Prefect of the Third Legion, which, according to an inscription, was originally erected at a cost of 12,000 sesterces, a little less than

£100, left by the Prefect for that purpose. Some years ago the tomb was pulled down stone by stone, and re-built again by the care of Colonel Carbuccia, and the Roman general's remains were returned to their original resting-place amidst all the honours that usually accompany the body of an officer to the grave in the present age. Only two of the forty gates that were noticed by Peyssonel in the middle of the last century, fifteen of which were at that time in a good state of preservation, are now standing. Among the other ruins are the remains of an aqueduct, numerous sepulchral monuments, shattered columns, and confused heaps of brick and stone, which convey no idea of the kind of buildings they originally represented. In the midst of all these relics of antiquity stands the modern Lambaesis, or Lambessa, a wretched-looking village, consisting of a cluster of mud cottages grouped round a prison. In 1848 a colonists' settlement was traced out there by order of the French Government, and three years later the little hamlet which had been unsuccessful in obtaining an agricultural population, was peopled by a shipload of transported Frenchmen of all kinds of trades and professions, who were torn from their homes and families and sent to die of fever and privation, beneath the broiling sun of Barbary, for having dared to avow themselves opposed to the usurpation of an Imperial crown by Louis Napoleon.

For a distance of forty miles round Batna the country is rich in archæological treasures. At Merouana, about twenty-five miles to the north-west, are the ruins of Lâmasba; at Zana, fifteen miles north-east of Merouana, and nearly nineteen miles north-west of Batna, are those of Diana Veteranorum, covering two and a-half square miles of ground; ten miles north-west of Zana, and nearly twenty-nine miles from Batna, stands Encedda, the ancient Nota Petra; between Merouana

and the latter place, at a distance of forty-three miles from Batna, is Zaria, the Colonia Julia Zarái of the Romans. From an inscription found among the ruins of a temple at Kherbet-Zerga, fourteen miles south-west of Zaria, it would seem that this was the city of Cella; some dilapidated tablets, bearing inscriptions, have from time to time been dug up at the interesting native village of N'gaous or M'gaous, forty-seven miles west of Batna, but none of them give any clue to its original name. A little more than five miles to the east of Lambessa is Markouna, the ancient Verecunda; and twelve miles south-east of the same town will be found the remains of Tamugas, or Thamugadis. I cannot, of course, be expected, in this brief notice, to point out all the groups of ruins that are to be found in this part of the country, so I have confined myself to calling attention to the most noteworthy of them. I must not leave Lambessa without mentioning that it lies at the foot of the Aurés Mountains, the Mons Aurasius of the Romans, which form a portion of the Great Atlas chain. These mountains, which are in parts extremely fertile, are full of wild beasts, and sportsmen in search of large game will have no difficulty in finding lions and panthers there.

I must now ask my readers to suppose themselves at Constantine again, ready to set out by diligence for Bona by way of Le Kroubs, Fornier, Medjez-Hamar, Guelma, and Hippone. In this direction, as in the neighbourhood of Batna, we constantly come across Roman ruins. Guelma, which is a little more than sixty miles from Constantine, is supposed by some French writers to stand on the site of Suthul, a fortress where Jugurtha the Numidian king stored up his treasures, and beneath which he, on one occasion, defeated the Roman legions. There does not, however, seem to be much ground for this supposition, beyond the fact that Calama, which, it is generally agreed, pre-

ceded Guelma, is itself supposed, from different objects found amidst the ruins of the Roman city, to have been preceded by another town; and as Suthul has not yet been discovered, archæologists have laid their heads together, and set up theories which tend to show that Calama was erected upon the remains of Suthul. The modern town only dates back as far as 1845. It was built in a great measure out of the Roman one, which at the present day consists of little else than an amphitheatre, some baths, and a circular temple, now used as a museum of antiquities. Eight miles from Guelma, by the narrow Arab paths, and ten miles by way of Medjez-Amar, are the ruins of Tibilis, lying on the brow of a little hill between the rivers Cherl and Announa. This spot was long known by the latter name, and the ruins were only discovered to be those of Tibilis through an inscription found there in 1856, by General Creuly. They consist of a triumphal arch, a couple of gates, the remnants of some walls, decorated in parts by sculptured figures, the remains of a church, and a number of dilapidated columns, bas-reliefs, and mosaics.

Guelma, however, is more noted for the hot-springs of Hamman-Meskoutine than the ruins of Tibilis. These springs will be found at a distance of ten miles west of Guelma, bursting out of the ground in the centre of a pretty valley, hidden in a chain of lofty hills. They were used by the Romans, as baths hewn in the rock are there to testify, and were known to them by the name of *Aquæ Tibilitinæ*. The Arabs, however, call them Hammam-Meskoutine, or the Springs of the Accursed—not the accursed springs or baths, as some English writers have translated it, and have invented several absurd legends to account for their origin. In the vicinity of the springs are a *Maison de Santé*, or Sanatorium, presided over by a doctor; a few wooden huts, and half-a-dozen cottages.

From Guelma we take the diligence to Bona, distant about forty miles. The road passes through Heliopolis, Hammam-Berda, where there are Roman ruins and hot-springs; Guelabon-Sba, standing on the site once occupied by the Villa Serviliani; Nechmeïa, meaning "a place of scorpions," a short distance beyond which the road crosses to Djebel Aoura; Penthièvre; Dréan, called "a place of fleas," an appellation that might with justice be applied to almost every town and village in the colony. Here the road traverses a plain in a northerly direction, and then passes by D'Uzerville and Hippone, which is less than a couple of miles from the coast. Hippone was, as every one knows, founded by the Carthaginians, who called it Ubbo. During the first Punic war, the Romans gave it the name of Hippo Regius; and when Numidia was annexed to the Empire, Hippo, which had been previously the capital of Juba, became a Roman colony, and enjoyed all the rights and privileges of the great city. During the third and fourth centuries, it was one of the most important cities in Africa, being second only to Carthage. In 390, Saint Augustin, who had been converted to Christianity four years before, was ordained a priest, and six years later he succeeded Valerius as Bishop of Hippo. About the year 397 he wrote his "Confessions" there, and, between 413 and 426, his "City of God." In 430 he died; and in the following year, Hippo, after a gallant resistance, was captured by the Vandals, and partly destroyed. The cathedral to which the saint had bequeathed his manuscripts was fortunately spared. In 534, Hippo was captured by Belisarius; and in 697 it fell into the hands of the Arabs, who, after sacking and setting it on fire, subsequently rebuilt it, and gave it the name of Bouna, which at a later period was changed to Medina-Zaoni, the city of Zaoni.

It is said that the ancient town covered nearly 160 acres of

ground. At the present day the ruins extend for more than a mile, and consist of fragments of reddish-looking walls, huge masses of masonry, ruined aqueducts and enormous cisterns. On the summit of a little hill called the "Mamelon d'Hippone," rising on a gentle incline above all these remnants of the past, the French have erected a marble altar, which contains what is supposed to be one of St. Augustin's bones. The altar is surmounted by a bronze statue of this celebrated father of the Church, who fifteen centuries ago possessed enormous influence in the country that is now known by the name of Algeria; and, once a year, the Roman Catholic clergy of Bona repair there in procession and perform mass with considerable pomp.

Bona seems to have been built shortly after the destruction of Hippo by the Arabs, but it is now very similar in appearance to other Algerian seaports. When the French took final possession of it two years after the capture of Algiers, they proceeded at once to knock down a great many of the narrow Moorish streets, and to replace them by spacious squares and broad thoroughfares. It has a Kasbah dating from the fourteenth century, perched on the summit of a lofty hill, so as to command the town; some very extensive military quarters; a cathedral, churches, mosques, a synagogue, a theatre, and the usual government buildings; there are also corn, vegetable, fish, and Arab markets, and numerous squares and promenades. The town is protected by walls and several batteries and redoubts, which, although strong enough to resist a native attack, would not be reckoned of much account on the northern shore of the Mediterranean. It has no port, and its bay affords very little protection to shipping in stormy weather. It nevertheless does a considerable export trade in cattle and native produce, among which is a quantity of iron-ore, said to be of very good

quality. The country in the vicinity of Bona is dotted with a number of small farms and suburban villas, and is so productive that it has often been termed the Garden of Algeria. Within twenty miles of the town are some interesting iron mines, and two miles along the coast by one of the prettiest roads imaginable, in the direction of Cape La Garde, which is the extreme western point of the bay, stands Fort Génois, a fort erected by the Genoese, as its name indicates, during the fifteenth century, for the purpose of protecting their ships engaged in the coral fishery from being plundered by Mussulman wreckers and pirates when the inclemency of the elements forced them to seek refuge in the Bay of Bona. Near Cape La Garde, two miles beyond the fort, are some curious caves, called the Saints' Grottoes, from the fact of it being supposed that they once served as hiding-places to some persecuted Christians; and a little further on is a marble quarry, now worked by the French, from which it is thought the Romans procured a good deal of the marble used at Hippo. Some Roman ruins, said to be those of Ad Plumbaria, were discovered about thirty years ago in the middle of a large lake called Fetzara, some ten or thirteen miles south-west of Bona, and as neither St. Augustin, nor any of the Greek or Roman geographers mention the lake, it is thought that the water must have accumulated there after an earthquake which is supposed to have occurred subsequent to the Arab invasion. El Bekri, to whom I have previously had occasion to refer, indicates its position tolerably clearly, although he does not mention it by name, and says that it abounded in large fish, and was frequented by grebes, which he called *kaïkel*, "a bird peculiar by the ingenuity it displays in making floating nests." I must not forget to call attention to the famous forest of the Djebel Edough, which is about twelve miles from Bona, and at no great distance from the

lake I have just mentioned. The highest points of the Djebel Edough vary between two and three thousand feet, and on a fine day the fatigue of a journey up the heights will be well repaid by the magnificent view that one gets from their summit. The ridges and northern slopes of these lofty hills are covered by a forest, in which will be found some of the finest timber in the colony, consisting principally of oak, chesnut, and cork-trees.

We are now approaching the end of our journey. A steamer runs between Bona and Tunis, or more correctly speaking, La Gæletta, as the port of the capital of the regency is called, about once a week, and performs the voyage in something like thirty hours. The vessel passes at a good distance from La Calle, famous for its coral fisheries, and leaving the island Galeta on the left, and those of Fraelli close in shore on the right, makes Cape Blanc, the most northern point of the regency, about fifteen hours after leaving Bona. Cape Zebib and Carthage are successively rounded, and the steamer at length steams into the roads of Gæletta, once a harbour of refuge to the pirate fleet of the brothers Barbarossa. It was here that the elder one sought protection when, after murdering the pirate captain who had befriended him in his misfortunes, he proceeded to scour the Mediterranean on his own account, accompanied by his two brothers, who acted as his lieutenants. It was here that these bloodthirsty and unscrupulous—but still brave and keen-witted—robbers would land after a successful cruise to dispose of their plunder, courting the Sultan's favour by presents of the most lovely European women they could lay their hands on. It was here that, aided by the Tunisian potentate, they collected and fitted out the two fleets with which they sailed against Bougie, then in possession of the Spaniards, who repulsed them on both occasions with

tremendous slaughter. Later on, Kheïr-ed-Din, the younger Barbarossa, captured La Gæletta and Tunis, but was driven away again shortly afterwards by the Emperor Charles V. In 1655 Admiral Blake, with the first English fleet that had entered the Mediterranean since the time of the crusades, bombarded La Gæletta, burnt the Sultan's fleet, and released all the European slaves he could find there.

The capital of the regency stands about ten miles from its port, with which it is connected by a railway, built, I believe, with English capital, and managed by English officials. It lies almost at the base of a large bay, between two salt lakes, on the slope of a range of heights crowned by a Kasbah and several smaller forts. It is surrounded by walls, and is nearly five miles in circumference.

I have no space left for a full description of this exceedingly interesting city. Although it possesses a mixed population of Moors, Turks, Arabs, Jews, and Christians, its aspect is thoroughly Eastern. Here there is no mixture of Mohammedan and Christian ideas; no compromise between the east and the west. The places of worship are real mosques,—within which a European dare not penetrate,—with tall minarets, rich in all kinds of oriental decorations, towering up above the surrounding houses. Five times a day, with scrupulous exactitude, the *moueddens* mount those spiral staircases, and in loud grave voices summon their co-religionists to prayer and salvation. The houses are pure Moorish buildings, not hideous agglomerations of Moorish and European architecture. What we term civilization, however, invariably manages, in the course of time, to force its way in everywhere, notwithstanding the resistance opposed to its progress. So it is not surprising the Bey's army and court officials should have assumed tunics and trousers, or that the interior of his palace should be defaced with all manner of

gilded trash from Europe. The infection does not appear to spread rapidly. As yet, Jews do not go about in semi-European and semi-Mussulman attire as their fellows do in Algiers ; and their wives and daughters have not taken to arraying themselves in gaudy coloured silk and satin skirts, cachemire shawls, and bonnets and hats bedecked with ribbons of all the colours of the rainbow ; Mozabite workmen cling to their native costume, and show no desire to change it for the blue cotton stuff worn by their countrymen in the adjoining colony. Here the Mussulman is master. It is he who rules, and we consequently see him with all his faults and all his good qualities.

Tunis has been much abused by English writers. We have been informed, among other things, that the town is dirty, the streets narrow and ill-paved, and that there is absolutely nothing worth seeing there. People who expect to find in this little eastern city all the comfort and cleanliness of civilization, coupled with such sights as one sees on the Continent, will indeed be sadly disappointed ; but those in search of oriental life unalloyed with western notions, will be well repaid for their visit. For my own part, I love its narrow lanes, ill-paved, dirty, and unpleasant to the nostrils though they be ; and in my eyes its white windowless dwellings, silent as the grave, and as gloomy-looking as prison-houses, possess an indescribable charm. I consider it intensely interesting to loiter about its quaint old streets, studying the motley crowd of Jews and Mussulmans that swarm in them during the cooler portions of the day, swerving every now and then to the right and left, and leaving a narrow channel open in the centre, in answer to the cries of "*lalek ! lalek !*" uttered in a loud shrill voice by a *chaouch*, clearing the way for a consul or a government official ; by a camel-driver, a horseman, or a greasy-looking Kabyle pushing a tiny donkey before him, loaded with oil-skins. Many

a pleasant hour may be spent dawdling about the streets and peering into the miserable-looking shops ; or sauntering through the numerous bazaars admiring the beautiful crepe and Tunisian tissues, the carpets, and articles of clothing for both sexes, the costly arms and saddlery—a handsome set of which is often priced at as much as 1200 piastres, about £40—the wonderful *chiachias*, for which Tunis is famous in every Mohammedan country, the brilliant coloured handkerchiefs interwoven with gold, and the thousand-and-one knick-knacks in which they abound. . I must leave my readers to find out all the sights of Tunis for themselves with the aid of their guide-books, for I find I have only just sufficient space left to say a few words about Carthage. Those famous ruins, standing about eight miles north-east of Tunis, and near which Saint Louis perished at the head of the sixth crusade in 1270, have, in my humble opinion, been somewhat over-rated, In reality, they merely consist of sixteen cisterns standing close together on rising ground. These cisterns are sixty feet long, twenty-five feet wide, and twenty feet deep, most of them being in good repair. They are supposed to have belonged to the second Carthage, built about A.D. 130 by the Emperor Adrian, and named Adrianopolis ; and it is thought that the ruins of the first city lie buried between the high ground and the sea, which now advances much further than it did in ancient days.



OVER THE ALPS TO THE LAKES.

A SKELETON TOUR.



I DID it in May, but it may be done to greater advantage in September. No matter when it is done, it is always delightful. Nobody knows how glorious the world is who has not travelled over, at least, one of the great Alpine routes, and sailed upon, at least, one of the Italian Lakes. For this trip and for every trip I recommend the following: if you have not got them, try to get them; if you cannot get them, get as many as you can; and what you get, hold as long as you can. Each item will be useful, and some the better for keeping.

Take with you lively companions, easy boots, a good temper, cold cream, a good appetite, circular notes, a good nerve, and the other little things that go to fill a portmanteau.

London to Paris is a matter of discretion; if you suffer from sea-sickness, go by Calais, if you love the sea, go by Dieppe. The difference in cost is well spent by the bad sailor who would never dream, be it rough or not, of being ill in so short a journey, and the difference in cost is worth saving by the good sailor who can get a comfortable bed on the boat, and wake up in the morning richer than he who went by Calais.

Tastes differ, but I like Paris in the early spring. It isn't too full, it isn't too hot; the Boulevards and the Champs Elysées are so deliciously bright in their new verdure, and give a clean look to the place never seen at any other time. But next to spring in Paris commend me to the autumn.

Nobody would be rash enough to describe the journey from Paris to Basle as delightful. It is a mere *entr'acte* to be borne good-humouredly. The road is flat, unquestionably dull,

and always dusty unless rain is actually falling. Basle is a relief; surely it is a misunderstood place. The common idea of Basle is that it is celebrated for its railway station. This is a mistake; there are glorious views of the Black Forest from the Minster; the Minster itself is full of pleasant associations connected with the Reformation; the Rhine here is very stately, solemn, and pleasant by turns, and Basle is a capital centre for some very interesting excursions.

The character of the scenery from Basle to Lucerne, more especially that part of the journey beyond Olten is as different from the scenery between Paris and Basle as chalk is from cheese. Lucerne is a place that haunts you in dreams, not the town itself—although that is as picturesque as a town can be—but the glorious views from it; Pilatus to the right, Rigi to the left, and the great white mountains in the distance. Lucerne is a place you may visit six times, yea, seven, and hail it on the seventh occasion with a delight even deeper than on the ecstatic first occasion. I never weary of that glorious trip on the lake from Lucerne to Flüelen; if every inch of rock and every blade of grass, if every tiny church and embowered villa had been placed where they stand for effect and nothing more, they could not have produced a finer *coup d'œil* than they do. I do not rejoice that the Rigi railway exists, nor that another line from Arth to the Kùlm has been opened; but then I am not a shareholder. Every one should rejoice that 50,000 people went up the Rigi by rail last year, not because numbers add to the charms of the mountain, nor because this influx of visitors may to a great extent spoil the quiet beauty of the neighbouring villages, and so on, but because so many were able to see the marvellous panorama from its summit. Methinks the man who sees sunset or sunrise on the Rigi, and is not a better man ever after, must be one who has hardened his heart against the divine revelation of the unwritten word.

At Flüelen take a diligence for Andermatt, shut up your guide-book, abandon yourself to all the delicious influences of the scenery, and then go on and on till you find yourself at the Devil's Bridge. It is awfully wild; these are the jaws of death, this is the mouth of hell. To say that the scenery is "savage," is to use a well-worn guide-book phrase, but it is a correct one. War is always horrible, and always must be; some think it is most horrible when on the undulating ground amid smiling cornfields and pleasant villages; I don't agree with them. War in the St. Gotthard Pass,—that horrible war of 1799, when the French and Austrians hurled one another in death struggles down this fearful abyss below the Devil's Bridge,—makes the flesh to creep as the scene is contemplated.

At Andermatt there is a cosy, old-fashioned post-house (the Three Kings), a place that suggests eggs and bacon and a mug of foaming ale. I could not go past it, and was glad I did not, for I spent as merry a night as heart could wish with a chosen company of travellers, and a few of the overseers, or engineers, or whatever they were, connected with the new St. Gotthard railway.

Next morning, rejoining the "swells" of the party, who preferred the hotel at Hospenthal to the inn at Andermatt, a long pull and a strong pull brought us to a spot some long distance from the summit, where we left the diligence for sledges, as the snow lay thick upon the road. It was a delightful change; two in a sledge, and a driver to sit in front, plenty of shawls and wraps, a good horse, and a well-charged pipe; a string of sledges all ready for the start, and then a crack of the whip, and off. The "run" to the hospice was pleasant, and so was the halt there, and the cup of hot coffee; but the run down from the summit towards Italy by the Val Tremola, was past description. Now in a narrow valley, between high

DAZIO-GRANDE.

walls of snow ; now on the broad, unsullied plain, dazzlingly white ; now past groups of snow-diggers, working in blue spectacles ; and throughout, down, down, down at a swinging rate, whizzing round corners, and dashing down zig-zags, with the giddy depths below ! Delicious ! It was with a sigh of regret I resigned my seat in the sledge at Airolo, and took again to the diligence. But the scenery became so exquisite, the wildernesses of fertility and beauty contrasted so strikingly with the wildness of the snow regions, it was impossible to hold regret. We drove leisurely down the defile called Dazio-Grande (see Illustration), one of the most charming roads on the Alps, with the noisy Ticino rushing and roaring in the depths below. Bellinzona looks, at a little distance, like a " scenic effect " done to order—with pasteboard castles and canvas walls. It is not really so, but it looks too pretty to be real. I slept at Bellinzona, or rather tried to, but was disturbed each time I dropped off to sleep by some villains outside violently shaking the shutters of my window with murderous bangs. I looked out, saw no one, lit my candles, lay down to sleep, and just as I was dropping off they came again—and so on. In the morning, I discovered my enemies were miners, miles off, blasting rocks for the St. Gotthard Tunnel, and the villains at my window were merely concussions !

From Bellinzona to Lugano is like a long drive through a large garden—everywhere is beauty, and Italian beauty ; and the climax of the journey is reached as Lugano is approached.

Happy is the man who has a good room at Lugano, a day or two to spare, and a pleasant companion to spend them with. " One man likes Como, another likes Maggiore, another likes Varese—but give me Lugano : " this was what I said on the first day I really leisurely enjoyed Lugano ; but subsequently I abandoned the idea, and agreed with myself that it was bad

policy to attempt to compare one of the Italian lakes with another; each has a beauty and a character of its own, and therefore I advise all who contemplate a tour this season to the lake district of Italy, not to allow themselves to be deluded into the idea, that "when they have seen one lake they have seen all."

For the benefit of those who intend to visit the lakes, I will now sketch out how it may be done to advantage, merely saying, by way of preface, that there are a dozen other ways in which the same places may be seen, depending, of course, upon the starting and terminal points of the journey. My trip was a supplement to a holiday in Switzerland, and I set out with the intention of going over the St. Gotthard, visiting the principal lakes, and returning by the Mont Cenis route.

Having explored Lugano, I took a carriage from Porlezza, at the northern end of the lake, and drove to Menaggio, on the Lake of Como. I had not been in Menaggio five minutes before I decided that it put Lugano in the shade. The views from here are charming, whether towards Bellaggio, one of the most picturesque and romantic spots in the world, or towards Colico, where the distant mountains stand clad in snow. The best way to see Lake Como is to take the steamer from Menaggio, and go up to Colico, returning to Bellaggio, where a day or two may be spent with much pleasure; then by boat to Como. From this place it is an easy journey to Varese, a lovely little lake, bounded on one side by an immense hotel, and on all other sides by a charming variety of beauties. From Varese, a pleasant diligence ride brings you to Laveno, on the Lago Maggiore, where all the splendour of lake and distant mountains, the Borromean Isles, and a hundred other curiosities in nature and art, burst suddenly on the view. Linger here, then cross the lake, and linger at Stresa; then make a tour of the lake. If you propose returning by the St. Gotthard, terminate

your journey at Magadino, at the extreme north; if by the Mont Cenis, terminate it at Arona, the extreme south; and then away to Turin, and home.

In order to make these remarks practical, I would add what is not generally known, namely, that in the lake district you can live for any sum you like, and that travelling is remarkably cheap. My travelling expenses for carriages, rowing-boats, steamers, diligences, etc., for the four lakes, Lugano, Como, Varese, and Maggiore, were about 30s.; and I never spent my money in a better way in all my travels.

ANTIQUITIES OF CEYLON.

BY JOHN CAPPER, AUTHOR OF "THE THREE PRESIDENCIES OF INDIA," "PICTURES FROM THE EAST," ETC.

CHAPTER II.

MAHINTELE AND ANARADAPOORA.



FROM the Kalawewa tank, through the dense jungle by bridle path, the ride to Mahintele occupies some hours, but once arrived there the traveller is assured of good shelter in a roomy rest-house by the wayside, at the crossing of the Jaffna and Trincomalie roads, the former from Kandy, the latter from Puttalam. This point of the main postal and carriage road is eight miles distant from Anaradapoorā, fifty-five miles from Puttalam, and eighty-two from Kandy. There is a post office here, and a medical officer in the service of government. The entire distance from this spot to the site of the ancient capital of the island, Anaradapoorā, is thickly strewn with fragments of pillars, stone

slabs, and other architectural remains, most of them thickly overgrown by dense jungle.

Mahintele is associated with more than one Singhalese legend of a period anterior to the Christian era, when it was known in native chronicles as the Cliff of Ambathalo. It was on this much venerated spot Mahindo, the Apostle of Buddha, despatched from India by King Asoca to convert the island from devil worship, first alighted and preached his new doctrine, and it was here was wrought the miracle which converted the King Devenipiatissa, his court and people. Tradition tells us that the precise spot where the King beheld the miracle in question was the site of the ancient dagoba, the remains of which are still to be seen on the summit of Mahintele. Here Mahindo is said to have lived, preached, and died, and it is in memory of this apostle the mountain lends its present name. The sacred hill is a lofty mass of rock, more or less densely wooded to its summit, standing upwards of a thousand feet in height. A level spot near the summit is covered by a number of religious buildings, amongst which is the Ambusutta dagoba, of which mention has already been made, and some panselas, or priests' houses. The ascent is exceedingly steep, and in order to surmount the difficulty one of the kings of that period, Maha Dailiya Mana, caused eighteen hundred steps to be cut in the face of the rock. These lead past the plateau, on which stand the panselas and wihares, up to the topmost peak, where, towering above hill and forest, rise the remains of the Etwihara Dagoba, built of red bricks of such an enduring nature that they still present a formidable mass of ruin, though upwards of eighteen centuries old, having been constructed in the first year of our era by King Baatiya Rajah; the shrine, originally one hundred feet high, is supposed to have contained within it as a relic a single hair from the forehead of Buddha. The

Mahawanso relates that, on its completion, the royal builder enveloped it in a covering, ornamented in the richest manner with jewels and pearls, and that, having thus put the finishing stroke to the structure, he caused a carpet to be spread the entire distance between Mahintela rock and Anaradapoorā, to enable pilgrims and devotees to repair to the sacred hill with unwashed feet.* Numerous inscriptions on the face of the rock attest the kingly liberality of the native sovereigns, who from time to time ministered to the wants of the priesthood, or added to the splendour of religious festivals. On every side are to be seen the remains of rich sculpture, testifying to the magnificence of the buildings, which must at one period have stood thickly by the way. It was on such works, whether for the priesthood or for the State, that monarchs left their names indelibly inscribed in the memory and affections of the people. These, and the vast irrigation works of ancient times, occupied the thoughts and energies of rulers, just as in more modern times roads and bridges have engaged them. And yet roads and chariots had existence in the early days of Ceylon's history, for in the fourteenth chapter of the *Mahawanso* we read that the pious King Devenipiatissa sent his carriage to bring the Apostle Mahindo from the sacred hill to the capital (Anaradapoorā).

The labours of successive governors and agents have done much to clear the more important architectural remains from the jungle growth of centuries, which hitherto rendered any careful or minute examination of these marvellous ruins almost impossible. Extensive clearings have been made in several directions, and not only have forest trees and underwood been removed, but in some cases excavations have been successfully made, and some very fine specimens of architecture have been

* Tennent's "Ceylon," vol. ii., p. 609.

brought to light that had been for ages hidden from human observation. Much more, however, remains to be done before any accurate estimate can be formed of the original extent of this city. The destruction of the embankments of the great tanks in the vicinity of the capital, have led to the formation of so much swampy ground and deep morass, impregnable to all but the elephant and the crocodile, that until the works recently commenced for the drainage of the entire neighbourhood be completed, further clearing of the ground will be difficult, if not impracticable. Enough has been done, however, to show that in its best days Anaradapoorā must have justified the encomiums passed upon it by the writers of that period, not only in regard to its extent and the vastness of its buildings, but also as to the excellence of the workmanship bestowed on its architecture, and the elaborate ornamentation of its temples. Photographs of many of the ruins of both this city and of Pulastapoorā, as well as of Sigiri, were taken by order of the Ceylon government, copies of which may be seen at the Colonial Office in Downing Street.

The oldest monument to be found in any eastern country is believed to be the Thapuramo Dagoba,* constructed by King Devenipiatissa, as a receptacle of the reputed collar-bone of Buddha three centuries before our era, an edifice which, to the present time, is held in the highest veneration by Buddhists. It was of comparatively small height, being not more than seventy feet at its extreme summit from the elevated ground or terrace on which it was erected, surrounded by many rows of richly-ornamented pillars. It is bell-shaped, and has been frequently renovated and redecorated by pious kings and devotees. This structure stands at a point in the city where

* Fergusson's "Handbook of Architecture," vol. i., p. 43.

two of the principal streets crossed each other, and near it may be seen the remains of an elegant building, also highly-ornamented, in which was originally enshrined the celebrated Dalada, or Tooth Relic of Buddha, on its first arrival in Ceylon, in the fourth century. Immediately adjoining these ruins is a huge granite mass, hollowed out by human labour, so as to form a cistern or small tank for water, reputed by tradition to have been used as a drinking-trough for the elephant ridden by King Dutugaimunu.

Another structure of a similar nature, the Abhayagiri Dagoba, claims notice as having been, in its original state, the largest of the kind erected in Ceylon, having measured from base to summit four hundred and five feet. This was accordingly fifty feet higher than the summit of St. Paul's Cathedral in London, and only fifty feet lower than St. Peter's at Rome. At the present time the decay of twenty centuries has reduced its height to two hundred and forty-four feet; even in its present state it appears a stupendous monument, and must have occupied thousands of artificers in its construction for many years. The Abhayagiri Dagoba was the work of King Walagambahu, and constructed in commemoration of the expulsion of the Malabar invaders who had usurped his throne and driven him from his capital: the date of the building is B.C. 87. These alternate conquests and defeats of the Malabars were frequent, and on each occasion, the restored Singhalese monarch gave expression and embodiment to his gratification in the erection of one of these structures, so remarkable in form and size, and bearing as they do a resemblance to the Topes of Upper India and the Pagodas of Pegu.

Almost as old as the structure last described, was the Marichawatti Dagoba, erected B.C. 161, by Dutugaimunu, to commemorate the recovery of his kingdom from the Malabars:

nothing now remains of it, save a jungle-grown mound of earth and bricks. The Ruanwella, or "Golden Peak," Pagoda was commenced by the same monarch, about the same time as the preceding, but was not completed until twenty years later by his successor. It has suffered from the ravages of time as well as from the attacks of Malabar invaders, who in A.D. 1214 destroyed a good deal of its brickwork ; it, however, still stands upwards of one hundred and fifty feet high. "The terrace which sustains it is comparatively perfect, and from its sides protrude the heads of elephants, whose concealed bodies appear to be supporting the structure. Around it the pious care of the Buddhists has preserved numerous memorials of its founder : an octagonal inscribed column, which the legends say once stood in the centre of the space now occupied by the great dagoba ; a slab which marks the spot where Dutugaimunu died ; and a stone with carved pilasters which covers his tomb. On the south side of the terrace is a statue of King Batiya Tissa, who reigned at the dawning of the Christian era ; and in front is the entrance to the subterranean passage, by which it is pretended that the priest conducted him privately to view the interior of the dagoba."*

Chief amongst the ancient edifices of the city was the Mahalowa-Paya, or Brazen Palace, so called on account of the roof having been covered by sheets of metal. It appears to have been half palace, half monastery, an arrangement readily comprehended when we remember how completely the builder, Dutugaimunu was ruled by the priesthood, and how great was his munificence towards the religious orders of the country. This regal edifice was in its original state nine stories in height, standing on sixteen hundred pillars of stone twelve feet high,

* Tennent's "Ceylon," vol. ii. p. 620.

and so placed as that the whole structure extended over an area of two hundred and twenty feet. The palace contained a great central audience hall, in which the king was wont to transact business of state, seated on a throne of ivory and precious stones, embellished with a golden sun, a silver moon, a state canopy, many ornaments in jewels, and the roof supported by golden pillars exquisitely carved. All the royal apartments were rich in gems and ornaments, even to the walls, which were resplendent with jewels. Above there were dormitories for a thousand priests, dining-halls and places for exercise in all seasons and at all hours, and near at hand wiboires, and houses in which offerings were made to Buddha. It does not appear that at this period any images existed in Ceylon, certainly not as objects of worship; the first mention of a statue of Buddha is to be found in a rock inscription at Mahintela, having for date A.D. 246. Dutugaimunu's palace underwent many reverses and alterations, the number of stories having been gradually reduced to three, and the form of the exterior changed from that in the original plan. In A.D. 301, the entire edifice was pulled to the ground by the apostate King Maha Sen, and restored by Prakrama Bahu towards the close of the twelfth century. At the present date, the pillars alone are to be seen, many of them fallen to the ground, on which are thickly strewn the *débris* of the more modern building.

The remains of a monument of a different kind are still pointed out, preserved from total destruction by the pious care of a neighbouring priest. It is the tomb of Elala, a Malabar invader from the Chola or Tanjore country, who, having slain the reigning monarch, Asela, took possession of the throne, and reigned with great moderation and justice, for forty years. It was reserved for the gallantry of Dutugaimunu, the builder of the "Brazen Palace," to defeat the disciplined troops of Elala,

and slay the usurper of his ancestor's throne. So great was the respect of the Singhalese for their fallen enemy, and in such reverence was his memory held by the priesthood, that the victorious Dutugaimunu raised an elegant monument, on which were inscribed his many good qualities. To the present day his name, equally with that of his conqueror, is cherished in the highest degree in the traditionary lore of the country.

But the most remarkable object of antiquity, not only in this city, but in the island, is the Bo-tree, sacred to Buddha, and originally brought from the parent tree, under the shadow of which the founder of the Buddhist religion attained the supreme Buddhahood. There is no question that Anaradapooru contains the oldest known building, and the oldest historically known tree. A greater age has been assigned to trees of the American continent, and of Australia, but such are mere guesses, while the age of this Bo-tree is on record beyond any question of identity, as its preservation has been a matter of religious solicitude for more than two thousand years. It was planted where it now stands in the year 288 before Christ. It is, consequently, at the present date, 2162 years old. "Compared with it the oak of Ellerslie is but a sapling, and the Conqueror's Oak in Windsor Forest barely numbers half its years. The Yew-trees of Fountain's Abbey are believed to have flourished there twelve hundred years ago; the Olives in the Garden of Gethsemane were full grown when the Saracens were expelled from Jerusalem; and the Cypress of Soma in Lombardy is said to have been a tree in the time of Julius Cæsar; yet the Bo-tree is older than the oldest of these by a century." * The Mahawanso, the Rajawali, and the Rajahratnakaria all dwell upon the various acts of adoration and embellishment of this tree by kings from the second century before Christ to so late a date as the

* Tennant's "Ceylon," vol. ii. p. 611.

thirteenth century. Fa Hien, the Chinese traveller, records his visit to the sacred tree in the fifth century, and there can be no doubt that he saw the identical tree of Mahindo, and that the tree exists as described by him to the present day. Tennent relates* that on the occasion of his visit to Anaradapoorra in 1848, the priests of the great temple waited upon him, bringing with them a youth, the lineal representative of an ancestor who accompanied the Bo-tree on its voyage from Magadha to Ceylon (B.C. 289). The chiefship of the district has been ever since in the same family, and the boy, who bears the title of Suriya Kumara Singha (Prince of the Lion and the Sun), can boast an unbroken descent, compared with whose antiquity the most renowned peerages of Europe are but creations of yesterday.

The Bo-tree (*Ficus religiosa*) is the peepul of India, and is nearly allied to the Banyan (*Ficus indica*), the sacred tree of the Hindoos. It was selected as a fitting object of worship long anterior to the adoration of images, or even the erection of temples. In the Mahawanso may be found a diffuse account of the bringing over of the branch of the original tree in a golden vase filled with scented earth. This branch is declared to have separated from the parent stem by a miracle, it being regarded as sacrilegious to lop a twig or remove a leaf from it; and to this day no priest will touch a leaf of the venerated tree, save such as may chance to fall upon the ground, which are carefully gathered and retained for distribution amongst the devotees who flock to the spot from all parts of the island, and who esteem one of them as an invaluable treasure and omen of happy import. "It is strange," remarks Tennent, in his account of this tree, "that amid the intestine convulsions which so often expelled the native Singhalese sovereigns, and seated the Malabar conquerors in their capital, when dagobas and temples

* "Ceylon," vol. ii. p. 625.

of Buddha-worship suffered spoliation, and the most precious relics were carried away as warlike trophies, the Bo-tree was uniformly spared by the conquerors, and permitted to flourish unmolested. Had it been otherwise, the Singhalese chroniclers would not have failed to arouse the indignation of the faithful by denouncing an insult offered by Brahminical rivals to the most sacred adjunct of the Buddhist religion. But, so far from this being the case, not a single instance is on record of indignity offered to the tree: whilst the sacred historians recount with befitting emotion the spoliation of wiboires and the overthrow of temples." But beyond the testimony of native chronicles, there is the appearance of the venerable trunk, the time-worn steps, the ancient grotesque carvings on frieze and cornice of the inclosure—all witnesses of the great age of this father of trees.

Making every allowance for the exaggerated writings of the native chroniclers in their description of the ancient capitals of Lanka, we may still ascribe to Anaradapoorā and Pulastapoorā a degree of civilization in their internal government and civil policy but little known in more modern times; whilst the size of their streets and public buildings, as well as the style of architecture, were borne ample testimony to by travellers from other countries, free from local prejudices, who have handed down full and reliable accounts of the grandeur of those famous cities of "the utmost Indian isle." Anaradapoorā was in the height of its greatness during the early centuries of the Christian era; but it must have been a place of considerable size and importance four hundred years before our era commenced, judging from what the Mahawanso tells us of the municipal arrangements for its conservancy and internal government. The great extent of the city, its many public gardens and promenades, its cemeteries, its dining-halls, baths, hospitals, alms-

houses, and rest-houses for travellers, are proofs of the extensive staff of conservators that must have existed to maintain the capital in good order and cleanliness. In one of the Singhalese works of the period, the city is described as containing temples and palaces, whose golden pinnacles glisten in the sky, streets spanned by arches bearing flags, and with sand sprinkled along the footway; with the sideways ornamented by statues, and vases holding flowers. Fa Hien, the Chinese traveller, who visited Ceylon in the fourth century, speaking of the capital, says, "The city is the residence of many magistrates, grandees, and foreign merchants; the mansions are beautiful, the public buildings richly adorned, the streets and highways straight and level, and houses for preaching are built at every thoroughfare." The public gardens were well tended, and contained a great variety of flowering-trees, shrubs, and creepers, not merely as ornamental objects, but for the purpose of offerings at the Buddhist shrines, where every worshipper feels it incumbent on him to strew a number proportionate to his position or his devotion. Of the extent of some of the temples in this city, an opinion may be formed by the enumeration of their establishments, containing, as they did in some instances, as many as five or six thousand priests, retainers, and servants; amongst the latter are invariably noticed gardeners, who were employed not only in the cultivation of floral products of the soil, but in gathering and arranging them in and about the temples on festival days. Floral decorations appear to have been largely employed in all ceremonies connected with temple worship; and the Mahawanso relates, that on one occasion the Ruanwalle Dagoba, 270 feet high, "was festooned with garlands from pedestal to pinnacle, till it resembled one uniform bouquet." One of the rules laid down in a certain temple was, according to the *Rujahratnakaria*, that

the priests should present at the shrine every day offerings of a hundred thousand flowers, and each day different flowers. In the fifteenth century, we are told, on the same authority, that one of the sovereigns offered no less than 6,480,320 sweet-smelling flowers at the shrine of the Tooth in the Dalada Maligawa. The cultivation of fruit-bearing trees was also enjoined on the followers of Buddha as a duty, both for the decoration of temples and the refreshment of travellers; and to the present day, the festive decorations in which the Singhalese excel, and which they employ so lavishly on all possible occasions of rejoicing, owe their beauty as much to fruits as to flowers.

OUR TRAVELLERS' CLUB.

15. THE NILE.—Start in December; it is a delicious time of the year in Cairo, and up the Nile. Perhaps J. H. D. may not know that during next season steamers will run up to the second cataract. The expense will be about half that of a dahabeah, and the enjoyment double. J. B.

16. BICYCLES IN NORWAY.—Norway is *not* the country for a bicycle, and never can be. There is no long journey in Norway "pleasant, and tolerably level" for a bicycle. I know the country well, and would recommend H. M. C. S. to abandon the idea. E. G. F.

17. AMERICA.—Certainly a six weeks' tour to America and back is worth the doing. Allow a clear ten days for going and ten days for returning, and in the interim there will be ample time to explore Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Niagara Falls, Saratoga, Albany, the Hudson river, New York. This will give a fine idea of the country, and will be a trip that will "pay." F. D.

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